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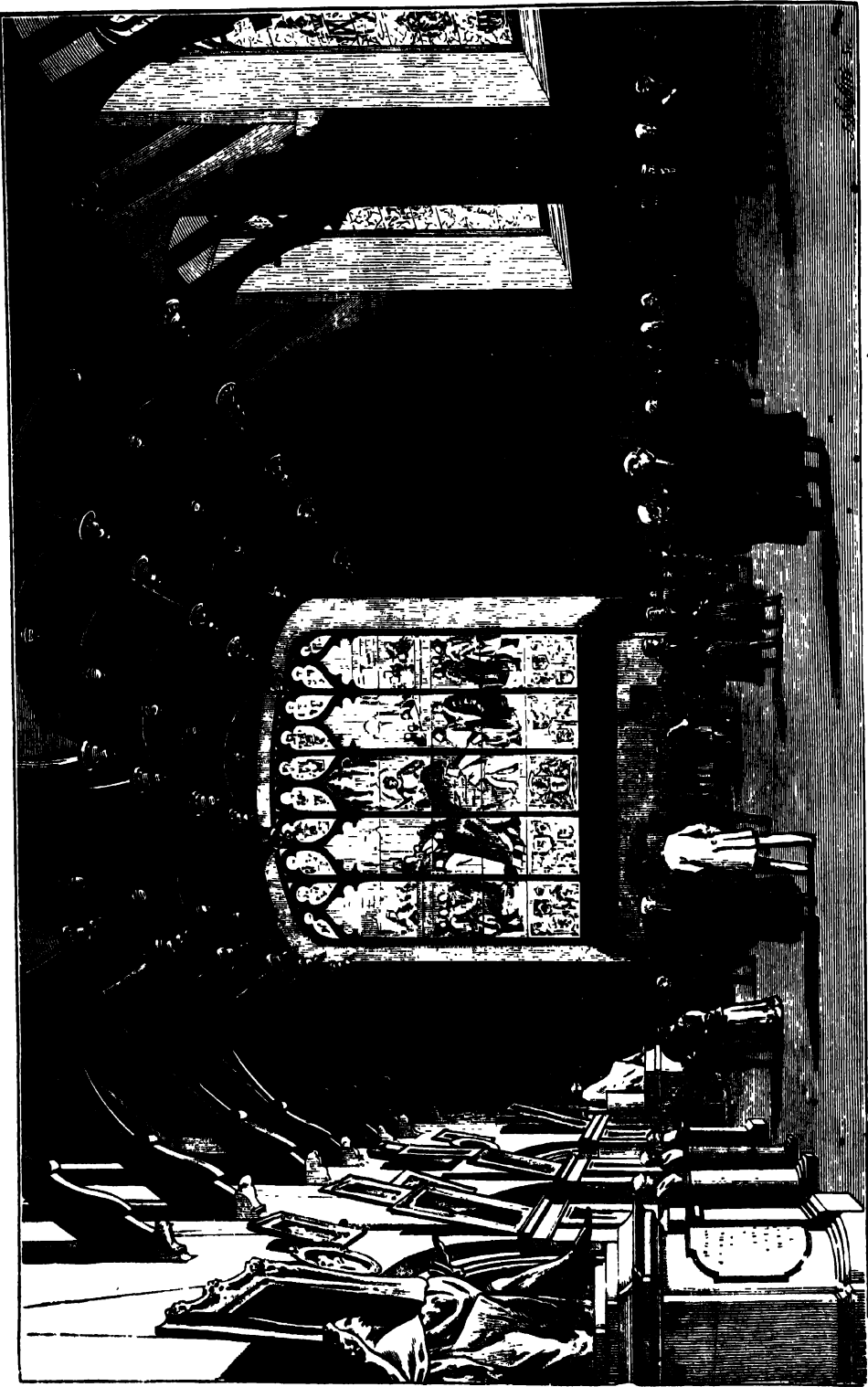
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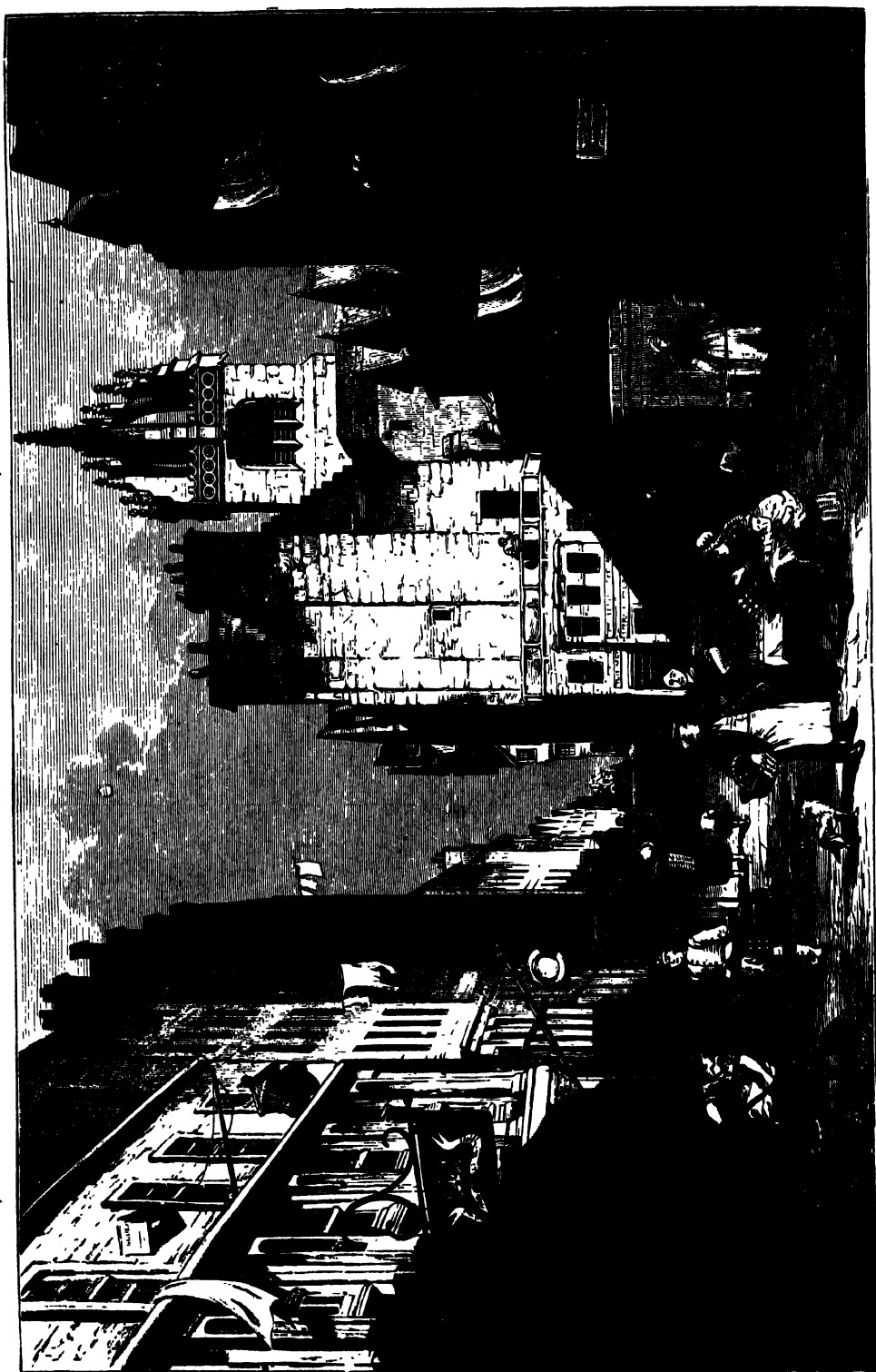
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GREAT HALL, PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

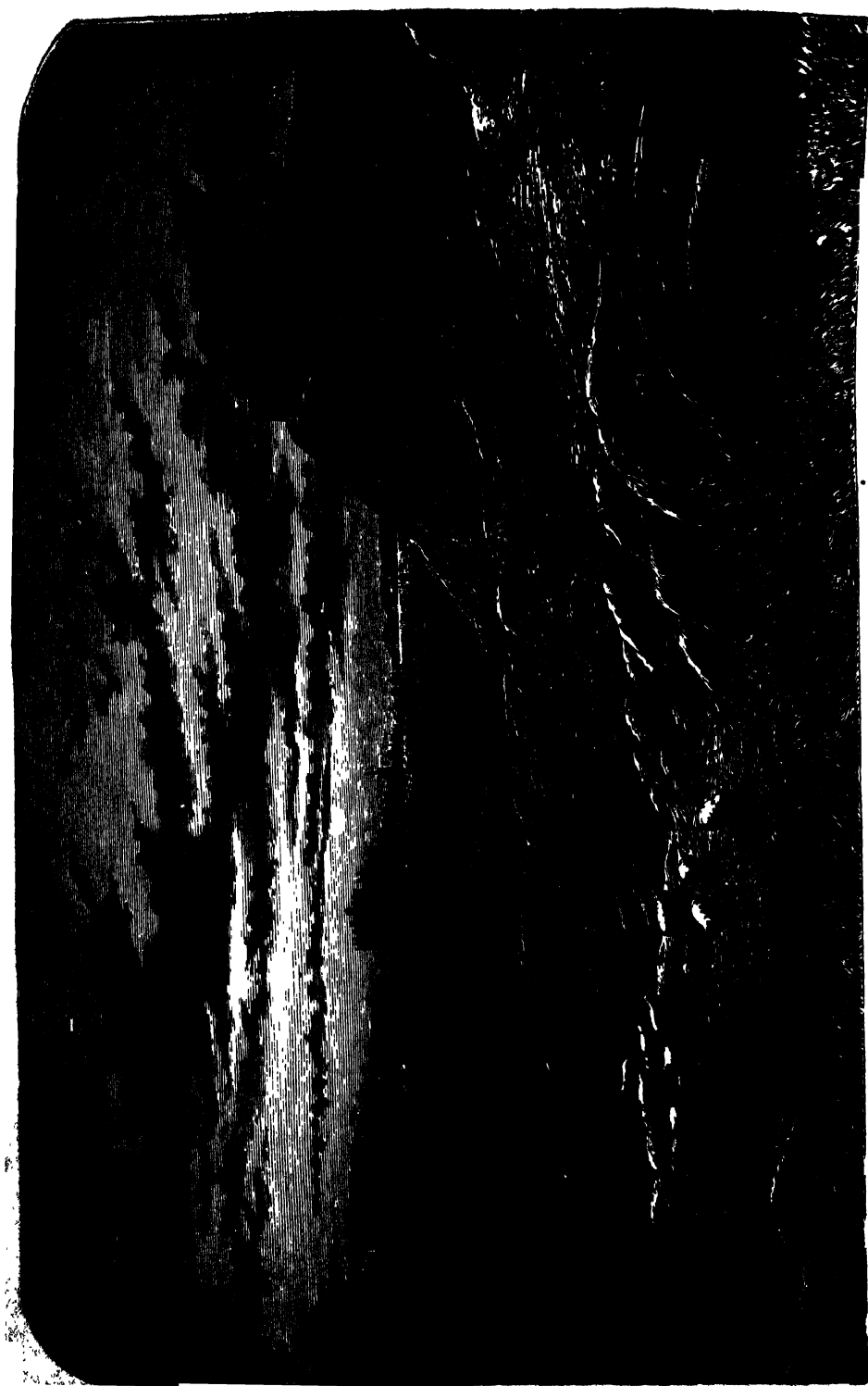




THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, RESTORED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING, MODEL, ETC. (After the Print published in 1832 by Messrs. H. & A. K. J. and Co.)







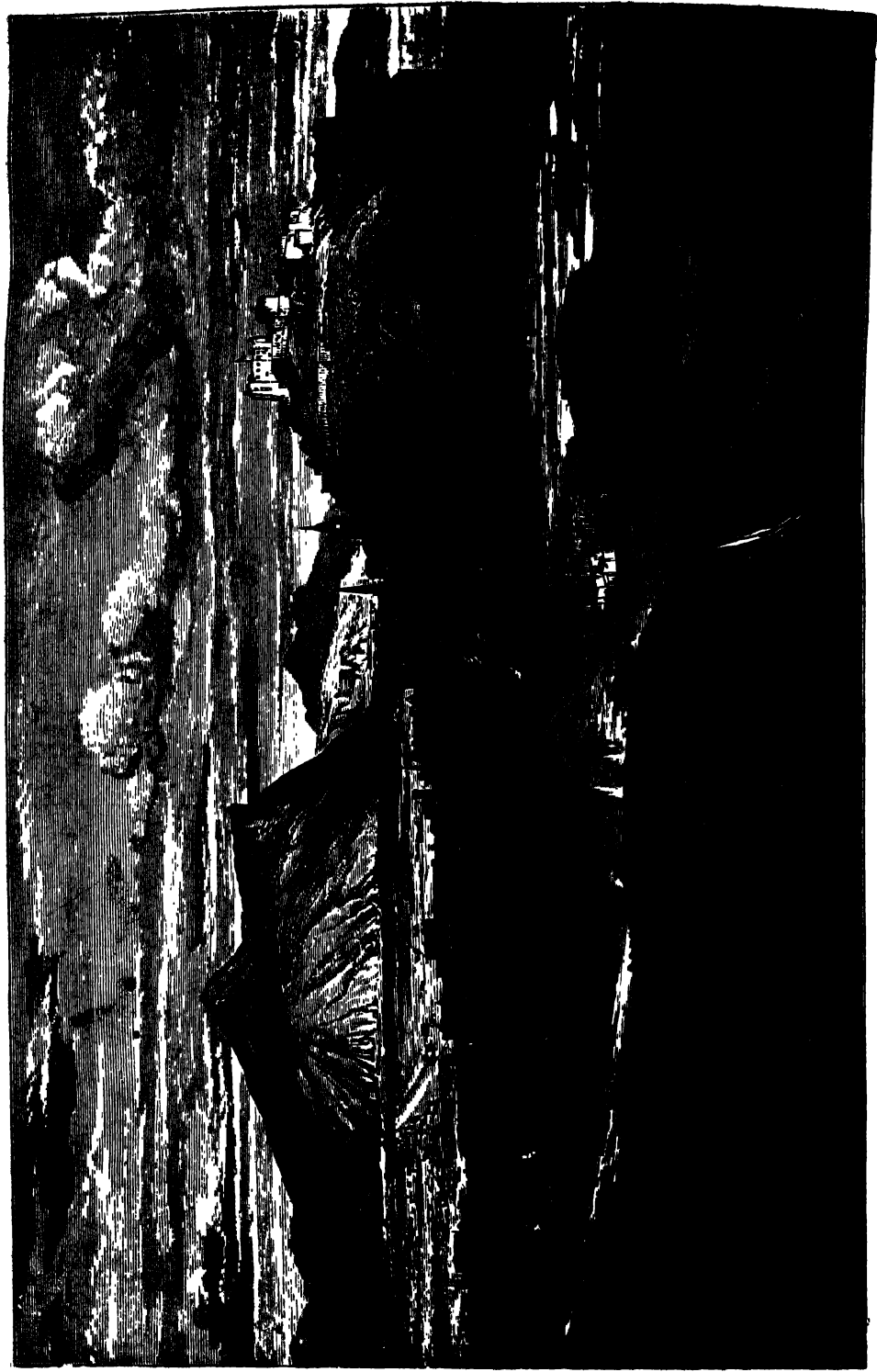
EDINBURGH OLD TOWN, FROM SALISBURY CRAIGS. (From the Original Drawing by Walter H. Paton, R.S.A.)





EDINBURGH, FROM MONSIEUR BATTERY.





PROSPECT OF EDINBURGH, FROM THE NORTH, 1693. (*After Storer*).

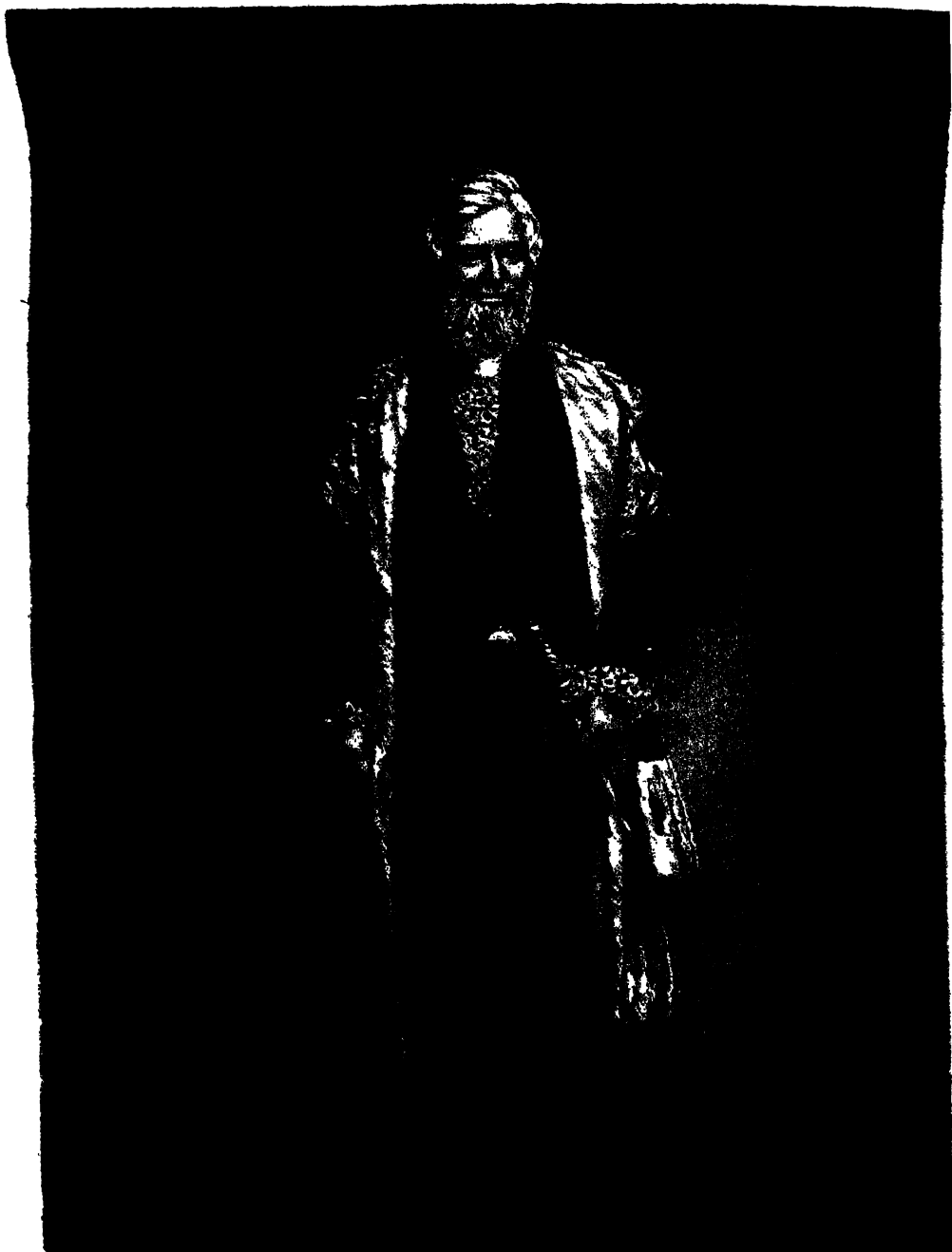




THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. CUTHBERT'S, AND THE NORTH LOCH. (*After Clerk of Eldin.*)





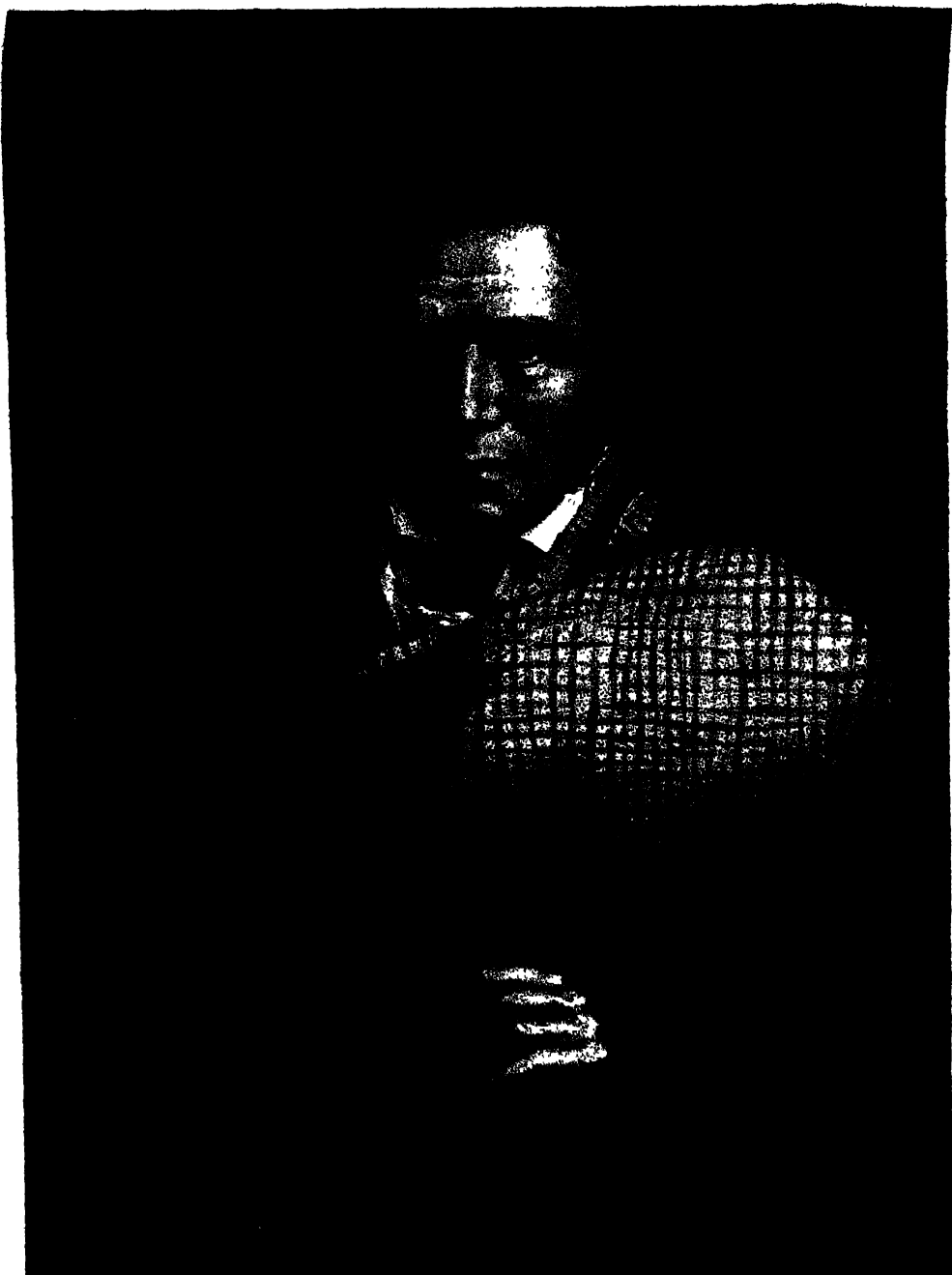


WILLIAM CHAMBERS, LL.D.

LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH, 1865-9

*(From a Photograph by Mr. Jamieson, Printers Street, Edinburgh.)*



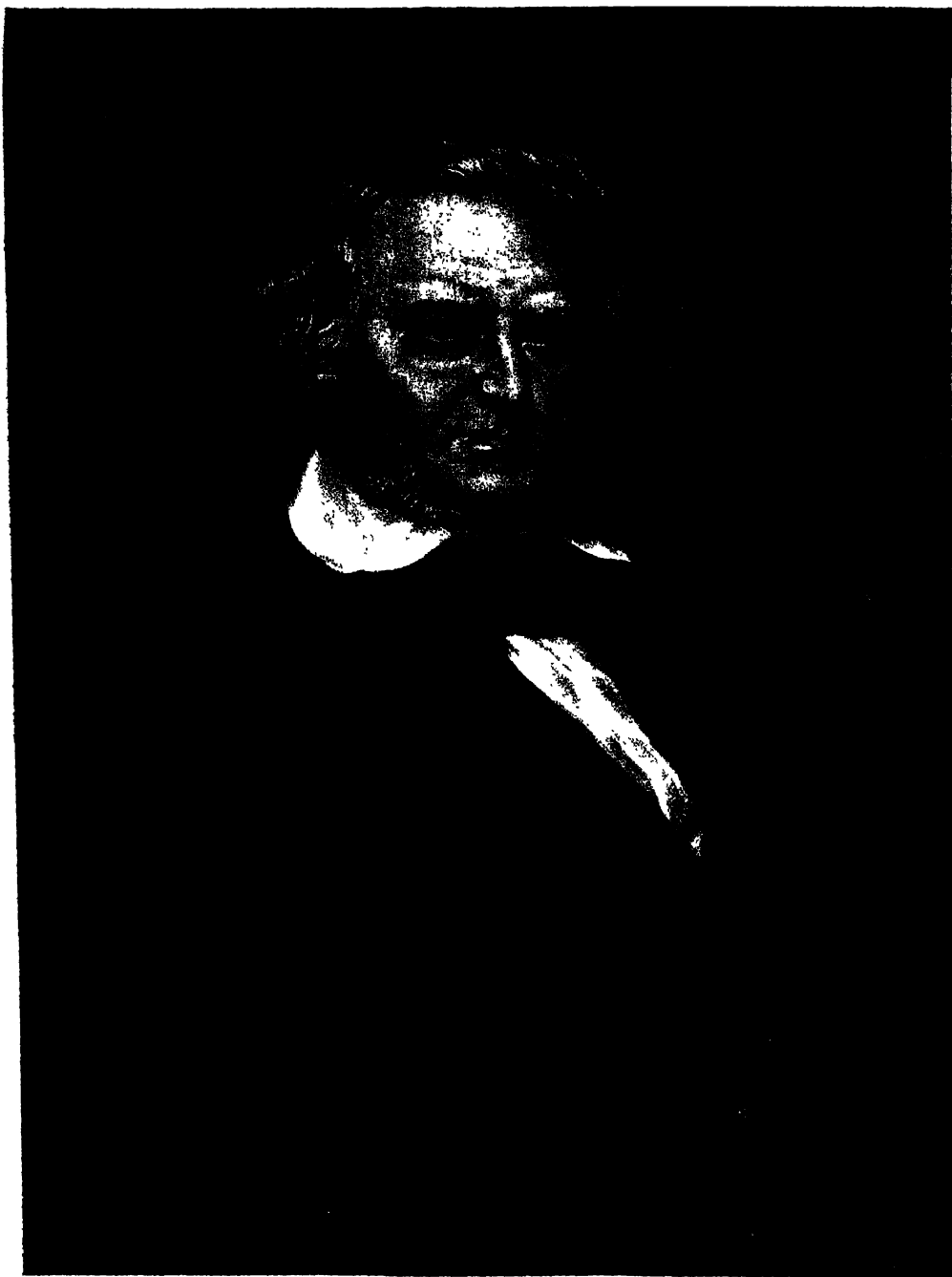


JAMES HOGG.

"THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD"

*(From the Painting by Sir John Watson Gordon, by permission of Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.)*





PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.

"CHRISTOPHER•NORTH





PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

*(From a Portrait by Mr. D. Macay, 8, Cockburn Street, Edinburgh.)*







# CASSELL'S

# OLD AND NEW EDINBURGH

*Its History, its People, and its Places.*

*Illustrated by numerous Engravings.*



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D.R.2

*DIVISION I*

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## OLD AND NEW EDINBURGH.

### INTRODUCTION.

EVERY old city has its origin generally placed among the fables and obscurity that envelop the infant state of society, and thus, like that of many other towns and cities, the origin of Edinburgh, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Scotland, recedes so far back into pre-historic times as almost to elude the most patient investigation and labours of research; but in these pages we propose to trace its annals, and to describe the varied and stirring events of which it has been the scene, from those days when all around its site was a wilderness of wood and water, when first the hardy warriors of the Gaedni raised some rude rampart on the precipitous cliffs of the Castle rock, and saw perhaps the gleam of the Roman arms, when, amid the mow of the winter of A.D. 80, Julius Agricola halted on the heights above Dalkeith, down to what we now call the Edinburgh of the Victorian era, the city stretching nearly level the wide and fertile

**Edinburgh** to the sandy shores of the Firth of

Edinburgh, now within a few hours' journey from London, was long the capital of a land that was almost a *terra incognita*, not only to England, but to the greater part of Europe, and remained so till nearly the era of the Scott novels. Spreading over many swelling hills and deep ravines, that in some instances are spanned by enormous bridges of stone, it exhibits a striking peculiarity and boldness in its features that render it totally unlike any other city in the world, unless we admit its supposed resemblance to Athens.

Its lofty and commanding site ascends gradually from the shore of the great estuary, till it terminates in the stupendous rock of the Castle, 500 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded on the southward, east, and west, by an amphitheatre of beautiful hills, covered either with purple heath or the richest copse-wood; while almost from amid its very streets there starts up the lion-shaped mountain named Arthur's Seat, the bare and rocky cone of which has an altitude of 822 feet.

In Edinburgh every step is historical; the memories of a remote and romantic past confront us at every turn and corner, and on every side arise the shades of the dead. Most marked, indeed, is the difference between the old and the new city—the former being so strikingly picturesque in its broken masses and the disorder of its architecture, and the latter so symmetrical and almost severe in the Grecian and Tuscan beauty of its streets and squares; and this perhaps, combined with its natural situation quite as much as its literary character, may have won for it the fanciful name of “the Modern Athens.”

On one hand we have, almost unchanged in general aspect, yet changing in detail at the ruthless demands of improvement, the Edinburgh of the Middle Ages—“the Queen of the North upon her hilly throne”—the city of the Davids and of five gallant Jameses—her massive mansions of stone, weather-beaten, old, dark, and time-worn, teeming with historical recollections of many generations of men; many painful and many pitiful memories, some of woe, but more of war and wanton cruelty; of fierce combats and feudal battles; of rancorous quarrels and foreign invasions; and of loyal and noble hearts that were wasted and often broken in their passionate faith to religion and a regal race that is now no more.

On the other hand, and all unlike the warrior city of the middle ages, beyond the deep ravine overlooked by Princes Street—that most beautiful of European terraces—and by that noble pinnacled

cross which seems the very shrine of Scott, we have the modern Edinburgh of the days of peace and prosperity, with all its spacious squares and far-stretching streets, adorned by the statues of those great men who but lately trod them. And so the Past and the Present stand face to face, by the valley where of old the waters of the North Loch lay.

In these pages, accordingly, we intend to summon back, like the dissolving views in the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, the Edinburgh of the past, with all the stirring, brilliant, and terrible events of which it has been the arena.

The ghosts of kings and queens, of knights and nobles, shall walk its old streets again, and the brave, or sad, or startling, story of every time-worn tenement will be told; nor shall those buildings that have passed away be forgotten. Again the beacon fires shall seem to blaze on the grassy summits of Soltra and Dunsper, announcing that southern hosts have crossed the Tweed, and summoning the sturdy burghesses, from every echoing close and wynd, in all the array of war, to man their gates and walls, as all were bound, under pain of death, to do when the Deacon Convener of the Trades unfurled “the Blue Blanket” of famous memory.

In the ancient High Street we shall meet King David riding forth with hound and horn to hunt in his forest of Drumsheugh, as he did on that Rood-day in harvest when he had the alleged wondrous escape which led to the founding of Holyrood; or we may see him seated at the Castle gate, dispensing justice to his people—especially to the poor—in that simple fashion which won for him the proud title of the Scottish Justinian.

In the same street we shall see the mail-clad Douglasses and Hamiltons carrying out their mortal feud with horse and spear, axe and sword; and anon meet him “who never feared the face of man,” John Knox, grown old and tottering, white-bearded and wan, leaning on the arm of sweet young Margaret Stewart of Ochiltree, as he proceeds to preach for the last time in St Giles's; and we shall also see the sorrowing group that gathered around his grave in the old churchyard that lay thereby, and where still that grave is marked by bronzes let into the pavement.

Again the trumpets that breathed war and defiance shall ring at the Market Cross, and we may hear the mysterious voice that at midnight called aloud the death-roll of those who were doomed to fall on Flodden field, and the wail of woe that went through the startled city when tidings of the fatal battle came.

We shall see the countless windows of those

towering mansions again filled with wondering, exulting, or sorrowing faces, as the wily Earl of Morton lays his head under the axe of the "Maiden," and the splendid Montrose, as he is dragged to a felon's doom, with the George sparkling on his breast and the Latin history of his battles tied in mockery to his neck; again, we shall see Jenny Geddes hurl her fauldstool at the dean's head as he gives out the obnoxious liturgy; and, anon, the resolute and sombre Covenanters, grasping their swords in defence of "an oppressed Kirk and a broken Covenant."

In the Cowgate—whilom a pleasant country lane between green hedge-rows, with its southern slope covered by yellow corn or grass, among which the cattle browsed knee deep till the thrifty monks of Melrose began to speculate in household property, in the days when James I. was king—in the Cowgate we shall again see the fated Cardinal Beaton occupying his turreted mansion at the corner of the Blackfriars Wynd, and, anon, Mary Stuart, nearly a mother, yet in all her girlish loveliness, afoot under a silken canopy, escorted by her archer guard and torch-bearers, proceeding to the ball at Holyrood on that fatal night in February, when a flood of red flame was seen to rise near the Dominican garden, and a roar as of thunder shook the city wall, when the dissolute Darnley was done to death in the lonely Kirk-of-field.

Again we shall see her, when she is led in from Carberry Hill, a helpless captive in the midst of her rebel nobles, and thrust—pale, dishevelled, in tears, and covered with dust—into the gloomy stone chambers of the famous Black Turnpike, while the fierce and coarse revilings of the inflamed multitude made her woman's heart seem to die within her.

Turning into the High School Wynd, under the shadow of its quaint, abutting, and timber-fronted mansions, we shall meet the Princess—for such she was—Elizabeth St. Clair of Roslin, surrounded by the state which Hay records; for he tells us that she "was served (in the days of James II.)

by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by 200 riding gentlemen in all journeys; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of the Blackfriars Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

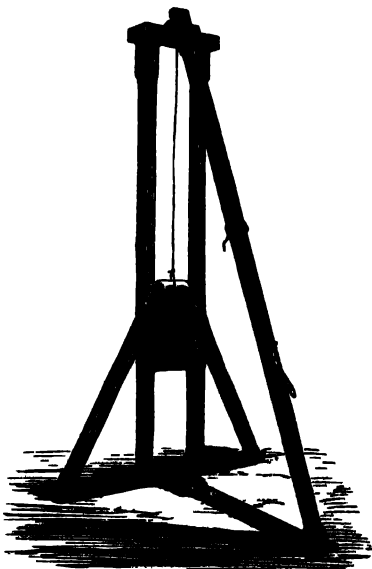
Here, in later years, was often seen one who was to write of all these things as no man ever wrote before or since—a little lame boy, fair-haired and blue-eyed, named Walter Scott, limping to school with satchel on back, and playing, it might

be, "the truant," with Skene, Graham Dalzell, or others, who in future days were to add to the literary glory of their country and the intellectual supremacy of their native city.

In Liberton's Wynd we shall visit Dowie's Tavern, one of the most popular in its day, the resort of the Lords of Session on leaving Court, and, more than all, the resort of Robert Burns, who may have indited there some of his famous letters to "Clarinda," at her abode in General's Entry—Burns, "the burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes," who stood reverently bare-headed by the then unmarked grave of Fergusson in the grass-grown Canongate churchyard.

Again shall be seen the city girt by its lofty walls and those embattled gates, which were seldom without a row of human heads on iron spikes—the grisly relics of those who were too often the victims of dire misrule—with the black kites, then the chief scavengers in the streets, hovering about them.

In the steep and quaint West Bow—now nearly all removed—dwelt the Wizard, Weir of Kirkton, who perished at the stake in 1670, together with his sister and the wonderful walking-stick, which was surmounted by a carved head, and performed his errands. His lofty mansion, long the alleged abode of spectres, and a source of terror to the neighbourhood, was demolished only in the spring of 1878.



THE "MAIDEN"

(From the instrument in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.)

the most ancient street, long deemed the grand entrance to Edinburgh, we shall see once more the long lines of gilded sedans, attended by linkmen and armed servants, escorting belles and beaux, powdered and patched, proceeding in state to the old Assembly Room; and also the monarchs who have entered the city by that remarkable route, ascending it in succession, surrounded by all their bravery: James VI. and his bride, Anne of Den-

mark; stately Charles I., along with his guard clad in their velvet doublets

market like a human surge, and strung him up to a dyer's pole.  
In the old city there is not a street wherein blood has not been shed again and again, in war and local tumult, for it is the Edinburgh of those days when the sword was never in its scabbard, when to settle a quarrel *à la mode d'Edimbourg* was a European proverb; when the death-bed advice of Bruce was carried out, and truces were



THE "WHITE HORSE INN," CANONGATE.

with gilded partisans; Oliver Cromwell, with his grim Ironsides; Charles II., before Dunbar was fought and lost; and, lastly, James VII. of Scotland, when Duke of Albany and High Commissioner to the Parliament.

Down that steep street went a horde of unfortunates in early times to the place of doom; thus, it had acquired a peculiar character, till the hand of improvement changed it; and in later years down it came a victim of another kind, the frantic and drunken Porteous, borne by that infuriated mob, which spread over all the spacious Grass-

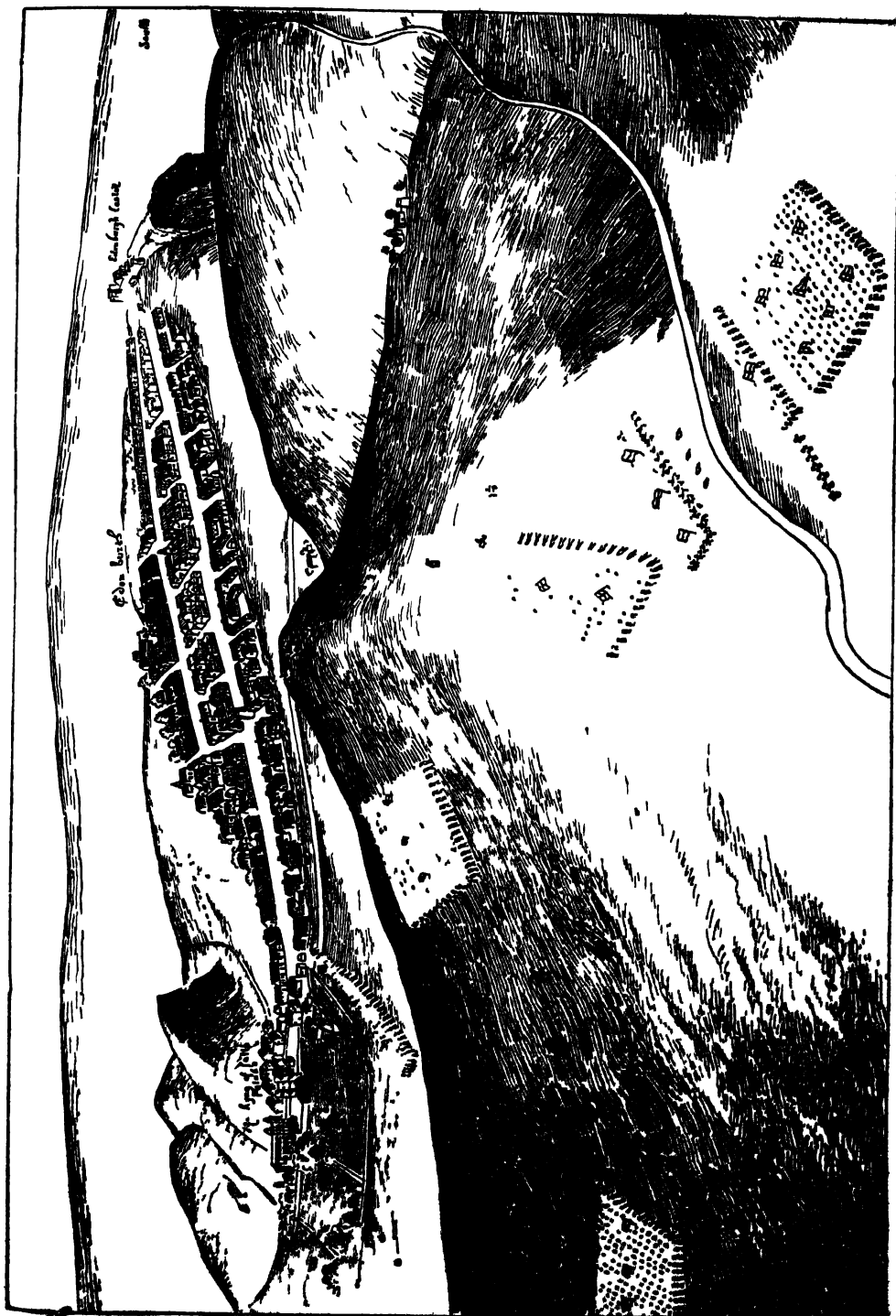
made, but seldom peace, with England; and when it has been said that many a Scottish mother had never a son left to lay her head in the grave, for in foreign war or domestic feud all had gone before her to the land of the leal. But there was much of the Spartan spirit in the Scottish matron of those and later times—a feeling that is embodied in the well-known Jacobite song, in which one of these mothers is made to say:—

“ I once had sons, I now hae none,  
I bore them, toiling sairlie;  
But I would bear them a' again,  
To lose them a' for Charlie ! ”

We are told that when David Home of Wedderburn, father of the historian of the Douglasses, died, in 1574, of consumption, in his fiftieth year, he was the first of his race who had tied a



RACEHILLS OF A VIEW OF EDINBURGH IN 1544—THE ARMY OF THE EARL OF HERTFORD APPROACHING THE CITY BY THE CALTON HILL AND WATERGATE



and death—all the rest having lost their lives in defence of their country.

If we turn to Holyrood, what visions and memories must arise of Knox, standing grim and stern before his queen, in his black Geneva cloak, with his hands planted on the horn handle of his long walking-cane, daringly rebuking her love of music and dancing—unbending, unyielding, and unmelted by her exalted rank, her beauty, or her bitter tears; and of that terrible night in the Tower of James V., when sickly Ruthven, looking pale as a spectre under the open visor of his helmet, drew back with gauntleted hand the ancient arras as the assassins stole up the secret stair,—and then Rizzio, clinging wildly to the queen's skirt, and dying beneath her eyes of many a mortal wound, with Darnley's dagger planted in his body; of Charles Edward, in the prime of his youth and comeliness, already seeing the crown of the Stuarts upon his exiled father's head, surrounded by exultant Jacobite ladies, with white cockades on their bosoms, and dancing in the long gallery of the kings to the sound of the same pipes that blew the onset at Falkirk and Culloden!

A very few years later, and Boswell, and Dr. Johnson in his brown suit with steel buttons, might have been seen coming arm-in-arm from the White Horse Hostel in Boyd's Close—the burly lexicographer, as his obsequious follower tells us, grumbling and stumbling in the dark, as they proceeded on their way to the abode of the latter in James's Court; but his visit to Scotland compelled the pedant, who trembled at the Cock Lane ghost and yet laughed at the idea of an earthquake in Lisbon, to have, as Macaulay says, “a salutary suspicion of his own deficiencies, which seems on that occasion to have crossed his mind for the first time.”

In yonder house, in Dunbar's Close, the Ironsides of Cromwell had their guard-house; and on the adjacent bartizan, that commanded a view of all the fields and farms to the north, in the autumn evenings of 1650, the Protector often sat with Mathew Thomlinson, Monk, and Ireton, each smoking their yards of clay and drinking Scottish ale, or claret, and expounding, it might be, texts of Scripture, while their batteries at the Lang-gate and Heriot's Hospital threw shot and shell at the Castle, then feebly defended by the treacherous Dundas, from whom the Protector's gold won what he himself admitted, steel and shot might never have won, the fortress never before being so strong as it was then, with all its stores and garrison. And in that wynd, to which, in perishing, he gave his name, we shall see the sturdy craftsman Halkerston

fighting to the death, with his two-handed sword, against the English invaders. Turn which way we may in Edinburgh, that stirring past attends us, and every old stone is a record of the days, the years, and the people, who have passed away.

In a cellar not far distant the Treaty of Union was partly signed, in haste and fear and trembling, while the street without rang with the yells and opprobrious cries of the infuriated mob; and after that event, by the general desertion of the nobility, came what has been emphatically called the *Dark Age* of Edinburgh—that dull and heartless period when grass was seen to grow around the market-cross, when a strange and unnatural stillness—the stillness of village life—seemed to settle over every one and everything, when the author of “*Douglas*” was put under ban for daring to write that tragedy, and when men made their last will and testament before setting out by the stage for London, and when such advertisements appeared as that which we find in the *Edinburgh Courier* for 7th March, 1761—“A young lady who is about to set out for London in a post-chaise will be glad of a companion. Enquire at the publisher of this paper;”—when Edinburgh was so secluded and had such little intercourse with London, that on one occasion the mail brought but a single letter (for the British Linen Company), and the dullness of local life received a fillip only when Admiral de Fourbin was off the coast of Fife, or the presence of Thurot the corsair, or of Paul Jones, brought back some of the old Scottish spirit of the past.

The stately oaks of the Burghmuir, under which Guy of Namur's Flemish lances fled in ruin and defeat before the Scots of Douglas and Dalhousie, have long since passed away, and handsome modern villas cover all the land to the base of the bordering hills; but the old battle stone, in which our kings planted their standards, and which marked the Campus Martius of the Scottish hosts, still lingers there on the south; and the once lonely Figgatemuir on the east, where the monks of Holyrood grazed their flocks and herds, and where Wallace mustered his warriors prior to the storming of Dunbar, is now a pleasant little watering place, which somewhat vainly boasts itself “the Scottish Brighton.”

The remarkable appearance and construction of old Edinburgh—towering skyward, storey upon storey, with all its black and bulky chimneys, crow-stepped gables, and outside stairs—arise from the circumstance of its having been twice walled, and the necessity for residing within these barriers, for protection in times of foreign or domestic war. Thus, what Victor Hugo says of the Paris of Philip

Augustus seems peculiarly applicable to the Edinburgh of James V., and still more to that of James II.

"He imprisoned Paris in a circular chain of great towers, high and solid," says the author of "Notre Dame;" "for more than a century after this the houses went on pressing upon each other, accumulating and rising higher and higher. They got deeper and deeper; they piled storeys on storeys; they mounted one upon another; they shot up monstrosly tall, for they had not room to grow breadthwise; each sought to raise its head above its neighbour to have a little air; every open space became filled up, and disappeared. The houses at length leaped over the wall of Philip Augustus, and scattered themselves joyously over the plain. Then they did what they liked, and cut themselves gardens out of the fields."

And of the old walled city the well-known lines of Scott are most apposite:—

"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town!"

New Edinburgh appeals to us in a different sense. It tells peculiarly in all its phases of modern splendour, wealth, luxury, and all the arts of peace, while "in no other city," it has been said, "will you find so general an appreciation of books, arts, music, and objects of antiquarian interest. It is peculiarly free from the taint of the ledger and counting-house. It is a Weimar without a Goethe—Boston without its twang."

This is the Edinburgh through the noble streets of which Scott limped in his old age, white-haired and slow, leaning often on the arm of Lockhart or the grey-plaided Ettrick Shepherd; the Edinburgh where the erect and stalwart form of the athletic "Christopher North," with his long locks of grizzled yellow—his "tawny mane," as he called them—floating on the breeze, his keen blue eyes seemingly fixed on vacancy, his left hand planted behind his back, and his white neck-cloth oft awry, strode daily from Gloucester Place to the University, or to "Ebony's," to meet Jeffrey, Rutherford, Cockburn, Delta, Aytoun, Edward Forbes, and Carlyle; the Edinburgh where Simpson, the good, the wise, and the gentle, made his discovery concerning chloroform, and made his mark, too, as "the grand old Scottish doctor," whose house in Queen Street was a focus for all the learned and all the *litterati* of Europe and America—the Edinburgh of the Georgian and Victorian age.

We propose to trace the annals of its glorious University, from the infant establishment, founded by the legacy of Robert Bishop of Orkney, in 1581, and which was grafted on the ancient edifice in the Kirk-of-Field, and the power of which, as years went on, spread fast wherever law, theology, medicine, and art, were known. The youngest and yet the noblest of all Scottish universities, enrolling yearly the greatest number of students, it has been the *alma mater* of many men, who, in every department of learning and literature, have proved themselves second to none; and from the early days when Rollock taught, to those when it rose into repute as a great school of medicine under the three Munroes, who held with honour the chair of anatomy for 150 years, and when, in other branches of knowledge, its fame grew under Maclaurin, Black, Ferguson, Stewart, Hamilton, Forbes, Syme, and Brewster, we shall trace its history down to the present day, when its privileges and efficiency were so signally augmented by the Scottish University Act of 1858.

Nor shall we omit to trace the origin and development of the stage in Edinburgh, from the time when the masks or plays of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount were performed in the open air in the days of James V., "when weather served," at the Greenside-well beneath the Calton Hill, and the theatre at the Watergate, when "his Majesty's servants from London" were patronised by the Duke of Albany and York, then resident in Holyrood, down to the larger establishments in the Canongate, under the litigious Tony Aston, and those of later years, which saw the performances of Kean, Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, and the production of the Waverley dramas, under the auspices of Terry, who, as Scott said, laughingly, had "terrified" his romances into plays.

Arthur's Seat and the stupendous craigs, the name of which is so absurdly and grotesquely corrupted into "Salisbury," alone are unchanged since those pre-historic days, when, towering amid the wilderness, they overlooked the vast forest of oaks that stretched from the pastoral hills of Braid to the sea—the wood of Drumsheugh, wherein roamed the snow-white Caledonian bull; those ferocious Caledonian boars, which, as Martial tells us, were used to heighten the torments of unhappy sufferers on the cross; the elk, the stag, and the wolf; and amid which rose the long ridgy slope—the *Edin*—that formed the site of the future old city, terminating in the abrupt bluff of the Castle rock. There, too, rose the bare round mass of the Calton, the abode of the fox and hare, and where the bustard had its nest, amid the gorse;

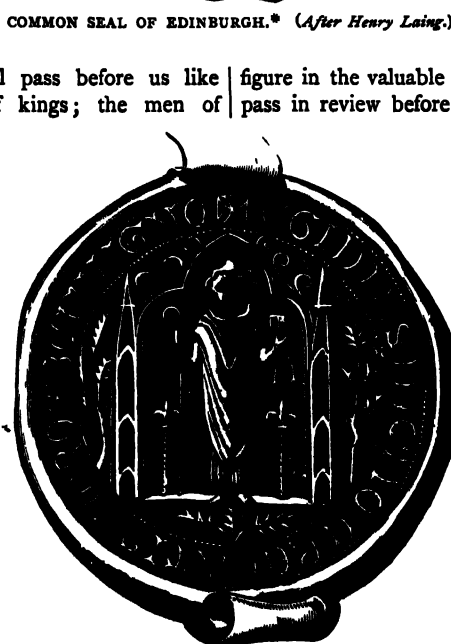
and here and there were sedgy pools and lonely  
tarns, where the heron fished and waded, with the  
great sheet of the South  
Loch, where now the Mea-  
dows lie; and there, too,  
was Duddingston, but in  
size twice the extent we  
find it now.

Of all these hills have  
looked on since the Roman  
altars of Jove smoked at  
Inveresk and Cramond, of  
all the grim old fortress on  
its rock and St. Giles's  
Gothic and imperial crown  
have seen, we shall en-  
deavour to lay the won-  
drous story before our  
readers.

The generations of men  
are like the waves of the  
sea; we know not whence  
they come or whither they  
go; but generation after  
generation of citizens shall  
pass before us like Banquo's spectral line of  
kings; the men of Dinas-Eiddyn, with their  
glittering torques, armlets,  
and floating hair; the  
hooded Scoto-Saxons of Lo-  
thian and the Merse, with  
ringed byrnes and long  
battle-axes; the steel-clad  
knights of the Bruces and  
the Jameses; merchants  
and burghers in broad-  
cloth; monks, abbots, and  
nuns; Templars on their  
trial at Holyrood for sor-  
cery and blasphemy; Knights-  
hospitallers and hermits of  
St. Anthony; the old fighting  
merchant mariners of Leith,  
such as the Woods, the Bar-  
tons, and Sir Alexander Mathe-  
son, "the king of the sea;"  
witches and wizards perish-  
ing in the flames at the Grass-  
market or the Gallow-  
lee; the craftsmen in arms,  
with their Blue Banner

displayed; stout and true Covenanters borne forth  
in groups to die at the gallows or in the Grey-  
friars churchyard, where  
stands the tomb which  
tells us how 18,000 of them  
perished as "noble mar-  
tyrs for Jesus Christ;"  
cavaliers in all their  
bravery and pride, and in  
the days of their suffering  
and downfall; the brawling  
gallants of a century later,  
who wore lace ruffles and  
rapiers, and "paraded"  
their opponents on the  
smallest provocation in the  
Duke's Walk behind Holy-  
rood; the grave senators  
and jovial lawyers of the  
last century, who held their  
"high jinks" in dingy  
taverns near the Parliamen-  
tary House; and many of the  
quaint old citizens who

COMMON SEAL OF EDINBURGH.\* (After Henry Laing.)



COUNTER SEAL OF THE ABOVE † (After Henry Laing.)

figure in the valuable repertory of Kay:—all shall  
pass in review before us, and we shall touch on  
them one and all, as we  
think of them, tenderly  
and kindly, as of those  
who are long since dead  
and gone—gone to their  
solemn account at the foot  
of the Great White Throne.  
In picturesque beauty the  
capital of Scotland is se-  
cond to none. "What the  
tour of Europe was ne-  
cessary to see, I find con-  
gregated in this one city,"  
said Sir David Wilkie.  
"Here alike are the beau-  
ties of Prague and of Salz-  
burg, the romantic sites of  
Orvieto and Tivoli, and  
all the magnificence of the  
Bays of Naples and Genoa.  
Here, indeed, to the pain-  
ter's fancy may be found  
realised the Roman Capitol and the Grecian  
Acropolis."

\* The device of the common seal represents a castle triple-towered, the gates thrown open. In each of the towers is the head of a soldier. *Philip appears at the lower part and sides of the seal, and above the towers may be seen a crescent and a mullet. The motto is "SIGILLVM CIVITATIS EDVNBVRGH."*

† A full length figure of St. Giles standing within a Gothic porch in pontifical vestments but without a mitre; in his right hand he holds a crozier, and in his left a book. At each side is a short staff terminating in a fleur-de-lis. Branches of foliage ornament the lower part and sides of the design. The motto is "SIGILLVM CIVITATIS EDVNBVRGH." (From a Document dated 1567.)



JOHN KAY

JOHN KAY (1786) (*Fac simile of the Portrait etched by himself*)

## CHAPTER I.

## PREHISTORIC EDINBURGH.

The Site before the Houses—Traces of Early Inhabitants—The Caledonian Tribes—Agricola's Invasion—Subjection of the Scottish Lowlands—The Roman Way—Edinburgh never occupied permanently—Various Roman Remains—Urns—Coins—Busts; Swords, Spears, and other Weapons—Ancient Coffins—The Camus, or Cath-stone—Origin of the name 'Edinburgh'—Dinas-Eiddyn—The Battle of Catraeth.

ON the arrival of Agricola's Roman army in the Lothians, about the year A.D. 80, the Ottadeni appear, according to Chalmers, to have occupied the whole extent of coast from the Tyne to the Firth of Forth, including, that is, a part of Northumberland and Roxburghshire, the whole of the Merse, and Haddingtonshire. The Gadani, whose territory lay in the interior country, parallel and contiguous to that of the Ottadeni, had all the land from the Tyne to the south of the Forth; they held, namely, the western parts of Northumberland, Roxburghshire, the whole of Falkirk, Tweeddale, and much of the Lothians.

These were two of the twenty-one Caledonian tribes who were connected by such slight ties as scarcely to enjoy a social state, and who then occupied the whole of Northern Britain.

That these Ottadeni and Gadani were well armed, and resisted bravely, the number of camps

and battle-stones scattered throughout the country amply attests, and it is not improbable that the site of Dalkeith (*Dalcath*, or the field of battle) may have seen some struggle with Agricola's Roman, Batavian, and Tungrian cohorts.

It was not until the year 83 that Agricola resolved to penetrate into the districts beyond the Forth, as he dreaded a more united resistance from the Caledonian tribes, who had hitherto been hostile to each other. Guided by the information of naval officers who had surveyed the coast, his army crossed the Forth at Inchgarvie, and landed at the north ferry, from whence he proceeded to fight his way towards the Grampians; but it was not until the year 140 that the Scottish Lowlands were entirely subjected to Roman sway, by Lollius Urbicus, whose legions have left so many rough-hewn votive altars and graven memorials of the VALENS VICTRIX, with devotional dedications,

...CÆSAR. TITO. CÆLIO. HADRIANO.  
...AUG. PIO. PATRI. PATRIÆ.

...the Roman military causeway—of which some fragments still remain—from Britton to Alverton (i.e. from Dunbar to Cramond) close to it, the Castle rock never appears to have become a Roman station; and it is sufficiently curious that the military engineers of the invaders should have neglected such a strong and natural fortification as that steep and insulated mass, situated as it was in Valentia, one of their six provinces in Britain.

Many relics of the Romans have been turned up from time to time upon the site of Edinburgh, but not the slightest trace has been found to indicate that it was ever occupied by them as a dwelling-place or city. Yet, Ptolemy, in his "Geography," speaks of the place as the *Castrum alatum*, "a winged camp, or a height, flanked on each side by successive heights, girded with intermediate valleys." Hence, the site may have been a native fort or hill camp of the Ottadini.

When cutting a new road over the Calton Hill, in 1817, a Roman urn was found entire; another (supposed to be Roman), eleven and a half inches in height, was found when digging the foundation of the north pier of the Dean Bridge, that spans a deep ravine, through which the Water of Leith finds its way to the neighbouring port. In 1782 a coin of the Emperor Vespasian was found in a garden of the Pleasance, and is now in the Museum of Antiquities; and when excavating in St. Ninian's Row, on the western side of



ROMAN URN FOUND AT THE DEAN.  
(From the Antiquarian Museum.)

the Calton, in 1815, there was found a quantity of fine red Samian ware, of the usual embossed character. In 1822, when enlarging the drain by which the old bed of the North Loch was kept dry, almost at the base of the Castle rock, portions of an ancient Roman causeway were discovered, four feet below the modern road. Another portion of a Roman way, composed of irregular rounded stones, closely rammed together on a bed of forced soil, coloured with fragments of brick, was discovered beneath the foundations of the Trinity Church, when it was demolished in 1845.

The portions of it discovered in 1822 included a branch extending a considerable way eastward along the north back of the Canongate, towards the well-known Roman road at Portobello, popularly known as "The Fishwives' Causeway." "Here," says Dr. Wilson, "we recover the traces of the Roman way in its course from Eildon to Cramond and Kinneil, with a diverging road to the important town and harbour at Inveresk, showing beyond doubt that Edinburgh had formed a *link* between these several Roman sites."

Within a few yards of the point where this road crossed the brow of the city ridge were built into the wall of a house, nearly opposite to that of John Knox, two beautifully sculptured heads of the Emperor Septimius Severus and his wife Julia. These busts, which Maitland, in his time (1750), says were brought from an adjacent building, Wilson the antiquary conjectures were more probably found when excavating a foundation; but under the causeway of High Street, in 1850, two silver denarii of the same emperor were found in excellent preservation.

These busts were doubtless some relic of the visit paid to the colony by Septimius Severus, for Alexander Gordon, in his "Itinerarium Septentrionale," published in 1726, says:—"About this time it would appear that Julia, the wife of Severus, and the greatest part of the imperial family, were in the country of Caledonia; for Xephilin, from Dio, mentions a very remarkable occurrence which there happened to the Empress Julia and the wife of Argentocoxus, a Caledonian."

Passing, however, from the Roman period, many distant traces have been found of people who dwelt on, or near, the site of Edinburgh, in what may be called, if the term be allowable, the pre-historic period.

In constructing the new road to Leith, leading from the centre of Bellevue Crescent, in 1823, several stone cists, of circumscribed form, wherein the bodies had been bent double, were found; and these being disposed nearly due east and west, were assumed, but without evidence, to have been the remains of Christians. In 1822 another was found in the Royal Circus, buried north and south; the skeleton crumbled into dust on being exposed, all save the teeth.

During the following year, 1823, several rude stone coffins were discovered when digging the foundations of a house in Saxe Coburg Place, near St. Bernard's Chapel. One of them contained two urns of baked clay, from which circumstance it was supposed that this was a place of interment, at the period when the Romans had penetrated thus far

north, and the Ottadeni, in imitation of their practice, had adopted the cremation of their dead, while adhering to their ancient form of sepulchre. Similar evidences of the occupation of the locality by an ancient people have been found all round Edinburgh.

The skeleton of a woman buried in the same fashion, with head and feet together, was found on the eastern slope of Arthur's Seat in 1858, and within the cist lay the lid of a stone quern or hand-mill. Of the same early period was, perhaps, the cist which was found on the coast of the Firth, when the Edinburgh and Granton Railway was made, the skeleton in which had on it ornaments formed of the common cockle-shell.

Some graves of a later and more civilised period were found in 1850, when the immense reservoir was excavated on the Castle Hill, on the highest ground, and in the very heart of the ancient city. On the removal of some buildings of the seventeenth century, and after uprooting some portions of the massive wall of 1450, lower down, at a depth of twenty-five feet, and entirely below the foundation of the latter, "the excavators came upon a bed of clay, and beneath this was a thick layer of moss, or decayed animal and vegetable matter, in which was found a coin of the Emperor Constantine, thus suggesting a date approximating to the beginning of the fourth century. Immediately under this were two coffins, each formed of a solid trunk of oak, measuring about six feet in length. They were rough, and unshapen externally, as when hewn down in their native forest, and appeared to have been split open, but within they were hollowed out with considerable care, a circular space being formed for the head, and, indeed, the interior of both had considerable resemblance to what is usually seen in the stone coffins of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They lay nearly due east and west, with their heads to the west. One of them contained a male and the other a female skeleton, unaccompanied by any weapons or other relics; but between the two coffins the skull and antlers of a gigantic deer were found, and alongside of them a portion of another horn, artificially cut, forming, most probably, the head of the spear with which the old hunter armed himself for the chase. The discovery of such primitive relics in the very heart of a busy population, and the theatre of not a few memorable historical events, is even more calculated to awaken our interest, by the striking contrast which it presents, than when found beneath the low, sepulchral mound, or exposed by the operations of the agriculturist. An unsuccessful attempt was

made to remove one of the coffins. Even the skulls were so much decayed that they were pieces on being lifted; but the skull and antlers of the deer found alongside of them are now deposited in the Scottish Museum."<sup>26</sup>

Many relics and weapons of the bronze period have been discovered in and around the site of Edinburgh. Some of the most perfect and polished of these weapons are now in the Museum at Abbotsford; and about fifty pieces of swords, spear-heads, and other fragments of weapons, all more or less affected by fire, are in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The swords are of the leaf-shaped form, with perforated handles, to which bone or wood has been attached, and many of the large spear-heads are pierced with a variety of ornamental designs.

During the construction, in 1846, of that part of the Queen's Drive which lies directly above the loch, on the southern slope of Arthur's Seat, two of the most beautiful and perfect leaf-shaped swords ever found in Scotland were discovered in a bed of charcoal, and are now in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum. The blade of the largest measures 26½ inches in length, and 1½ inches at the broadest part. Not far from the same place a cup or lamp of clay and celts of bronze were also discovered, and, at "Samson's Ribs," a cinerary urn.

On the green slopes of the same hill may be seen still the traces of ancient civilisation, in some now-forgotten mode of cultivating the soil—forgotten unless we recall the terraces of the Rhine, or the ancient parallels of the Peruvians in the Cordilleras of the Andes. "On the summer evenings, while the long shadows still linger on the eastern slope of Arthur's Seat, it is seen to rise from the margin of Duddingston Loch to the higher valley in a succession of terrace-steps, in some cases with indications of retaining walls still discoverable. It is on the slope thus furrowed with the traces of a long extinct system of agriculture that the bronze swords and celts, and the ancient pottery already described, have been dug up; while wrought deers' horns, weapons, and masses of melted bronze, were dredged from the neighbouring loch in such quantities as to suggest that at some remote age weapons of the Scottish bronze period had been extensively manufactured on the margin. Following up the connection between such evidences of ancient art and agriculture, Mr. Chambers suggests the probability that the *daisies* of Arthur's Seat and the bronze weapons dug up there or dredged from the loch are all works of the same ingenious hand-

Thus we see in the terraced slopes of a mode of agriculture pertaining to a period before all written history, when iron had not yet been forged to wound the virgin soil.\*

In those days the Leith must have been a broader and a deeper river than now, otherwise the term "Inverleith," as its mouth, had never been given to the land in the immediate vicinity of Stockbridge.



THE ROMAN ROAD, NEAR PORTOBELLO—THE "FISHWIVES' CAUSEWAY."  
(from a Drawing by Waller H. Paton, R.S.A.)

Other relics of the unwritten ages exist near Edinburgh in the shape of battle-stones; but many have been removed. In the immediate neighbourhood of the city, close to the huge monolith named the Camus Stone, were two very large conical cairns, named Cat (or *Cath*) Stones, until demolished by irreverent utilitarians, who had found covetable materials in the rude memorial stones.

Underneath these cairns were cists containing human skeletons and various weapons of bronze and iron. Two of the latter material, spear-heads, are still preserved at Morton Hall. Within the grounds of that mansion, about half a mile distant from where the cairns stood, there still stands an ancient monolith, and two larger masses that are in its vicinity are not improbably the relics of a ruined cromlech. "Here, perchance, has been the battleground of ancient chiefs, contending, it may be, with some fierce invader, whose intruded arts startle us with evidences of an antiquity which seems primeval. The locality is peculiarly suited for the purpose. It is within a few miles of the sea, and enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills; it is the highest ground in the immediate neighbourhood, and the very spot on which the warriors of a retreating host might be expected to make a stand ere they finally betook themselves to the adjacent fastnesses of the Pentland Hills."

\* On the eastern slope of the same hill there was found a singular relic of a later period, which merits special notice from its peculiar characteristics. It is a human matrix, bearing the device of a turbaned head, with the legend SOLDIER BAP. ISAAC found it in Hebrew characters; and by some it has been supposed to be a talisman or magical signet ("Fetich. Ann. Scot.")

The origin of the name "Edinburgh" has proved the subject of much discussion. The prenominal is a very common one in Scotland, and is always descriptive of the same kind of site—a *slope*. Near Lochearnhead is the shoulder of a hill called *Edin-a-chip*, "the slope of the repulse," having reference to some encounter with the Romans; and *Edin-ample* is said to mean "the slope of the retreat." There are upwards of twenty places having the same descriptive prefix; and besides the instances just noted, the following examples may also be cited:—Edincoillie, a "slope in the wood," in Morayshire; Edinmore and Edinbeg, in Bute; Edindonach, in Argyllshire; and Edinglassie, in Aberdeenshire. Nearly every historian of Edinburgh has had a theory on the subject. Arnot suggests that the name is derived from *Dunedin*, "the face of a hill;" but this would rather signify the fort of Edin; and that name it bears in the register of the Priory of St. Andrews, in 1107. Others are fond of asserting that the name was given to the town or castle by Edwin, a Saxon prince of the seventh century, who "repaired it;" consequently it must have had some name before his time, and the present form may be a species of corruption of it, like that of Dryburgh, from *Darrach-bruach*, "the bank of the grove of oaks."

Another theory, one greatly favoured by Sir Walter Scott, is that it was the *Dinas-Eiddyn* (the slaughter of whose people in the sixth century is lamented by Aneurin, a bard of the Ottadeni); a place, however, which Chalmers supposes to be elsewhere. The subject is a curious one, and





ARTHUR'S SEAT, FROM ST LEONARD. (From a Drawing by Walter H. Peck, R.S.A.)

well worth consideration; but, interesting as it is, it need not detain us long here.

In the "Myrvyan, or Cambrian Archaeology," a work replete with ancient lore, mention is made of *Ebor-Eiddyn*, or the fort of Edin, wherein dwelt a famous chief, Mynydoc, leader of the Celtic Britons in the fatal battle with the Saxons under Ida, the flame-bearer, at Catraeth, in Lothian, where the flower of the Ottadeni fell, in 510; and this is believed to be the burgh subsequently said to be named after Edwin.

In the list of those who went to the battle of Catraeth there is record of 300 warriors arrayed in fine armour, three loricated bands (*i.e.*, plated for defence), with their commanders, wearing torques of gold, "three adventurous knights," with 300 of equal quality, rushing forth from the *summits* of the mighty *Caer-Eiddyn*, to join their brother chiefs of the Ottadeni and Gadeni.

In the "British Triads" both *Caer-Eiddyn* (which some have supposed to be Carriden), and also *Dinas-Eiddyn*, the city of Eiddyn, are repeatedly named. But whether this be the city of Edinburgh it is exceedingly difficult to say; for, after all, the alleged Saxon denominative from Edwin is merely conjectural, and unauthenticated by remote facts.

From Sharon Turner's "Vindication of Ancient British Poems," we learn that Aneurin, whose work contains 920 lines, was taken prisoner at the battle of Catraeth,\* and was afterwards treacherously slain by one named Eiddyn; another account says he died an exile among the Silures in 570, and that the battle was lost because the Ottadeni "had drunk of their mead too profusely."

The memory of Mynydoc Eiddyn is preserved in a beautiful Welsh poem entitled "The Drinking

Horn," by Owain, Prince of Powis. The poem is full of energy.

"When the mighty bards of yore  
Awoke the tales of ancient lore,  
What time resplendent to behold,  
Flashed the bright mead in vase of gold:  
The royal minstrel proudly sung  
Of Cambria's chiefs when time was young,  
How, with the drink of heroes flushed,  
Brave Catraeth's lord to battle rushed,  
The lion leader of the strong,  
And marshal of Galwyiada's throng;  
The sun that rose o'er Itun's bay  
Ne'er closed on such disastrous day;  
There fell Mynydoc, mighty lord,  
Beneath stern Osway's baneful sword;  
Yet shall thy praise, thy deathless name,  
Be woke on harps of bardic fame,  
Sung by the Cymri's tuneful train,  
Aneurin of celestial strain."

Daniel Wilson, one of the ablest writers on Scottish antiquities, says that he thinks it useless "to follow the fanciful disquisitions of zealous antiquarians respecting the origin and etymology of Edinburgh; it has successively been derived, both in origin and in name, from Saxon, Pict, and Gael, and in each case with sufficient ingenuity to leave the subject more involved than at first." But while on this subject, it should be borne in mind that the unfortunate destruction of the national records by the invaders, Edward I. and Oliver Cromwell, leaves the Scottish historian dependent for much of his material on tradition, or information that can only be obtained with infinite labour; though it may no doubt be taken for granted that even if these archives had been preserved in their entirety they could scarcely have thrown much, if any, light upon the *quæstio vexata* of the origin of the name of Edinburgh.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

*Of its Origin and remoter History—The Legends concerning it—Ebranke—St. Monena—Defeat of the Saxons by King Fridei—King Edwin—King Grime—The Story of Grime and Bertha of Badilen—The Starting-point of authentic Edinburgh History—St. Margaret—Her Piety and amiable Disposition—Her Chapel—Her Death—Restoration of her Oratory—Her Burial—Donald Bane—King David I.—The Royal Gardens, afterwards the North Loch.*

AFTER the departure of the Romans the inhabitants of Northern Britain bore the designation of Picti, or Pict; and historians are now agreed that these were not a new race, but only the ancient Caledonians under a new name.

The most remote date assigned for the origin

\*The Roman Catraeth, or Picta-urbs-Edin, is supposed to have had the same designation with the battle of Catraeth. (Gibb's Edinburgh, II.)

of the Castle of Edinburgh is that astounding announcement made in Stow's "Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles," in which he tells us that "Ebranke, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Britayne; he had, as testifieth Policronica, Genfride, and others, twenty-one wyves, of whom he receyved twenty sonnes and thirty daughters, which he sent into Italye, there to be married to

the blood of the Trojans. In Albany (now called Scotland) he edified the Castell of Alclude, which is Dumbreyton; he made the Castell of Maydens, now called Edinburgh; he also made the Castell of Banburgh, in the twenty-third year of his reign." All these events occurred, according to Stow, in the year 989 *before* Christ; and the information is quite as veracious as much else that has been written concerning the remote history of Scotland.

From sources that can scarcely be doubted, a fortress of some kind upon the rock would seem to have been occupied by the Picts, from whom it was captured in 452 by the Saxons of Northumbria under Octa and Ebusa; and from that time down to the reign of Malcolm II. its history exhibits but a constant struggle for its possession between them and the Picts, each being victorious in turn; and Edwin, one of these Northumbrian invaders, is said to have rebuilt it in 626. Territories seemed so easily overrun in those times, that the Northumbrians and Scots, in the year 368, under the reign of Valentinian I., penetrated as far as London, but were repulsed by Theodosius, father of the Emperor of the same name. This is the Edwin whose pagan high-priest Colfi was converted to Christianity by Paulinus, in 627, and who, according to Bede, destroyed the heathen temples and altars. A curious and very old tradition still exists in Midlothian, that the stones used in the construction of the castle were taken from a quarry near Craigmillar, the *Craig-moillard* of antiquity.

Camden says, "The Britons called it *Castel Mynedh Agnedh*—the maidens' or virgins' castle—because certain young maidens of the royal blood were kept there in old times." The source of this oft-repeated story has probably been the assertion of Conchubhranus, that an Irish saint, or recluse, named Monena, late in the fifth century founded seven churches in Scotland, on the heights of Dun Edin, Dumbarton, and elsewhere. This may have been the St. Monena of Sliabh-Cuillin, who died in 518. The site of her edifice is supposed to be that now occupied by the present chapel of St. Margaret—the most ancient piece of masonry in the Scottish capital; and it is a curious circumstance, with special reference to the fable of the Pictish princesses, that close by it (as recorded in the *Caledonian Mercury* of 26th September, 1853), when some excavations were made, a number of human bones, apparently *all* of females, were found, together with the remains of several coffins.

"*Castrum Puellarum*," says Chalmers, "was the learned and diplomatic name of the place, as appears from existing charters and documents;

*Edinburgh*, its vulgar appellation;" while Buchanan asserts that its ancient names of the *Delfious* Valley and Maiden Castle were borrowed from ancient French romances, "devoted within, the space of three hundred years" from his time.

The Castle was the nucleus, so to speak, around which the city grew, a fact that explains the triple towers in the arms of the latter—three great towers connected by a curtain wall—being the form it presented prior to the erection of the Half-Moon Battery, in Queen Mary's time.

Edwin, the most powerful of the petty kings of Northumberland, largely extended the Saxon conquests in the Scottish border counties; and his possessions reached ultimately from the waters of Abios to those of Bodoria—*i.e.*, from Humber to Forth; but Egfrid, one of his successors, lost these territories, together with his life, in battle with the Pictish King Bridei, or Brude, who totally defeated him at Dun-nechtan, with terrible slaughter. This was a fatal blow to the Northumbrian monarchy, which never regained its previous ascendancy, and was henceforth confined "to the country south of Tweed. Lodonia (a Teutonic name signifying marshes or borders) became finally a part of the Pictish dominions, Dunedin being its stronghold, and both the Dalriadic Scots and Strathclyde Britons were thus freed from the inroads of the Saxons.

This battle was fought in the year 685, the epoch of the bishopric of Lindisfarne, and as the Church of St. Giles was a chaplainry of that ancient see, we may infer that some kind of town—of huts, doubtless—had begun to cluster round the church, which was a wooden edifice of a primitive kind, for as the world was expected to end in the year 1000, sacred edifices of stone were generally deemed unnecessary. From the time of the Saxon expulsion to the days of Malcolm II.—a period of nearly four hundred years—everything connected with the castle and town of Edinburgh is steeped in obscurity or dim tradition.

According to a curious old tradition, preserved in the statistical account of the parish of Tweed-muir, the wife of Grime, the usurper, had her residence in the Castle while he was absent fighting against the invading Danes. He is said to have granted, by charter, his hunting seat of Polmood, in that parish, to one of his attendants named Hunter, whose race were to possess it while wood grew and water ran. But, as Hogg says in his "Winter Evening Tales," "There is one remarkable circumstance connected with the place that has rendered it unfamous of late years, and seems to justify an ancient prediction that the hunters of Polmood were never to prosper."

leaving his queen in the then solitary Castle, (who, according to Buchanan, began his reign in the year 996) often pursued the pleasures of the chase among the wilds of Polmood, in the neighbourhood of which he saw a woman of great beauty, named Bertha, of Badlieu, whose charms soon proved more attractive than the pursuit of the wild boar or Caledonian bull, and he became her captive—her lover. In process of time a son was the result of their intimacy, and the forgotten queen, though residing quietly in solitude at Edinburgh, resolved on deadly vengeance.

Selecting a time when Grime was again fighting the Danes, she dispatched to Badlieu certain assassins, who murdered Bertha, her aged father, and infant son, and, burying them in one grave, heaped above it a rough tumulus, which still marks the spot.

Full of remorse and fear, the queen died before the return of Grime, who, after defeating the Danes, and destroying their galleys, hastened to Badlieu, where the huge grave alone awaited him. In a gust of morbid horror the half-barbarian prince commanded the tumulus to be opened, that he might behold the remains of those who had perished; and from that moment he lost all relish for life, and plunging into a war with Malcolm, his successor, was deserted in battle by his warriors, taken captive, and, after having his eyes put out, died in grief and misery in the eighth year of his reign.

He was succeeded, in 1004, by Malcolm II., who had Lothian formally ceded to him by Eadulf Cudel, Earl of Northumberland, who had previously exercised some right of vassalage over it,

probably a remnant of Edwin's departed power; and from this period begins the authentic history of Edinburgh and its castle, as from that time it continued to be almost permanently the residence of the early and later monarchs and their officers of state.

The history of Edinburgh Castle is much associated with the memory of St. Margaret, the pious and beautiful queen of Malcolm III. (the successor of Macbeth) who often resided in it, and ultimately died in a tower on the west side of the rock, which bore her name till it was demolished in the siege of 1573. In recording her demise, ancient chroniclers have not failed to add much that is legendary to the truth, and

this invests the solemn event with a peculiar charm.

The grand-niece of Edward the Confessor, she had fled from her own country on the usurpation of Harold, but was wrecked on the Forth, at the place still called Queensferry. She and her retinue were hospitably entertained by Malcolm III., who

had formerly, in his exile, been treated with kindness at the Saxon court of England, and who married her at Dunfermline. Malcolm was the son of Duncan, whom Macbeth slew; and Shakspeare, in his tragedy, must have been alluding to St. Margaret when he wrote of her as the mother, instead of the

wife, of Malcolm, in the lines spoken by Macduff, *Macbeth*, Act iv., scene 3 :—

"The queen that bore thee,  
Offener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived."

In 1091 William Rufus made war on Scotland, and, taking the castle of Alnwick by surprise, wantonly put its garrison to the sword. Malcolm,

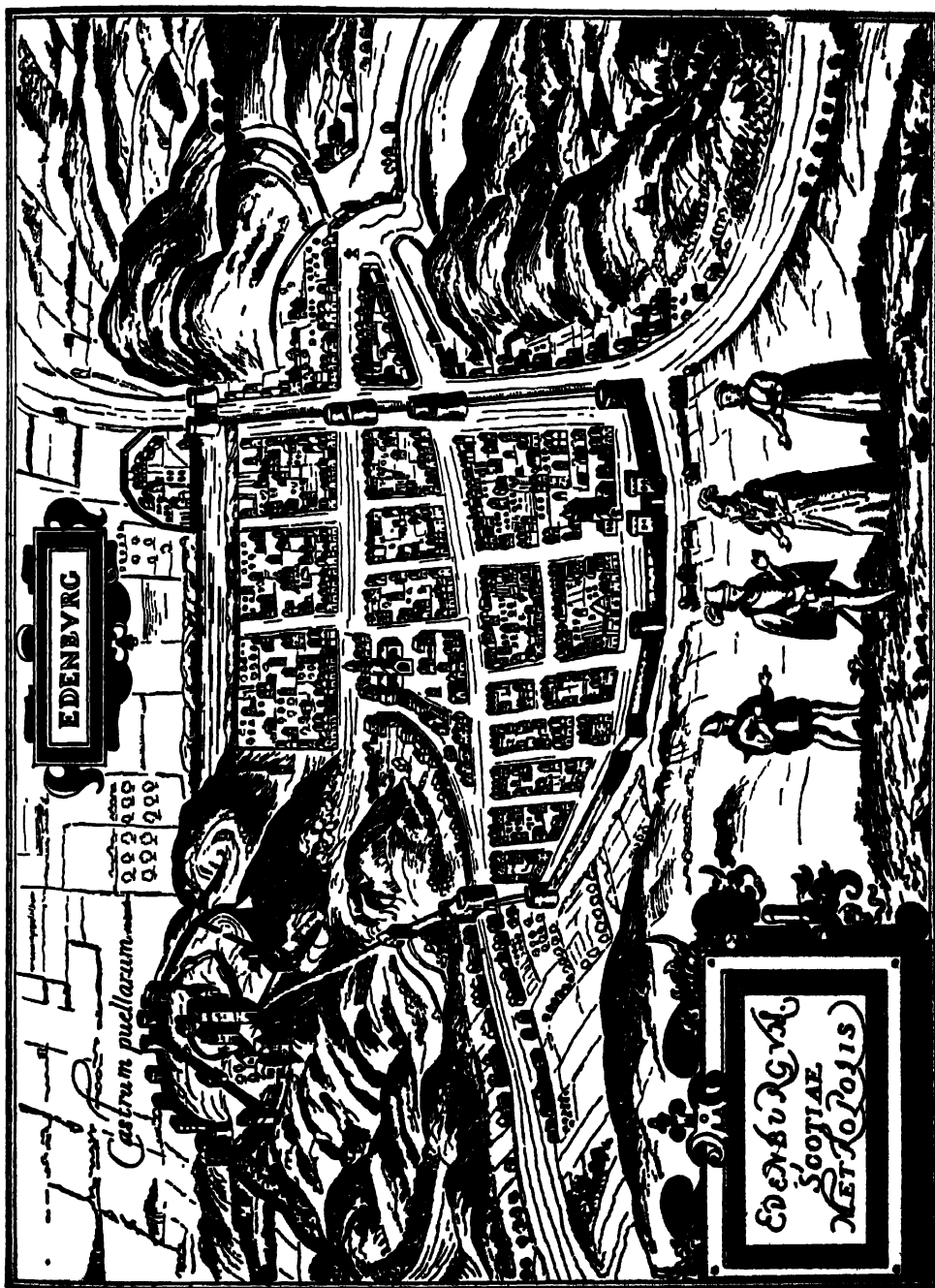


THE ARMS OF THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.  
*From Edmondson's "Heraldry."*



FAC-SIMILE OF A VIEW OF THE OLD TOWN, FROM A HOUSETOP AT THE TRON CHURCH.

(*Sketched by Alexander Runciman on the back of a playing-card.*)



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CASTLE AND CITY OF EDINBURGH. (Reduced Facsimile of a Print published in 1792.)

a brave prince, demanded instant restitution, and, at the head of an army, laid siege to the Normans in the border stronghold.

At this time the winter snow was covering all the vast expanse of leafless forest, and the hills—then growing only heath and gorse—around the Castle of Edinburgh; and there the queen, with her sons Edmond, Edgar, and David, and her daughters Mary and Matilda (surnamed the Good, afterwards queen of Henry I. of England), were anxiously waiting tidings from the king and his son Edward, who had pressed the siege of Alnwick with such severity that its garrison was hourly expected to surrender. A sore sickness was now preying on the wasted frame of the queen, who spent her days in prayer for the success of the Scots and the safety of the king and prince.

All old historians vie with each other in praise of the virtuous Margaret. "When health and beauty were hers," says one writer, "she devoted her strength to serve the poor and uncultivated people whom God had committed to her care; she fed them with her own hand, smoothed their pillow in sickness, and softened the barbarous and iron rule of their feudal lords. No wonder that they regarded her as a guardian angel among them."

"She daily fed three hundred," says another authority, "waiting upon them on her bended knees, like a housemaid, washing their feet and kissing them. For these and other expenses she not only parted with her own royal dresses, but more than once she drained the treasury."

Malcolm, a Celt, is said to have been unable to read the missals given him by his fair-haired Saxon, but he was wont to kiss them and press them to his heart in token of love and respect.

In the castle she built the little oratory on the very summit of the rock. It stands within the citadel, and is in perfect preservation, measuring about twenty-six feet long by ten, and is spanned by a finely ornamented apse arch that springs from massive capitals, and is covered with zig-zag mouldings. It was dedicated to her in after years, and liberally endowed.

"There she is said to have prophetically announced the surprise of the fortress in 1312, by causing to be painted on the wall a representation of a man scaling the Castle rock, with the inscription underneath, '*Gardez-vous Français*,' a prediction which was conveniently found to be verified when the Castle was re-taken from the English by William Frank (or Francis) and Earl Randolph; though why the Saxon saint should prophesy in French we are left to conjecture."

Connected with the residence of Edgar Athe-

ling's sister in Edinburgh Castle there is another legend, which states that while there she commissioned her friend St. Catherine—but which St. Catherine it fails to specify—to bring her some oil from Mount Sinai; and that after long and sore travel from the rocks of Mount Horeb, the saint with the treasured oil came in sight of the Castle of Edinburgh, on that ridge where stood the Church of St. Mary, built by Macbeth, baron of Liberton. There she let fall the vessel containing the sacred oil, which was spilt; but there sprang up in its place a fountain of wonderful medicinal efficacy, known now as the Balm Well of St. Catherine, where the oil—which practical folk say is bituminous and comes from the coal seams—may still be seen floating on the limpid water. It figured long in monkish legends. For ages a mound near it was alleged to be the tomb of St. Catherine; and close by it James IV. erected a beautiful little chapel dedicated to St. Margaret, but long since demolished.

During the king's absence at Alnwick, the queen, by the severity of her fastings and vigils, increased a heavy illness under which she laboured. Two days before her death, Prince Edgar, whom some writers call her brother, and others her son, arrived from the Scottish camp with tidings that Malcolm had been slain, with her son Edward.

"Then," according to Lord Hailes, who quotes Turgot's Life of St. Margaret, "lifting up her eyes and hands towards heaven, she said, 'Praise and blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins; and Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who through the will of the Father, hast enlivened the world by Thy death, oh, deliver me!' While pronouncing 'deliver me' she expired."

This, according to the Bishop of St. Andrews, Turgot, previously Prior of Durham, was after she had heard mass in the present little oratory, and been borne to the tower on the west side of the rock; and she died holding in her hand a famous relic known as "the black rood of Scotland," which according to St. Ælred, "was a cross an ell long, of pure gold and wonderful workmanship, having thereon an ivory figure of our Saviour marvellously adorned with gold."

This was on 16th of November, 1093, when she was in the forty-seventh year of her age. Unless history be false, with the majesty of a queen and the meekness of a saint Margaret possessed a beauty that falls but seldom to the lot of women; and in her time she did much to soften the

barbarism of the Scottish court. She was magnificent in her own attire; she increased the number of persons in attendance on the king, and caused him to be served at table in gold and silver plate.

She was canonised by Innocent IV. in 1251. For several ages the apartment in which she expired was known as "ye blessit Margaret's chalm" (*i.e.*, chamber). A fountain on the west side of the fortress long bore her name; and a small guard-house on the western ramparts is still called the Queen's, or St. Margaret's, Post.

The complete restoration of her oratory (says an *Edinburgh Courant* of 1853) "has been effected in a very satisfactory manner, under the superintendence of Mr. Grant. The modern western entrance has been built up, and an ancient one re-opened at the north-west corner of the nave. Here a new doorway has been built in the same style with the rest of the building. The three small round-headed windows have been filled with stained glass—the light in the south side of the apse representing St. Margaret, the two in the side of the nave showing her husband, King Malcolm Canmore and their son St. David, and the light in the west gable of the nave having a cross and the sacred monogram with this inscription:—*Hæc adicula olim Beate Margarete Regine Scotia, quæ obiit M.XCIII., ingrata patriæ negligentia lapsa, Victoriæ Reginæ prognata auspiciis restituta, A.D. M.DCCCLIII.*"

St. Margaret had scarcely expired, when Bishop Turgot, her children, and the whole court, were filled with terror, on finding the fortress environed by an army composed of fierce western Highlanders, "clad in the dun deer's hide, striped breacan, and hauberks (or lurichs) of jingling rings," and led by Donald Bane, or the fair-haired, the younger brother of Malcolm III., who had fled to the Hebrides, as the latter did to England, on the usurpation by Macbeth.

Without opposition he had himself proclaimed king, and promised to give the Hebrides and other isles to Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, for assistance if it were required.

He had resolved to put the orphan children of Malcolm to death, but believing that egress from the fortress on the steep could only be had by the gates facing the little town, he guarded them alone. The children thus escaped by a western postern, and fled to England, where they found protection with their uncle, Edgar Atheling. The two princesses were afterwards married: Mary to Eustace, Count of Boulogne, the great Crusader; and Matilda to Henry of England—a union extremely popular with the Saxon people.

By the same postern Turgot and others carefully and reverently conveyed the body of the queen, and carried it "to Dunfermline, in the woods; and that Heaven might have some share in protecting remains so sacred, the legends record that a miraculous mist arose from the earth, concealing the bishop, the royal corpse, and its awe-stricken bearers, from the half-savage Donald and his red-haired Islesmen, and did not pass away until they had crossed in safety the *Passagium Regina*, or Queen's Ferry, nine miles distant, where Margaret had granted land for the maintenance of a passage boat"—a grant still in force.

She was buried at Dunfermline, under the great block of grey marble which still marks her grave; and in the sides thereof may yet be seen the sockets of the silver lamps which, after her canonisation, burned there until the Reformation, when the Abbot of Dunfermline fled to the Castle of Edinburgh with her head in a jewelled coffer, and gave it to some Jesuits, who took it to Antwerp. From thence it was borne to the Escorial in Spain, where it is still preserved by the monks of St. Jerome.

Her son Edgar, a prince of talent and valour, recovered the throne by his sword, and took up his residence in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he had seen his mother expire, and where he, too, passed away, on the 8th of January, 1107. The register of the Priory of St. Andrews, in recording his demise, has these words:—"Mortuus in Dun-Edin, est sepultus in Dunfermling."

On his death-bed he bequeathed that part of Cumberland which the kings of Scotland possessed to his younger brother David. Alexander I., surnamed "the Fierce," eldest brother of the latter, was disposed to dispute the validity of this donation; but perceiving that David had won over the English barons to his interest, he acquiesced in this partial dismemberment of the kingdom.

It is in the reign of this monarch, in the first years of the twelfth century, that the first notices of Edinburgh as a royal city and residence are most distinctly found, while in that of his successor, David I., crowned in 1124, after being long resident at the court of his sister Matilda, where, according to Malmesbury, "his manners were polished from the rust of Scottish barbarity," and where he married Matilda daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, we discover the origin of many of the most important local features still surviving. He founded the abbey of Holyrood, called by Fordun "*Monasterium Sanctæ Crucis à Crag.*" This convent, the precursor of the great abbey, he is said to have placed at first within the Castle, and some of the earliest gifts of its saintly

to his new monastery were the churches of St. Cuthbert and of the Castle, among which the plot of land belonging to the former is marked by "the fountain which rises near the king's garden, on the road leading to St. Cuthbert's church," i.e., the fountain in the Well-house Tower.

This valley—the future North Loch—was then

Castle, where, in the twenty-first year of his reign, he granted a charter to the Abbey of Kelso, the witnesses to which, apud *Castrum Puellarum*, were John, Bishop of Glasgow; Prince Henry, his son; William, his nephew; Edward, the Chancellor; "*Bartholomeo filio Comitiss, et Willielmo frater ejus*;" Jordano Hayrum;" Hugo de Morville, the



ST. MARGARET'S CHAPL, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

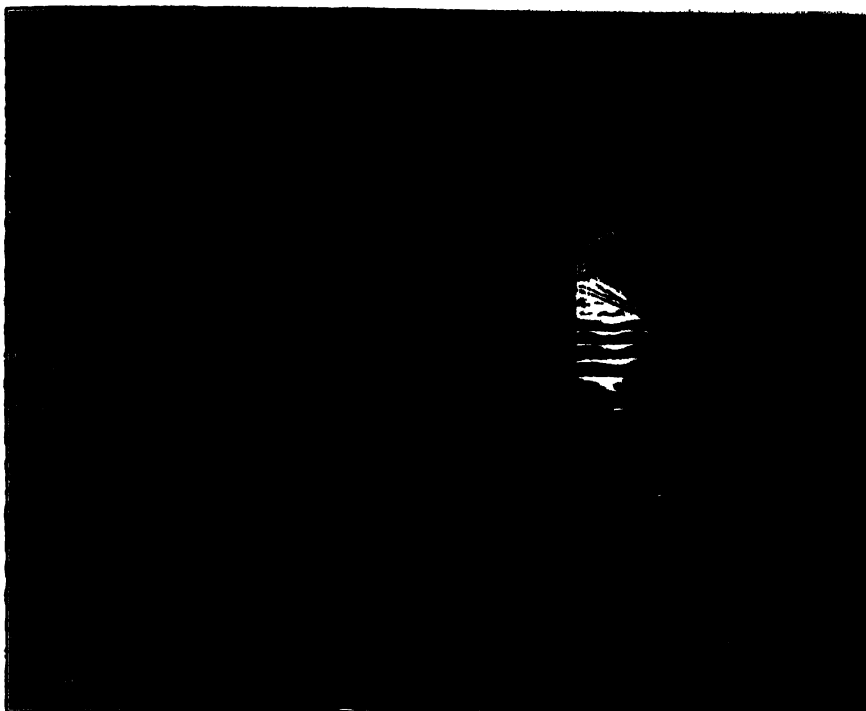
the garden, which Malcolm, the son of Pagan, cultivated for David II, and where tournaments were held, "while deep pools and wide morasses, tangled wood and wild animals, made the rude diverging pathways to the east and westward extremely dangerous for long after, though lights were burned at the Hermitage of St. Anthony on the Crag and the spire of St. John of Corstorphin, to guide the unfortunate wight who was foolhardy enough to travel after nightfall."

In 1144 we find King David resident in the

constable, Odenell de Umphraville; Robert Bruce; William of Somerville, David de Oliphant; and William of Lindsay.

The charter of foundation to the abbey of Holyrood—which will be referred to more fully in its place—besides conferring valuable revenues, derivable from the general resources of the city, gave the monks a right to dues to nearly the same amount from the royal revenues of the port of Perth, which was the more ancient capital of Scotland.





DUNGEONS IN THE CASTLE BELOW QUEEN MARY'S ROOM.

## CHAPTER III.

## CASTLE OF EDINBURGH—(continued)

The Legend of the White Hart—Holyrood Abbey founded—The Monks of the *Castrum Puellarum*—David I's numerous Endowments—His Death—Fergus Lord of Galloway dies there—William the Lion—Castle Garrisoned by the English for Twelve Years—The Castle a Royal Residence—The War of the Scottish Succession—The Castle in the hands of Edward I—Frank's Escalade—The Fortress Dismantled—Again in the hands of the English—Bullock's Stratagem for its Re-capture—David's Tower

"THE well-known legend of the White Hart," says Daniel Wilson, "most probably had its origin in some real occurrence, magnified by the superstition of a rude and illiterate age. More recent observations at least suffice to show that it existed at a much earlier date than Lord Hailes referred it to."

It is recorded that on Rood-day, the 14th of September, in the harvest of 1128, the weather being fine and beautiful, King David and his courtiers, after mass, left the Castle by that gate before which he was wont to dispense justice to his people, and issued forth to the chase in the wild country that lay around—for then over miles of the land now covered by the Jew and much of the old city, for ages into times unknown, the oak-trees of the primeval forest of Drumsheugh had shaken down their leaves and acorns upon the wild and now extinct animals of the chase. And here it

may be mentioned that boars' tusks of most enormous size were found in 1846 in the bank to the south of the half-moon battery, together with an iron axe, the skull and bones of a man.

On this Rood-day we are told that the king issued from the Castle contrary to the advice of his confessor, Alfwyn, an Augustinian monk of great sanctity and learning, who reminded him that it was the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, and should be passed in devotion, not in hunting; but of this advice the king took no heed.

Amid the dense forest and in the ardour of the chase he became separated from his train, in "the vail that lies to the east fra the said castell," and found himself at the foot of the stupendous Craig, where, "under the shade of a leafy tree," he was almost immediately assailed by a white stag of gigantic size, which had been maddened by the pursuit, "noys and doun of bugillis," and which,

to Bellenden, was now standing boldly  
with its branching antlers, put the life  
of the monarch in imminent jeopardy, as he  
and his horse were both borne to the ground.

With a short hunting-sword, while fruitlessly endeavouring to defend himself against the infuriated animal, there appeared—continues the legend—a silver cloud, from the centre of which there came forth a hand, which placed in that of David a sparkling cross of miraculous construction, in so far that the material of which it was composed could never be discovered. Scared by this interposition, the white stag fled down the hollow way between the hills, but was afterwards slain by Sir Gregan Crawford, whose crest, a stag's head *erased* with a cross-crosslet between the antlers, is still borne by his descendants, the Crawfords of Kilbirnie, in memory of that eventful day in the forest of Drumsheugh.

Thoughtful, and oppressed with great awe, the king slowly wended his way through the forest to the Castle; but the wonder did not end there, for when, after a long vigil, the king slept, there appeared by his couch St. Andrew, the apostle of Scotland, surrounded by rays of glory, instructing him to found, upon the exact spot where he had been miraculously saved, a *twelfth* monastery for the canons regular of St. Augustine; and, in obedience to this vision, he built the noble abbey of Holyrood, "in the little valley between two mountains"—*i.e.*, the Craigs and the Calton. Therein the marvellous cross was preserved till it was lost at a long subsequent period; but, in memory of St. David's adventure on Rood-day, a stag's head with a cross between the antlers is still borne as the arms of the Canongate. Alfwyn was appointed first abbot, and left a glorious memory for many virtues.\*

Though nobly endowed, this famous edifice was not built for several years, during which the monks were received into the Castle, and occupied buildings which had been previously the abode of a community of nuns, who, by permission of Pope Alexander III., were removed, the monks, as Father Hay tells us, being deemed "as fitter to live among soldiers." Abbot William appears, in 1152, as second superior of the monks in the *Castrum Puellarum*, where they resided till 1176.

A vehement dispute respecting the payment of tithes having occurred between Robert bishop of St. Andrews and Gaufrid abbot of Dunfermline, it was decided by the king, *apud Castellum Puellarum*, in presence of a great convention, con-

sisting of the abbots of Holyrood and Stirling, Gregory bishop of Dunkeld, the Earls of Fife and March, Hugo de Morville the Lord High Constable, William Lord of Carnwath, David de Oliphant a knight of Lothian, Henry the son of Swan, and many others, and the matter in debate was adjudicated on satisfactorily.

David—"sair sanct for the crown" though King James I. is said to have styled him—was one of the best of the early kings of Scotland. "I have seen him," remarks Aldred, "quit his horse and dismiss his hunting equipage when any, even the humblest of his subjects, desired an audience; he sometimes employed his leisure hours in the culture of his garden, and in the philosophical amusement of budding and engrafting trees."

In the priory of Hexham, which was then in Scottish territory, he was found dead, in a posture of devotion, on the 24th of May, 1153, and was succeeded by his grandson Malcolm IV. who, though he frequently resided in the Castle, considered Scone his capital rather than Edinburgh. In 1153 he appointed Galfrid de Melville, of Melville in Lothian, to be sheriff of the fortress, and became a great benefactor to the monks within it.

In 1160, Fergus, Lord of Galloway, a turbulent thane, husband of the Princess Elizabeth daughter of Henry I. of England, having taken arms against the Crown, was defeated in three desperate battles by Gilbert de Umphraville; after which he gave his son Uchtred as a hostage, and assumed the cowl as an Augustine friar in the Castle of Edinburgh, where—after bestowing the priory of St. Marie de Trayll as a dependant on Holyrood—he died, full of grief and mortification, in 1161.

Malcolm died in 1165, and was succeeded by William the Lion, who generally resided at Haddington; but many of his public documents are dated "*Apud Monasterium Sancte Crucis de Castello*."

In 1174 the Castle fell, for the first time, into the hands of the English. William the Lion having demanded the restitution of Northumberland, Henry of England affected to comply, but afterwards invaded Scotland, and was repulsed. In turn William entered England at the head of 80,000 men, who sorely ravaged the northern counties, but being captured by treachery near Alnwick, and treated with wanton barbarity and incercency, his vast force dispersed. A ransom of £100,000—an enormous sum in those days—was demanded, and the Castle was given, with some others, as a hostage for the king. Fortunately, however, that which was lost by the chances of war was quickly restored by more pleasant means,

\* "Memoirs of Edinburgh Castle."

for, a matrimonial alliance having been concluded between Ernengarde de Beaumont (cousin of Henry) and King William, the Castle was thriftily given up as part of her dowry, after having had an English garrison for nearly twelve years.

Alexander II., their son, convened his first parliament in Edinburgh in 1215. Alexander III., son of the preceding, having been betrothed to Margaret daughter of Henry III. of England nine years before their nuptials were celebrated at York in 1242, the queen, according to Arnot, had Edinburgh Castle appointed as her residence; but it would seem to have been more of a stronghold than a palace, as she complained to her father that it was a "sad and solitary place, without verdure, and, by reason of its vicinity to the sea, unwholesome;" and "that she was not permitted to make excursions through the kingdom, nor to choose her female attendants." She was in her sixteenth year.

Walter Earl of Menteith was at this time governor of the fortress, and all the offices of the city and of the nation itself were in the hands of his powerful family. Many Englishmen of rank accompanied the young queen-consort, and between these southern intruders and the jealous Scottish nobles there soon arose disputes that were both hot and bitter. As usual, the kingdom was rent into two powerful factions—one secretly favouring Henry, who artfully wished to have Scotland under his own dominion; another headed by Walter Comyn, John de Baliol, and others, who kept possession of Edinburgh, and with it the persons of the young monarch and his bride. These patriotically resisted the ambitious attempts of the King of England, whose emissaries, on being joined by the Earls of Carrick, Dunbar, and Strathearn, and Alan Dureward, High Justiciary, while their rivals were preparing to hold a parliament at Stirling, took the Castle of Edinburgh by surprise, and liberated the royal pair, who were triumphantly conducted to a magnificent bridal chamber, and afterwards had an interview with Henry at Wark, in Northumberland.

During the remainder of the long and prosperous reign of Alexander III. the fortress continued to be the chief place of the royal residence, and for holding his courts for the transaction of judicial affairs, and much of the public business is said to have been transacted in St. Margaret's chamber.

In 1278 William of Kinghorn was governor, and about this period the Castle was repaired and strengthened. It was then the safe deposit of the principal records and the regalia of the kingdom.

And now we approach the darkest and bloodiest

portion of the Scottish annals; when ~~on the death~~ of the Maid of Norway (the little Queen Margaret) came the contested succession to the crown between Bruce, Baliol, and others; and an opportunity was given to Edward I. of England of advancing a claim to the Scottish crown as absurd as it was baseless, but which that ferocious prince prosecuted to the last hour of his life with unexampled barbarity and treachery.

On the 11th of June, 1291, the Castle of Edinburgh and all the strongholds in the Lowlands were unwisely and unwarily put into the hands of the crafty Plantagenet by the grasping and numerous claimants, on the ridiculous pretence that the subject in dispute should be placed in the power of the umpire; and the governors of the various fortresses, on finding that the four nobles who had been appointed guardians of the realm till the dispute was adjusted had basely abandoned Scotland to her fate, they, too, quietly gave up their trusts to Edward, who (according to Prynne's "History") appointed Sir Radulf Basset de Drayton governor of Edinburgh Castle, with a garrison of English soldiers. According to Holinshed he personally took this Castle after a fifteen days' siege with his warlike engines.

On the vigil of St. Bartholomew a list was drawn up of the contents of the Treasury in the *Castra de Edinburg*; and among other religious regalia we find mentioned the Black Rood of Scotland, which St. Margaret venerated so much. By Edward's order some of the records were left in the Castle under the care of Basset, but all the most valuable documents were removed to England, where those that showed too clearly the ancient independence of Scotland were carefully destroyed, or tampered with, and others were left to moulder in the Tower of London.

On the 8th of July, 1292, we find Edward again at Edinburgh, where, as self-styled Lord Paramount, he received within the chapel of St. Margaret the enforced oath of fealty from Adam, Abbot of Holyrood; John, Abbot of Newbattle; Sir Brian le Jay, Preceptor of the Scottish Templars; the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem; and Christina, Prioress of Emanuel, in Stirlingshire.

Bruce having refused to accept a crown shorn of its rank, Edward declared in favour of the pitiful Baliol, after which orders were issued to the captains of the Scottish castles to deliver them up to John, King of Scotland. Shame at last filled the heart of the latter; he took the field, and lost the battle of Dunbar. Edward, reinforced by fifteen thousand Welsh and a horde of Scottish traitors, appeared before Edinburgh Castle; the

The garrison made a fruitless defence on the 14th of June, 1296, when they were compelled to capitulate—the weather being intensely stormy and the wells having dried up. In accordance with Edward's usual sanguinary policy, the whole garrison was put to the sword with ruthless cruelty, and Walter de Huntercombe, a baron of Northumberland, was made governor of the new one; but in the next year Wallace with his patriots swept like a torrent over the Lowlands. Victorious at Stirling, in particular, he slew Cressingham, and recaptured all the fortresses — Edinburgh among them. Scotland was cleared of the English; but the invasion of 1298 followed; Wallace was betrayed, and too well do we know how he died.

The year 1300 saw "Johan de Kingeston, Connestable et Gardeyn du Chastel de Edinburgh," and four years afterwards he was succeeded by Sir Piers de Lombard, a brave knight of Gascony.

Robert Bruce was now in arms. He in turn had become conqueror; he invaded England in 1311, and by the following year had re-captured nearly every castle but that of

Edinburgh, the reduction of which he entrusted to the noble Sir Thomas Randolph of Strathdon, Earl of Moray, who has been described as "a man altogether made up of virtues."

The English or Norman garrison suspecting the fidelity of Sir Piers, placed him in a dungeon, and under a newly-elected commander, were prepared to offer a desperate resistance, when a romantic incident restored the Castle to the king of Scotland.

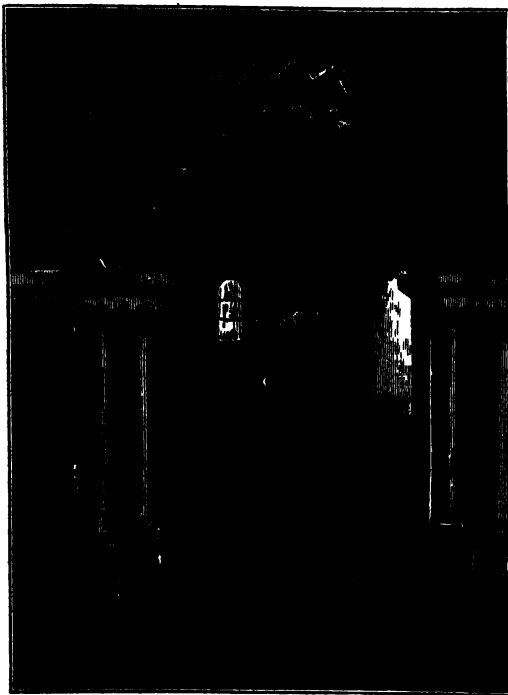
Among the soldiers of Randolph was one named William Frank, who volunteered to lead an escalade up a steep and intricate way by which he had been accustomed in former years to visit a girl in the city of whom he was enamoured. Frequent use had made him familiar with the perilous ascent, and it

was made on the night of the 14th of March—which proved dark and stormy—at the most difficult part of those precipitous bluffs which overhang the Princes' Street Gardens, where a fragment of ruin, named Wallace's Cradle, is still visible. Under his guidance, with only thirty resolute men, Randolph scaled the walls at midnight, and, after a fierce resistance, the garrison was overpowered. There are indications that some secret pathway, known to the Scottish garrison, existed, for during some

operations in 1821 traces were found of steps cut in the rock, about seventy feet above the fragment named "Wallace's Cradle"—a path supposed to have been completed by a movable ladder.

Sir Piers de Lombard (sometimes called Leland) joined King Robert, who, according to Barbour, created him Viscount of Edinburgh; but afterwards suspecting him of treason, and "that he had an English hart, made him to be hangit and drawn."

To prevent it from being re-captured or regarrisoned, Randolph dismantled the Castle, which for four-and-twenty years afterwards remained a desolate ruin abandoned to the bat and the owl.



CHANCEL ARCH OF ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL.

While in this state its shattered walls afforded shelter for a single night, in 1335, to the routed troops of Guy, Count of Namur, who had landed at Berwick, and was marching to join Edward III., but was encountered on the Burghmuir by the Earls of Moray and March, with powerful forces, when a fierce and bloody battle ensued. Amid it, Richard Shaw, a Scottish squire, was defied to single combat by a Flemish knight in a closed helmet, and both fell, each transfixed by the other's lance. On the bodies being stripped of their armour, the gallant stranger proved to be a woman! While the issue of the battle was still doubtful, the earls were joined by fresh forces under Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, William Douglas, and Sir David de Annan. The

Count's troops, chiefly cavalry, now gave way, but still fighting with the dogged valour of Walloons. Part of them that fled by St. Mary's Wynd were nearly cut to pieces by Sir David de Annan, who led his men battle-axe in hand. The few that escaped him joined others who had reached the Castle. There they slaughtered their horses, made a rampart of the bodies, and fought behind it with an energy born of despair, till hunger and thirst on the following day compelled them to capitulate, and the Earl of Moray suffered them to depart on giving oath never again to bear arms against David II. of Scotland.

In 1867 a great quantity of bones—the relics of this conflict—were discovered about five feet below the surface, on the northern verge of the Burghmuir, where now Glengyle Terrace is built, and were decently re-interred by the authorities.

In 1336 Edward III., still prosecuting the cause of the minion Baliol against King David, re-fortified the ruin; and on the 15th June Sir John de Kingeston was again appointed its governor; but he had a hard time of it; the whole adjacent country was filled by adventurous bands of armed Scots. The most resolute and active of these was the band of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, whose place of retreat was in the caves beneath the romantic house of Hawthornden, then the abode of a traitor named Abernethy, and which are so ingeniously constructed as to elude the vigilance of the most

cunning enemy to whom the secret was known. The entrance is still seen in the side of the deep draw-well, which served alike to cloak their purpose and to secure for the concealed a ready supply of pure water. From this point Ramsay often extended his ravages into Northumberland.

Covered with glory and honour, the noble King Robert, the skilful Randolph, and the chivalrous Sir James Douglas, had all gone down to the silent tomb; but other heroes succeeded them, and valiant deeds were done. The Scots thought of nothing but battle; the plough was allowed to rust, and the earth to take care of itself. By 1337 the English were again almost entirely driven out of Scotland, and the Castle of Edinburgh was re-captured from them through an ingenious stratagem, planned by William Bullock, a priest, who had been captain of Cupar Castle for Baliol, "and was a man very brave and faithful to the Scots, and of



"WALLACE'S CRADLE," EDINBURGH CASTLE.

great use to them," according to Buchanan.

Under his directions, Walter Curry, of Dundee, received into his ship two hundred select Scottish soldiers, led by William Douglas, Sir Simon Fraser, Sir John Sandilands, and Bullock also. Anchoring in Leith Roads, the latter presented himself to the governor as master of an English ship just arrived with wines and provisions, which he offered to sell for the use of the garrison. The bait took all the more readily that the supposed captain had closely shaven himself in the Anglo-Norman fashion. On

the following day, accompanied by twelve armed men, disguised as seamen, with hoods over their faces, he appeared at the Castle gates, where they attempted to overturn their casks and hampers, so as to prevent the barriers being closed by the guards and warders, who were instantly slain. At a given signal—the shrill blast of a bugle-horn—Douglas and his companions, with their war-cry, rushed from a place of concealment close by. Sir Richard de Limoisin, the governor, made a bitter resistance, but was overpowered in the end, and his garrison became the prisoners of David II., who returned from France in the following month, accompanied by his queen Johanna; and by that time not an Englishman was left in Scotland. But miserable was the fate of Bullock. By order of a Sir David Berkeley he was thrown into the castle of Lochindorb, in Morayshire, and deliberately starved to death. On this a Scottish historian remarks, "It is an ancient saying, that neither the powerful, nor the valiant, nor the wise, long flourish in Scotland, since envy obtaineth the mastery of them all."

When, a few years afterwards, the unfortunate battle of Durham ended in the defeat of the Scots, and left their king a prisoner of war, we find in the treaty for his ransom, the merchants of Edinburgh, together with those of Perth, Aberdeen, and Dundee, binding themselves to see it paid. In 1357 a Parliament was held at Edinburgh for its final adjustment, when the Regent Robert (afterwards Robert II.) presided; in addition to the clergy and nobles, there were present delegates from seventeen burghs, and among these Edinburgh appeared at the head for the first time.

In 1365 we find a four years' truce with England, signed at London on the 20th May, and in the Castle on the 12th of June; and another for

fourteen years, dated at the Castle 28th October, 1371.

So often had the storm of war desolated its towers, that the Castle of Edinburgh (which became David's favourite residence after his return from England in 1357) was found to require extensive repairs, and to these the king devoted himself. On the cliff to the northward he built "David's Tower," an edifice of great height and strength, and therein he died on the 22nd February, 1371, and was buried before the high altar at Holyrood. The last of the direct line of Bruce—a name inseparably connected with the military glory and independence of Scotland—David was a monarch who, in happier times, would have done much to elevate his people. The years of his captivity in England he beguiled with his pencil, and in a vault of Nottingham Castle "he left behind him," says Abercrombie, in his "Martial Achievements," "the whole story of our Saviour's Passion, curiously engraven on the rock with his own hands. For this, says one, that castle became as famous as formerly it had been for Mortimer's hole."

It was during his reign that, by the military ingenuity of John Earl of Carrick and four other knights of skill, the Castle was so well fortified, that, with a proper garrison, the Duke of Rothesay was able to resist the utmost efforts of Henry IV., when he besieged it for several weeks in 1400. The Castle had been conferred as a free gift upon Earl John by his father King Robert, and in consequence of the sufferings endured by the inhabitants when the city was burned by the English, under Richard II., he by charter empowered the citizens to build houses within the fortress, free of fees to the constable, on the simple understanding that they were persons of good fame.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CASTLE OF EDINBURGH—(continued).

Progress of the City—Ambassador of Charles VI.—Edinburgh burned—Henry IV. baffled—Albany's Prophecy—Laws regarding the Building of Houses—Sumptuary Laws, 1457—Murder of James I.—Coronation of James II.—Court Intrigues—Lord Chancellor Crichton—Arrogance of the Earl of Douglas—Faction Wars—The Castle Besieged—"The Black Dinner"—Edinburgh walled—Its Strength—Bale-fire.

THE chief characteristic of the infant city now was that of a frontier town, ever on the watch to take arms against an invader, and resolute to resist him. Walsingham speaks of it as a village; and in 1385 its population is supposed to have barely exceeded 1,000; yet Froissart called it the Paris of Scot-

land, though its central street presented but a meagre line of thatched or *stone-slated* houses, few of which were more than twenty feet in height. Froissart numbers them at 4,000, which would give a greater population than has been alleged. With the accession of Robert II.—the first of the

Stuart monarchs—a new era began in its history, and it took a standing as the chief burgh in Scotland, the relations of which with England, for generations after, partook rather of a vague prolonged armistice in time of war than a settled peace, and thus all rational progress was arrested or paralysed, and was never likely to be otherwise so long as the kings of England maintained the insane pretensions of Edward I., deduced from Brute the fabulous first king of Albion!

In 1383 Robert II. was holding his court in the Castle when he received there the ambassador of Charles VI., on the 20th August, renewing the ancient league with France. In the following year a truce ended; the Earls of March and Douglas began the war with spirit, and cut off a rich convoy on its way to Roxburgh. This brought the Duke of Lancaster and the Earl of Buckingham before Edinburgh. Their army was almost innumerable (according to Abercrombie, following Walsingham), but the former spared the city in remembrance of his hospitable treatment by the people when he was among them, an exile from the English court—a kindness for which the Scots cared so little that they followed up his retreat so sharply, that he laid the town and its great church in ashes when he returned in the following year.

In 1390 Robert III. ascended the throne, and in that year we find the ambassadors of Charles VI. again witnessing in the Castle the royal seal and signature attached to the treaty for mutual aid and defence against England in all time coming. This brought Henry IV., as we have said, before the Castle in 1400, with a well-appointed and numerous army, in August.

From the fortress the young and gallant David Duke of Rothesay sent a herald with a challenge to meet him in mortal combat, where and when he chose, with a hundred men of good blood on each side, and determine the war in that way. "But King Henry was in no humour to forego the advantage he already possessed, at the head of a more numerous army than Scotland could then raise; and so, contenting himself with a verbal equivocation in reply to this knightly challenge, he sat down with his numerous host before the Castle till (with the usual consequences of the Scottish reception of such invaders) cold and rain, and absolute dearth of provisions, compelled him to raise the inglorious siege, and hastily re-cross the borders, without doing any notable injury either in his progress or retreat."

When unable to resist, the people of the entire town and country, who were not secured in

castles, resorted to the simple expedient of driving off all the cattle and sheep, provisions and goods, even to the thatch of their houses, and leaving nothing but bare walls for the enemy to wreak their vengeance on; but they never put up their swords till, by a terrible retaliating invasion into the more fertile parts of England, they fully made up for their losses. And this wretched state of affairs, for nearly 500 years, lies at the door of the Plantagenet and Tudor kings.

The aged King Robert III. and his queen, the once beautiful Annabella Drummond, resided in the Castle and in the abbey of Holyrood alternately. We are told that on one occasion, when the Duke of Albany, with several of the courtiers, were conversing one night on the ramparts of the former, a singular light was seen afar off at the horizon, and across the starry sky there flashed a bright meteor, carrying behind it a long train of sparks.

"Mark ye, sirs!" said Albany, "yonder prodigy portends either the ruin of a nation or the downfall of some great prince;" and an old chronicler omits not to record that the Duke of Rothesay (who, had he ascended the throne, would have been David III.), perished soon after of famine, in the hands of Ramornie, at Falkland.

Edinburgh was prosperous enough to be able to contribute 50,000 merks towards the ransom of James I., the gifted author of "The King's Quhair" (or Book), who had been lawlessly captured at sea in his boyhood by the English, and was left in their hands for nineteen years a captive by his designing uncle the Regent Albany; and though his plans for the pacification of the Highlands kept him much in Perth, yet, in 1430, he was in Edinburgh with Queen Jane and the Court, when he received the surrender of Alexander Earl of Ross, who had been in rebellion but was defeated by the royal troops in Lochaber.

As yet no Scottish noble had built a mansion in Edinburgh, where a great number of the houses were actually constructed of wood from the adjacent forest, thatched with straw, and few were more than two storeys in height; but in the third Parliament of James I., held at Perth in 1425, to avert the conflagrations to which the Edinburghers were so liable, laws were ordained requiring the magistrates to have in readiness seven or eight ladders of twenty feet in length, with three or four large saws, for the common use, and six or more "cliekes of iron, to draw down timber and ruffles that are fired;" and that no fire was to be conveyed from one house to another within the town, unless in a covered vessel or lantern. Another law forbade people on visits to live with their friends, but to

which is "hostiliter," for the encouragement of the nation.

During the reign of James I. and his successor laws were passed against excess in dress, and it has been said that, though edicts were passed for everything in Scotland, even to the shape of a

hoods; "and as to their gownes, that na woman weare mertrickes nor letteis, nor tailes unfit in length, nor furred under, but on the Halie-daie," and that no labourers nor husbandmen were to wear anything on work-days but grey and white; and even on holidays but light blue, green, red,



EDINBURGH CASTLE, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE SIEGE OF 1573.

woman's cap, it was perhaps the most lawless land in Europe.

All save those who possessed 200 merks of yearly rent were forbidden to wear silk or furs, or borderings of pearl or bullion; and the feminine love of display attracted the attention of Parliament at Edinburgh in 1457. It was ordained that citizens should make their wives and daughters appear in costumes suitable to their estate and position; on their heads short curches with little

and their wives the same, the curches of the latter to be of their own making, and not to exceed the price "of xl pennyes the elne."

By the same laws, advocates who spoke for money in Parliament were ordained "to have habits of grene, of the fassoun of a tuneike, and the sleeves to be oppin as a tabert."

From the date of the cruel assassination of James I.—the poet, soldier, and lawgiver—may be considered the time when Edinburgh became really



the permanent and undisputed capital of Scotland. Sorrow and indignation spread over all the realm when the fate of James was heard, and no place seemed to afford such security to the royal person as the impregnable Castle of Edinburgh, thus Queen Jane, ignorant of the ramifications of that conspiracy by which her princely husband was slain (actually in her arms), instantly joined her son James II., who since his birth had dwelt there. It was then in the hands of William Baron of Crichton—a powerful, subtle, and ambitious statesman, who was Master of the Household

with every solemnity, on the 25th of March, 1437. The queen-mother was named his guardian, with an allowance of 4,000 merks yearly, and Archibald the great Earl of Douglas and Angus (Duke of Touraine) was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom. During the two subsequent years the little king resided entirely in the Castle under the custody of Crichton, now Lord Chancellor, greatly to the displeasure of the queen and her party, who found him thus placed completely beyond their control or influence.

In short, it was no longer the queen-mother,



RUINS OF THE WELL-HOUSE TOWER. (From a Drawing by Walter H. Paton, R.S.A.)

Within forty days nearly all concerned in the murder of the late king were brought to Edinburgh, where the ignoble were at once consigned to the hangman, but for the Earl of Athol and other titled leaders were devised tortures worthy alone of Chinese or Kafir ingenuity. Crowned by a red-hot diadem as "King of Traitors," at the Market Cross, after undergoing three days of unexampled agonies in sight of the people and the Papal Nuncio, afterwards Pius II., the body of the earl was dragged nude through the streets; it was then beheaded and quartered.

On the assembly of the Lords of Parliament, their first care was the coronation of James II., who was conducted in procession from the Castle to the church of Holyrood, where he was crowned,

but the crafty Crichton, who had uncontrolled custody of the little sovereign, and who thus was enabled to seize the revenues, and surround him by a host of parasites, who permitted neither her, nor the Regent, Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callender, to have any share in the government. A bitter feud was the consequence, and Scotland again was rent into two hostile factions, a state of matters of which the English could not, as usual, make profit, as they were embroiled among themselves. The queen remained with the regent at Stirling, while her son was literally a prisoner at Edinburgh; but, womanlike, the mother formed a plan of her own to outwit the enemy.

• Visiting the Castle, she professed a great regard for the Chancellor, and a desire to be with her son,

she took up her abode. After having called all suspicion, she affected to renege her vow she had made to visit the White Brechin (according to the "Chronicles of Scotland"), and bade adieu to the Chancellor over-whelmed with many tender recommendations of the young king to his care. She set forth betimes next morning with her retinue, and baggage borne on sumpter horses. In one of the arks or chests strapped on one of these she had the young king concealed, with his own consent. He was thus conveyed to Leith, and from thence by water to Stirling, where she placed him in the hands of the Regent Livingstone, while the haughty Douglas kept aloof, as one who took no interest in the petty intrigues around the throne. Livingstone now unfurled the royal standard, levied troops, and laid siege to the Castle of Edinburgh; but the wary Chancellor, finding that he had been outwitted, pretended to compromise matters by delivering the keys of the gates into the hands of the king, after which they all supped together in the great hall of the fortress. Crichton was confirmed in his office of Chancellor, and the other as regent and guardian of the royal person, a state of affairs not fated to last long.

Livingstone having quarrelled with the queen, she carried off the young king again, and restored him to the custody of the Chancellor in the Castle of Edinburgh. Under the guidance of the Bishops of Moray and Aberdeen, then resident in the city, a conference was held in the church of St. Giles, making him and his rival joint guardians, which, from their mutual dread and hatred of the Earl of Douglas, led to an amicable arrangement, and the young king chose the Castle as his future place of residence.

The great house of Douglas had now reached the zenith of its baronial power and pride. The earl possessed Annandale, Galloway, and other extensive dominions in the southern counties, where all men bowed to his authority. He had the dukedom of Touraine and lordship of Longueville in France. He was allied to the royal family of Scotland, and had at his back a powerful force of devoted vassals, trained to arms, led by brave knights, who were ripe at all times for revolt and strife.

"The Regent and the Chancellor are both alike to me," said he, scornfully; "'tis no matter which may overcome, and if both perish the country will be the better; and it is a pleasant sight for honest men to see such ~~foes~~ yoked together."

But soon after the potent Douglas died at Hawbarrow—in June, 1440—and was succeeded by

his son William, then in his sixteenth year; and now the subtle and unscrupulous old Chancellor thought that the time had come to destroy with safety a family he alike feared and detested. In the flush of his youth and pride, fired by the flattery of his dependents, the young earl, in the retinue and splendour that surrounded him far surpassed his sovereign. He never rode abroad with less than two thousand lances under his banner, well horsed, and sheathed in mail, and he actually, according to Buchanan, sent as his ambassadors to the court of France Sir Malcolm Fleming and Sir John Lauder of the Bass, to obtain for him a new patent of the duchy of Touraine, which had been conferred on his grandfather by Charles VII. Arrogance so unwonted and grandeur so great alarmed both Crichton and Livingstone, who could not see where all this was to end.

Any resort to violence would lead to civil war. He was therefore, with many flatteries, lured to partake of a banquet in the Castle of Edinburgh, accompanied by his brother the little Lord David and Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld. With every show of welcome they were placed at the same table with the king, while the portcullis was suddenly lowered, the gates carefully shut, and their numerous and suspicious train excluded. Towards the close of the entertainment a black bull's head—an ancient Scottish symbol that some one was doomed to death—was suddenly placed upon the board. The brave boys sprang up, and drew their swords; but a band of Crichton's vassals, in complete armour, rushed in from a chamber called the Tiring-house, and dragged forth the three guests, despite the tears and entreaties of the young king.

They were immediately beheaded—on the 24th of November, 1440—according to Godscroft, "in the back court of the Castle that lyeth to the west" (where the barracks now stand); in the great hall, according to Balfour. They were buried in the fortress, and when, in 1753, some workmen, in digging a foundation there, found the plate and handles of a coffin all of which were pure gold, they were supposed to belong to that in which the Earl of Douglas was placed. Singular to say, Crichton was never brought to trial for this terrible outrage. "Venomous viper!" exclaims the old historian of the Douglasses, "that could hide so deadly poyson under so faire shewes! unworthy tongue, unclesse to be cut oute for example to all ages! A lion or tiger for crueltie of heart—a waspe or spider for spight!" He also refers to a rude ballad on the subject, beginning—

"Edinburgh Castle, towne and tower,  
God grant thou sinke for sinne,  
An that even for the black dinner  
Earle Douglas got therein."

This affair, instead of pacifying the country, only led to ruin and civil strife. The Douglas took arms under James, fourth Duke of Touraine and seventh Earl of Douglas and Angus, and for a long space the city and neighbourhood were the scene of contest and ravage by the opposite factions. The Chancellor remained secure in the Castle, and, to be revenged on Sir John Forrester, who had laid waste his lands at Crichton in 1445, he issued forth with his troopers and garrison, and gave to fire and sword all the fertile estates of the Douglasses and Forresters westward of the city, including Blackness, Abercorn, Strathbroc, and Corstorphine; and, with other pillage, carrying off a famous breed of Flanders mares, he returned to his eyry.

Douglas, who, to consolidate his power had espoused his cousin the Fair Maid of Galloway, adding thus her vast estates to his own, and had now, as hereditary lieutenant-general of the kingdom, obtained the custody of the young king, came to Edinburgh with a vast force composed of the Crown vassals and his own, and laid siege to the Castle, which the Chancellor defended for nine months, nor did he surrender even to a summons sent in the king's name till he had first secured satisfactory terms for himself; while of his less fortunate coadjutors, some only redeemed their lives with their estates, and the others, including three members of the Livingstone family, were beheaded within its walls.

The details of this long siege are unknown, but to render the investment more secure the Parliament, which had begun its sittings at Perth, was removed to Edinburgh on the 15th of July, 1446.

After all this, Earl Douglas visited Italy, and in his absence during the jubilee at Rome in 1450, Crichton contrived to regain the favour of James II., who having now the government in his own hands, naturally beheld with dread the vast power of the house of Touraine.

How Douglas perished under the king's dagger in Stirling in 1452 is a matter of general history. His rival died at a very old age, three years afterwards, and was interred among his race in the present noble church of Crichton, which he founded.

Beneath the Castle ramparts the rising city was now fast increasing; and in 1450, after the battle of Sark, in which Douglas Earl of Ormond defeated the English with great slaughter, it was deemed necessary to enclose the city by walls,

scarcely a trace of which now remains except the picturesque old ruin known as the Wall-house Tower, at the base of the Castle rock. They ran along the southern declivity of the ridge on which the most ancient parts of the town were built, and after crossing the West Bow—the deemed the grand entrance to Edinburgh—ran between the High Street and the hollow, where the Cowgate (which exhibited then but a few minor edifices) now stands; they then crossed the main ridge at the Nether Bow, and terminated at the east end of the North Loch, which was then formed as a defence on the north, and in the construction of which the Royal Gardens were sacrificed. From this line of defence the entire esplanade of the Castle was excluded. "Within these ancient limits," says Wilson, "the Scottish capital must have possessed peculiar means of defence—a city set on a hill and guarded by the rocky fortress, there watching high the least alarms; it only wanted such ramparts, manned by its burgher watch, to enable it to give protection to its princes and to repel the inroads of the southern invader. The important position which it now held may be inferred from the investment in the following year of Patrick Cockburn of Newbigging (the Provost of Edinburgh) in the Chancellor's office as governor of the Castle, as well as his appointment, along with other commissioners, after the great defeat of the English at the battle of Sark, to treat for the renewal of a truce." It seemed then to be always "truce" and never peace!

In the Parliament of 1455 we find Acts passed for watching the fords of the Tweed, and the erection of bale-fires to give alarm, by day and night, of inroads from England, to warn Hume, Haddington, Dunbar, Dalkeith, Eggerhope, and Edinburgh Castle, thence to Stirling and the north—arrangements which would bring all Scotland under arms in two hours, as the same system did at the time of the False Alarm in 1803. One bale-fire was a signal that the English were in motion; two that they were advancing; four in a row signified that they were in great strength. All men in arms westward of Edinburgh were to muster there; all eastward at Haddington; and every Englishman caught in Scotland was lawfully the prisoner of whoever took him (Acts, 12th Parl. James II.). But the engendered hate and jealousy of England would seem to have nearly reached its culminating point when the 11th Parliament of James VI., chap. 104, enacted, ungallantly, "that no Scotsman marrie an Englishwoman without the king's license under the Great Seal, under pain of death and escheat of moveables."



THE ROYAL LODGING OR PALACE, FROM THE GRAND PARADE.

## CHAPTER V.

### EDINBURGH CASTLE—(continued).

James III. and his haughty Nobility—Plots of the Duke of Albany and Earl of Mar—Mysterious Death of Mar—Capture and Escape of the Duke of Albany—Captivity of James III.—Richard of Gloucester at Edinburgh—The "Golden Charter" of the City—"The Blue Blanket"—Accession of James IV.—Tournaments—"The Seven Sisters of Bothwick"—The "Flodden Wall"—The Reign of James V—"Cleanse the Causeway"—Edinburgh under the Factions of Nobles—Hertford Attacks the Castle—Death of Mary of Guise—Queen Mary's Apartments in the Castle—Birth of James VI

AFTER the royal marriage and coronation of James III. with Margaret of Oldenburg—both of which ceremonies took place with great pomp at Edinburgh in 1476, he unfortunately contrived to disgust his proud nobility by receiving into favour many persons of inferior rank. Thus, deep and dangerous intrigues were formed against him, and by those minions he was soon made aware that his brothers—Alexander Duke of Albany, and John Earl of Mar—were forming a conspiracy against him, and that the former aimed at nothing less than wresting the sceptre from his hand, and getting himself, with English aid, crowned as Alexander IV., King of Scotland and the Isles—a fact since proved by authentic documents.

Instead of employing his authority as Warden of the Marches in the repression of outrage, Albany broke the truce and burst into England more

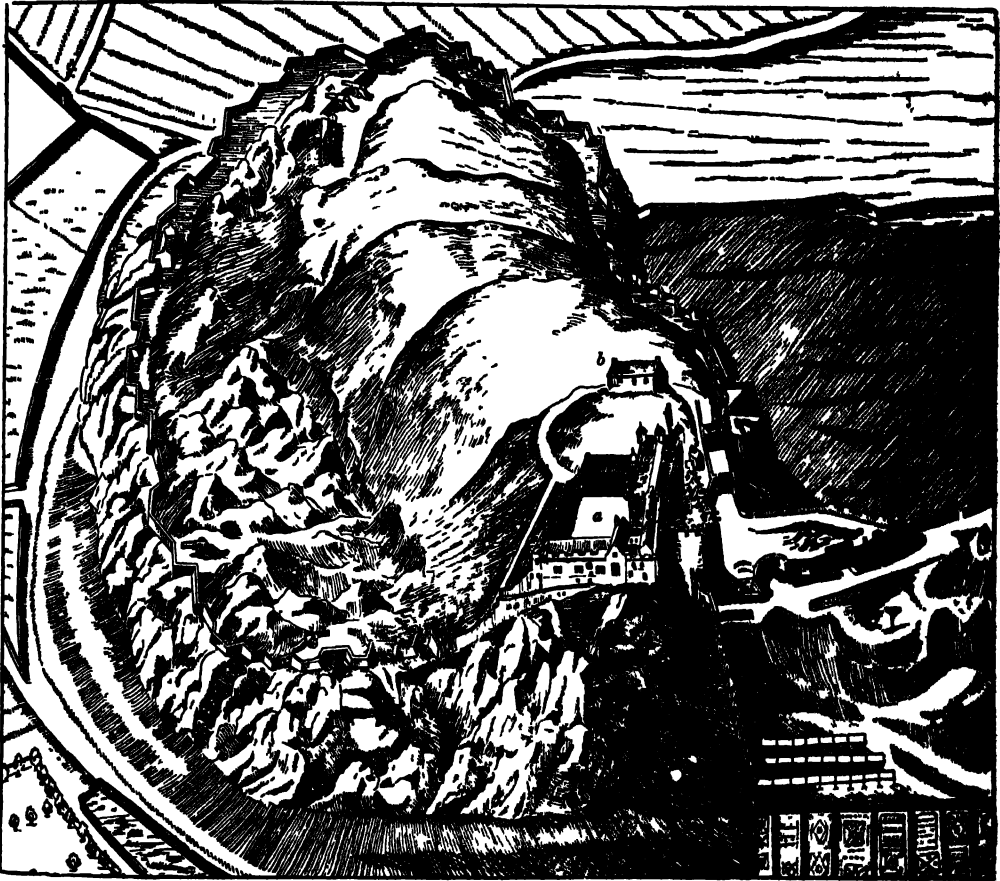
than once; he slew John of Scougal in East Lothian, and surrounded himself with a band of desperadoes, who at his behest executed the most nefarious crimes.

The dark accusations under which he lay roused at length the suspicions of the king, who ordered the arrest of both him and Mar. Over the latter's fate there hangs a strange mystery. One historian declares that he died of fever in the Canon-gate, under the spells of witches who were burned therefor. Another records that he was bled to death in Craigmillar Castle, and the singular discovery there in 1818 of a man's skeleton built erect into the north wall was thought to warrant the adoption of the last account.

In 1482 Albany was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, a close prisoner in the hands of those who knew well that his accession to the

throne would ensure their total destruction, yet he escaped them. Aware that a day of trial was coming, and terrified by the unknown fate of Mar, some of his numerous friends contrived to acquaint him that in the Roads of Leith there lay a small vessel laden with Gascon wine, by which he might

and also a strong rope, with which he rolled enclosing an unsigned letter, urging, "that he should lose no time in escaping, as the king's minions had resolved that he should die ere the morrow's sun set," but that the boats of the French vessel would await him at the harbour of Leith.



EDINBURGH CASTLE IN 1647. (From Gordon of Rothiemay's Map.)  
a, the Castle, b, the Castle Chapel.

escape if he made an effort. It is supposed that he was confined in David's Tower, for we are told it was one that arose from the northern verge of the rock, where the height of the precipice seemed to preclude the possibility of escape. He had but one attendant (styled his chalmers-child) left to wait upon him, and to this follower he revealed his intention. From the vessel there came to him two small runlets said to contain wine, and they were carried to his apartment unexamined. The duke found that they contained malvoisie,

To lull suspicion, Albany invited the captain of the guard and three of his principal soldiers to sup with him, and all these he succeeded in partially intoxicating. They sat drinking and gaming until the hour grew late; and then the royal duke found that the moment of fate had come!

Snatching the captain's long dagger from his baldrick, Albany buried it again and again in his glittering breast; he despatched the intoxicated soldiers in the same fashion, and, in token of his hostility, with the assistance of his chalmers-child

threw the bodies on a great fire kindled in the fireplace of the tower; "and in their armour they broiled and sweltered in iron shells." Locking the doors, the fugitives hurriedly and stealthily reached the bottom unseen. The attendant lowered himself down first over the abutting crag, which there is more than 200 feet in height, but the cord proving too short it slipped from his hands, and he fell to the bottom senseless.

This must have been a terrible crisis for the blood-stained Albany! Hurrying back to his now horrible apartment in the tower, he dragged the sheets from his bed, added them to the rope, looped it round an embrasure, and lowered himself safely down over rampart and rock to the bottom, where he found his attendant lying helpless, with a broken thigh. Unwilling to leave him to perish, Albany, with a sentiment that contrasts singularly with his recent ferocity, raised him on his shoulders, and being a man of unusual strength and stature, he actually conveyed him to Leith, a distance of two miles; and, when the sun rose, the ship, with Albany, was out on the German sea.

Daylight revealed the rope and twisted sheets hanging over the rampart of the tower. An alarm was given, which the dreadful stench from the locked chamber must have increased. The door was opened. Albany was gone, but the half-consumed corpses were found in the fireplace; and James III. refused to believe in a story so incredible till he had visited the place in person.\*

Albany fled to England, the king of which refused to deliver him up. Thus war was declared, and James marched from the Burghmuir with 50,000 men and a train of guns, under the master of the ordnance, a stone-mason, whom, with great impolicy, he had created Earl of Mar. At Lauder the nobles halted; hanged all the king's minions over the bridge in horse-halters, and disbanded the troops; and then the humbled and luckless James returned to the Castle, where for many months, in 1481, he remained a species of prisoner in the custody of its commanders, the Earls of Athol and Buchan, who, it has been supposed, would have murdered him in secret had not the Lord Darnley and other loyal barons protected him, by never leaving his chamber unguarded by night or day. There he remained in a species of honourable durance, while near him lay in a dungeon the venerable Earl of Douglas, who scorned to be reconciled, though James, in his humility, made overtures to him. He appealed at last to

England for aid against his turbulent barons, and Edward IV. (though they had quarrelled about a matrimonial alliance, and about the restoration of Berwick) sent Richard, Duke of Gloucester, north, at the head of 10,000 auxiliaries, who encamped on the Burghmuir, where the Duke of Albany, who affected a show of loyalty, joined them, at the very time that the rebellious nobles of James were sitting in council in the Tolbooth. Thither went Albany and Gloucester, the "crookbacked Dick" of Shakspeare and of Bosworth, attended by a thousand gentlemen of both countries, and the parties having come to terms, heralds were sent to the Castle to charge the commander thereof to open the gates and set the king at liberty; after which the royal brothers, over whose fraternisation Pitscottie's narrative casts some ridicule, rode together, he adds, to Holyrood, "quhair they remained ane long time in great merrines."

William Bertram, Provost of Edinburgh, with the whole community of the city, undertook to repay to the king of England the dowry of his daughter the Lady Cecil, and afterwards they fulfilled their obligations by repaying 6,000 merks to the Garter King-at-Arms. In acknowledgment of this loyal service James granted to the city the patent known as its "Golden Charter," by which the provost and bailies were created sheriffs of their own boundaries, with other important privileges. Upon the craftsmen he also conferred a banner, said to have been made by the queen and her ladies, still preserved and known popularly as the "Blue Blanket," and it was long the rallying point of the Burgher-guard in every war or civic broil. Thus, James VI., in the "Basilicon Doron," points out to Prince Henry—"The craftsmen think we should be content with their work how bad soever it be; and if in anything they be controuled, up goes the Blue Blanket!"

This banner, according to Kincaid, is of blue silk, with a white St. Andrew's cross. It is swallow-tailed, measuring in length from the pole ten feet two inches, and in breadth six and a half feet. It bears a thistle crowned, with the mottoes: "Fear God and honour the King with a long lyffe and a prosperous reigne;" and "And we that is Trades shall ever pray to be faithfull for the defence of his sacred Maesties royal person till Death."

James III. was noted about this time for the quantity of treasure, armour, and cannon he had stored up in the Castle, his favourite residence. In David's Tower stood his famous black kist (probably the same which is now in the Crown room), filled with rare and costly gems, gold and silver specie, massive plate, and a wonderful col-

\* Lindsay, Douglass, Scott, Buchan, &c.

lection of glittering jewels, of which Tytler gives the list. In the "inventory" of the Jewel House are mentioned five relics of Robert Bruce, viz., four silver goblets and a shirt of mail, "King Robert's serk," as it is written. Among his cannon were two great French curtalds, forty-six other pieces of various calibre, and sixteen field-waggons, with a vast quantity of military stores of every description.

The quarrels between James and his arrogant nobles deepened day by day. At last, says Godscroft, a story went abroad that it was proposed to invite them all to a banquet in the great hall of the Castle, and there cut them off root and branch! This startling rumour led to others, and all culminated in the battle of Sauchieburn, where James perished, under the dagger of an assassin, on the 8th of June, 1488—a monarch who, more than any other of the Stuarts, contributed towards the permanent prosperity of the Scottish metropolis. "By favour of his charters its local jurisdiction was left almost exclusively in the hands of its own magistrates; on them were conferred ample powers for enacting laws for its governance, with authority in life and death—still vested in its chief magistrate—an independence which was afterwards defended amid many dangers down to the period of the Union. By his charters, also in their favour, they obtained the right, which they still hold, to all the customs of the haven and harbour of Leith, with the proprietorship of the adjacent coast, and all the roads leading thereto."

On the accession of James IV., in his boyhood, he sent a herald from Leith to demand the surrender of the Castle, and a commission consisting of the Lord High Treasurer, Sir William Knowles (afterwards slain at Flodden), and others, took over all the personal property of the late king. The inventory taken on this occasion, according to Tytler, affords a pleasing and favourable idea of the splendour of the Scottish court in those days.

In the treasurer's accounts we have many curious entries concerning the various Scottish harpers, fiddlers, and English pipers, that performed here to amuse James IV. "July 10, 1489; to English pyparis that cam to the Castel yet and playit to the king, viij lib. viij s."

During the reign of the chivalrous and splendid James IV.—who was crowned at Kelso—Edinburgh became celebrated throughout all Europe as the scene of knightly feats. The favourite place for the royal tournaments was a spot of ground just below the Castle rock, and near the king's stables. There, James in particular, assembled the nobles by

proclamation, for jousting, offering such wages of honour as a golden-headed lance, or smaller favours, presented by his own hand, or that of some beautiful woman. Knights came from all countries to take part in these jousts; "but," says Pitscottie, "few or none of them passed away unmatched, and oftentimes overthrowing."

One notable encounter, witnessed by the king from the Castle wall, took place in 1503, when a famous cavalier of the Low Countries, named by Pitscottie Sir John Cochbevis, challenged the best knight in Scotland to break a spear, or meet him *à outrance* in combat to the death. Sir Patrick Hamilton of the house of Arran took up his challenge. Amid a vast concourse, they came to the barriers, lanced, horsed, and clad in tempered mail, with their emblazoned shields hung round their necks. At sound of trumpet they rushed to the shock, and splintered their spears fairly. Fresh ones were given them, but as Hamilton's horse failed him, they drew their two-handed swords, and encountered on foot. They fought thus "for a full hour, till the Dutchman being struck to the ground," the king cast his plumed bonnet over the wall to stay the combat, while the heralds and trumpeters proclaimed the Scottish knight victorious.

But the court of James was distinguished for other things than the science of war, for during his brilliant reign Edinburgh became the resort of men high in every department of science and art; and the year 1512 saw the Provost of St. Giles's, Gavin Douglas, translating Virgil's "*Æneid*" into Scottish verse.

In the Castle there resided, about 1503, Lady Margaret Stuart, the daughter of James, by Margaret Drummond of that ilk, whom he is said to have married clandestinely, and who was removed by some Scottish conspirators "to make way for a daughter of England," as an old historian has it. She was poisoned, together with her two sisters; and in August, 1503, "the daughter of England" duly came in the person of Margaret Tudor, whose marriage to James at Edinburgh was conducted with great splendour and much rejoicing.

In 1509 James employed his master gunner, Robert Borthwick, to cast a set of brass ordnance for the Castle, all of which were inscribed—*Machine sum, Scito Borthwick Fabricata, Roberti*. Seven of these were named by James "the sisters," being remarkable for their beauty and size. Borthwick also cast within the Castle the bells that now hang in the cathedral of St. Magnus at Kirkcaldy.

James IV., while preparing for his fatal invasion of England, went daily to the Castle to inspect and review his artillery, and by the bursting of one of them he narrowly escaped a terrible death, like that by which his grandfather, James II., perished at Banburgh. "The seven sisters of Northwick," referred to by Scott in "Marmion," were captured, with the rest of the Scottish train, at Flodden, where the Earl of Surrey, when he saw them, said there were no cannon so beautiful in the arsenals of King Henry.

After the accession of James V., the Castle was

named the Forge and Gun Houses, Lower Ammunition House, the Register and Jewel Houses, the Kitchen Tower, and Royal Lodging, containing the great hall (now a hospital). Westward were the Butts, still so-called, where archery was practised. There were, and are still, several deep wells; and one at the base of the rock to the northward, in a vault of the Well-house Tower, between the west angle of which and the rock was an iron gate defended by loopholes closing the path that led to St. Cuthbert's church. A massive rampart and two circular bastions washed by the



THE BLUE BLANKET, OR STANDARD OF THE INCORPORATED TRADES OF EDINBURGH.  
(From the Trades' Maiden's Hospital, Rillbank.)

improved by the skill of the royal architect, Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, and greatly strengthened; but its aspect was very different from that which it bears now.

The entire summit of the stupendous rock was crowned by a lofty wall, connecting a series of round or square towers, defended by about thirty pieces of cannon, called "chambers," which were removed in 1540. Cut-throats, iron slangs, and arquebuses, defended the parapets. Two tall edifices, the Peel and Constable's Towers connected by a curtain, faced the city, overlooking the Spur, a vast triangular ravelin, a species of lower castle that covered all the summit of the hill. Its walls were twenty feet high, turreted at the angles, and armed with cannon. The Constable's Tower was fifty feet high. Wallace's Tower, a little below it, defended the portcullis. St. Margaret's Tower and David's we have already referred to. The others that abutted on the rocks were respectively

loch, defended the keep of the ravelin on that side, where Sir Patrick Blackadder was slain by the Douglasses in 1526 when attempting to swim his charger across to escape their lances and hackbuts. In May, 1820, when a drain was being dug here, a coffin was found containing an entire skeleton, near it lay the skull of another. The treasurer's accounts show the strength of the garrison in the following year, when the comptroller was ordered to provide for 400 soldiers in "Ed" Castell, for keeping the samyn frae Inglishmen." There are seldom more there now, in the reign of Victoria.

In tracing the history of this fortress it is impossible not to refer occasionally to the city of which it was the origin before coming to the general annals of the latter. The defeat at Flodden on the 9th of September, 1513, caused a consternation in Edinburgh unusual even in those days of war and tumult. The wail that went through the streets is still remembered in





1. James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, from a Print by Hall from the Original Picture by Kneller. 2. John Leslie, Earl of Rothes, from an Engraving by Kneller from the Portrait in the possession of James Hamilton, Earl of Arran. 3. James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, from the Original Picture by Kneller. 4. John Leslie, Earl of Rothes, from an Engraving by J. Henry from the Original Picture in the possession of James Hamilton, Earl of Arran.

and in song. Professor Aytoun expresses the feeling of anguish in his well-known poem of "Edinburgh after Flodden":—

"Woe, and wee, and lamentation, what a piteous cry was there!

Widows, maidens, mothers, children, shrieking, sobbing in despair!

Through the streets the death-word rushes, spreading terror, sweeping on—

'Jesu Christ! our king has fallen—oh, great God, King James is gone!

Oh, the blackest day for Scotland that she ever knew before!

Oh, our king, the good, the noble, shall we never see him more?

Woe to us, and wee to Scotland! Oh, our sons, our sons and men!

Surely some have 'scaped the Southron, surely some will come again!

Till the oak that fell last winter shall uprear its withered stem,

Wives and mothers of Dunedin ye may look in vain for them!"

All the remaining male inhabitants capable of bearing arms were ordered to be in readiness; a standing watch (the origin of the famous old Town Guard) was constituted, and five hundred pounds Scots were even levied for the purchase of artillery. The narrow limits of the wall of James II. had proved too confined for the increasing city, and now that there was dread of a retaliatory invasion by a victorious enemy, the inhabitants of the Cowgate—then a new and aristocratic suburb—became naturally alarmed to find they were beyond the circumvallation of 1450. They felt themselves shut out in the unprotected country! "But they—the citizens—did certainly retain their native character for prudence, as scarcely a house arose beyond the second wall for 250 years; and if Edinburgh increased in any respect, it was only by piling new flats on the ancient royalty, and adding to the height rather than to the extent of the city." Several traces of the "Flodden Wall," as it was named, still exist.

This defence, which was built with incredible speed, had many gates and towers, crenelated and furnished with embrasures and loopholes, and was of vast strength and height, with a *terrepleine* of earth in some parts, especially to the south. Descending from the Castle in a south-westerly direction, it crossed the Portsburgh at the foot of the Grassmarket, where there was a barrier called the West Port; and ascending the steep Vennel—where much of it still remains—to Lauriston, it turned due eastward to the corner of Teviot Row, from whence it ran acutely northward to the Bristo Port. Thence it ran nearly eastward by the south side of the present university and Drummond Street

to the Pleasance, crossing the Cowgate foot, where stood the Cowgate Port. From there to the Nether Bow Port the enclosure was completed by the west side of St. Mary's Wynd, and perhaps part of the old wall of 1450. Descending Leith Wynd, which was also closed by a port, the wall ended at the foot of the North Loch, then, as yet, the artificial defence of the city on that side, the waters of it being regulated by a dam and sluice. These walls were added to and strengthened from time to time as suspicions occurred of the English: at Leith Wynd by Act of Parliament in 1540; another addition in 1560 to the foot of Halkerston's Wynd, near the present North Bridge; and in 1591 all were repaired with bulwarks and flankers; the last addition being, in 1618, at the Greyfriars Port. They had all become ruinous in 1745. The whole length of the old wall was about one mile, that of the new was one mile three furlongs.

Henry VIII. was too full of his French war to follow up the advantage won at Flodden; and poor Scotland had now to experience again the evils that attend a long minority, for James V. was but two years old when he succeeded to the throne.

By the will of James IV. Queen Margaret was appointed Regent during their son's minority; but she lost her power by an impolitic marriage with the Earl of Angus, whereupon John Duke of Albany succeeded her as Regent. This brave and wise prince was the son of that Alexander whose daring escape we have detailed, and he had high interest in France, where he espoused Anne de la Tour de Vendôme; but prior to his arrival there had ensued one of those dreadful street skirmishes which were so peculiar to Edinburgh in those days.

On the queen's marriage with his feudal rival, the Earl of Arran, attended by every Hamilton he could muster, marched into the city, and laid claim to the Regency, as nearest of blood to the king. Angus was not slow in following him thither, with 500 spearmen and several knights. The moment that Arran heard of his approach, he assembled the nobility of the west country, at the Archbishop of Glasgow's quaint old turreted house, which stood at the eastern corner of the Blackfriars Wynd, but has quite recently been pulled down. He ordered the gates to be secured, but too late; the Douglasses were already in the city, where a dreadful commotion was imminent.

While Arran held a conference, Angus was in his town mansion, near the curious old street called the West Bow, the last vestiges of which have nearly disappeared. His friends conveyed

to him an intimation that he was to be made prisoner, and advised him to lose no time in assuming the defensive. On this he sent his uncle, the famous Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, to remonstrate with the archbishop, Arran, and others present, "to caution them against violence, and to inform them that if they had anything to allege against him he would be judged by the laws of the realm, and not by men who were his avowed enemies." Meanwhile he put on his armour, and drew up his spearmen in close array near the Nether-Bow Port—the Temple Bar of Edinburgh—a gate strongly fortified by double towers.

When the Bishop of Dunkeld entered the archbishop's house in the Blackfriars Wynd he found all present armed, and resolved on the most desperate measures. Even the archbishop wore a coat of mail, covered by his ecclesiastical costume, and in the dispute that ensued he concluded a vehement speech by striking his breast, and asseverating—"There is no remedy! The Earl of Angus must go to prison. Upon my conscience I cannot help it!"

As he struck his breast the armour rattled.

"How now, my lord?" said the Bishop of Dunkeld; "I think your conscience *clatters*! We are priests, and to bear arms or armour is not consistent with our profession."

The archbishop explained "that he had merely provided for his own safety in these days of continued turmoil, when no man could leave his house but at the hazard of his life."

Numbers of citizens and others had now joined Angus, who was exceedingly popular, and the people handed weapons from the windows to all his followers who required them. He barricaded all the entrances to the steep wynds and closes leading from the High Street to the Cowgate, and took post himself near the head of the Blackfriars Wynd. Sir James Hamilton of Finnart came rushing upward at the head of the Hamiltons to attack the Douglasses. Angus, who knew him, ordered the latter to spare him if possible, but he was one of the first who perished in the fierce and bloody fray that ensued, and involved the whole city in universal uproar.

"A Douglas! a Douglas!" "A Hamilton! a Hamilton! Through! Through!" such were the adverse cries.

The many windows of the lofty and gable-ended houses of the High Street were crowded with the excited faces of spectators; the clash of swords and crash of pikes, the shouts, yells, and execrations of the combatants as they closed in fierce conflict, added to the general consternation, and killed and

wounded began to number the casualties in every direction.

The Hamiltons gave way, and, overtaken by the exasperated Angus drove them headlong down the Blackfriars Wynd, killing them on every hand. The Earl of Arran and a kinsman hewed a passage out of the *milks*, and fled down an alley on the north side of the High Street. At the foot they found a collier's horse, and, throwing the burden off the animal, both mounted it, though in armour, swam it across the loch to the other side, and escaped among the fields, where now Princes Street stands.

Many Douglasses perished in the skirmish, which was long remembered as "Cleanse the Causeway." Of the Hamiltons eighty were slain on the spot, including Sir Patrick son of the first Lord Hamilton, and the Master of Montgomery, according to Hawthornden. The archbishop fled to the adjacent Blackfriars church for sanctuary, but the Douglasses dragged him from behind the altar, rent his episcopal habit from his back, and would have slain him had not the Bishop of Dunkeld interfered; and he was permitted to fly afoot to Linlithgow, sixteen miles distant.

Towards the termination of the fight 800 border troopers, under the Prior of Coldingham (Angus's brother), came galloping in, and finding the gates and wickets closed, they beat them in with hammers; but by that time the fray was over.

This was but a specimen of the misrule that pervaded the whole realm till the arrival of the Regent Albany, when the Parliament at Edinburgh named four peers as guardians of the young king and his infant brother, permitting the queen to name other four. On this being adjusted, the Duke of Albany and these peers in their robes of state, attended by esquires and pages, proceeded to the Castle, at the gate of which they were received by a singular tableau of an imposing description.

The barriers were thrown open, and on the summit of the flight of forty steps which then gave access to them, stood the beautiful queen of that heroic king who fell at Flodden, holding by the hand the little James V., while a pace or two behind her stood a noble lady, supporting in her arms his infant brother. With real or affected sweetness of manner she asked their errand.

"Madam," replied the royal duke, "we come by the authority of Parliament to receive at your hands our sovereign and his brother."

Margaret Tudor stepped back a pace, and ordered the portcullis to be lowered, and as the grating descended slowly between her and the delegates, she said:—

"I hold this Castle by gift from my late husband,

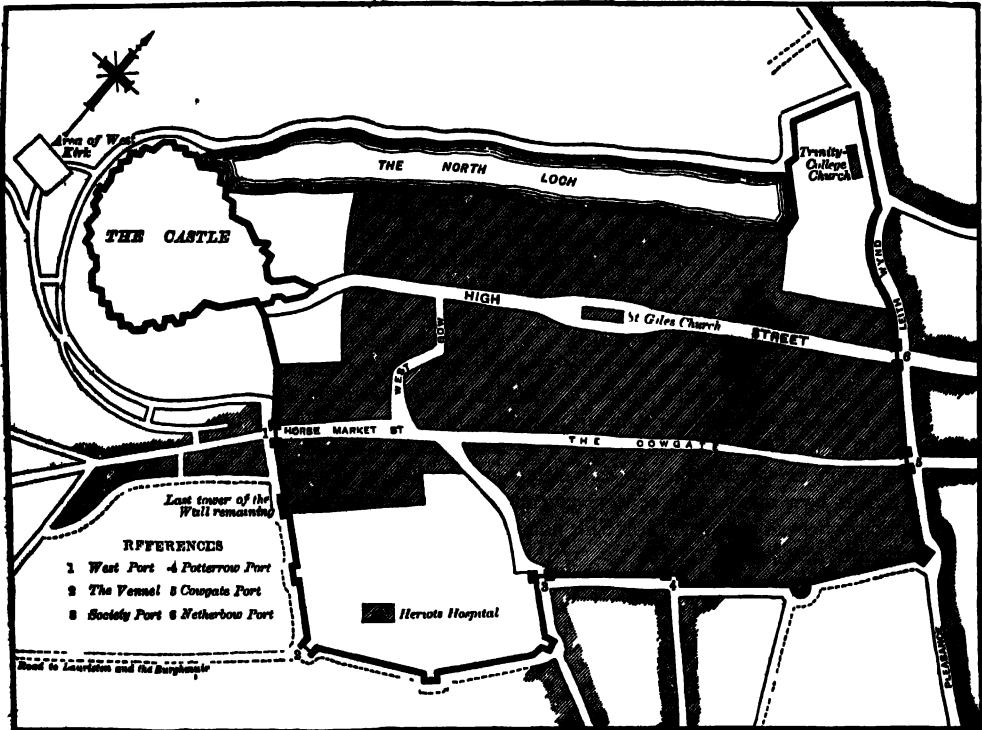
...and will yield it to no power whatever. But I request that of the Parliament, and require the Estates to consider its demand; for most important charge, and my councillors, alas! are ... she added, bursting into tears, probably ... of the many

"Who on Flodden's trampled sod,  
For their king and for their country,  
Rendered up their souls to God."

Alarmed at a refusal so daring, Angus entreated

her brother, Henry VIII., by complaining that she had been little else than a captive in the Castle of Edinburgh.

Meanwhile the Duke of Albany had taken up his residence at Holyrood, and seems to have proceeded, between 1515-16, with the enlargement of the royal buildings attached to the Abbey House, in continuation of the works carried on there by the late king, till the day of Flodden. Throughout the minority of James V. Edinburgh continued to



PLAN OF EDINBURGH, SHOWING THE FLODDEN WALL. (Based on Gordon of Rothsmay's Map, 1647.)

her to obey the Estates, and took an instrument to the effect that he had no share in it; but she remained inexorable, and the mortified delegates returned to report the unsuccessful issue of their mission. Aware that she was unable to contend with the Estates, she secretly retired with her sons to Stirling, and, after placing them in charge of the Lords Borthwick and Fleming, returned to her former residence, though, according to Chalmers, she had no right of dowry therein. Distrusting the people, and, as a Tudor, distrusted by them, she remained aloof from all, until one day, escorted by Lord Home and fifty ladies, she suddenly rode to the Castle of Blackadder (near Berwick), from whence she endeavoured to enlist the sympathy of

be disturbed by the armed contentions of the nobles, especially those of Angus and Arran; and in a slender endeavour to repress this spirit the salary of the Provost was augmented, and a small guard of halberdiers was appointed to attend him.

Among those committed prisoners to the Castle by Albany were the Lord Home and his brother William for treason; they escaped, but were retaken, and beheaded 16th October, 1516, and their heads were placed on the Tolbooth.\* Huntly and Moray were next prisoners, for fighting at the head of their vassals in the streets; and the next was Sir Lewis Stirling, for an armed brawl.

\* Crawford's "Lives."



James had been paying his addresses to a girl of great attractions, daughter of Richard Morton of the Highriggs, Provost in 1504 (and whose house there was removed only in 1878), but proving less successful than Meldrum of the Mount—whose feats of chivalry have been sung by Lindesay of the Mount—he attacked the latter at the head of fifty horse, near the Rood Chapel in Leith Loan, though his rival had only eight followers, and a mortal combat with sword and axe ensued. Meldrum unhorsed Sir Lewis, and would have slain him had not his faithful henchman, by interposing, received the sword-thrust in his own heart. The prowess of Meldrum's troopers is evinced from the fact that they slew twenty-six of Stirling's men, but the former was left for dead, covered with wounds; "yet," saith Pitscottie, "be the mychtie power of God he escaped death, and lived fiftie years thairafter." The Chevalier de la Beauté, the detested Lieutenant-Governor under Albany, at the head of the mounted French gendarmerie, pursued Stirling to the Peel of Linlithgow. He stormed it, and sent this fiery lover to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he was sentenced to death, but was pardoned and set free, while the chevalier was soon after slain by Home of Wedderburn, who knitted his head to his saddle bow.

During this time little James V. resided permanently in the Castle, pursuing his studies under the tuition of Gawin Dunbar, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow, all unconscious of the turmoils in progress everywhere, and so completely forgotten by the actors in them, that his sister, the Countess of Morton, with her friends, had, more than once, to repair the royal apartments and replenish his wardrobe. Though placed in the fortress for security, he was permitted to ride abroad on a little mule that was kept for his use, but always under escort of Albany's guards, clad in scarlet doublets slashed with black, and armed with partisan and dagger. Dread of a pestilence which broke out in the garrison caused his removal to Craigmillar, where, by the courtesy of Lord Erskine, his mother was permitted to visit him, till the other guardians, hostile to English influence and suspicious of her power, removed him to his former residence. James is said to have delighted in conversing with the soldiers, and when handling their swords and hackbuts his cheeks were seen to flush and his eyes to sparkle with the ardour of a brave boy when contemplating military objects.

When Albany returned from visiting France, in 1541, the queen-dowager, Beaton, and so many

others came in his train to Holyrood, that Angus, who had quarrelled with Margaret, and was the sworn foe of them all, quitted the city, and was exiled for tumults he had excited during the absence of the Regent. As the only means of terminating the frightful anarchy that prevailed, it was resolved to invest James, now in his twelfth year, with full sovereign power; and thus, on the 22nd August, 1524, he made his solemn entry into the Tolbooth, preceded by the crown, sceptre, and sword of state.

The irrepressible Angus, backed by the Douglasses, seized the government in the following year, scaled the city walls on the night of the 24th November, beat open the ports, and fairly capturing Edinburgh, made a Douglas Provost thereof. And such was the power he possessed, that the assassins of M'Lellan of Bombie—who was slain in open day at the door of St. Giles's church—walked with impunity about the streets; while the queen herself deemed his safe-conduct necessary while she resided in Edinburgh, though Parliament was sitting at the time; and so the king returned again to honourable durance in the dilapidated palace of the Castle, or only put in an appearance to act as the puppet of his governor.

At this crisis Arran and his faction demanded that Parliament should assemble in the Castle-hall as a security against coercion; but Angus vowed that it should continue to meet in its usual place; and as the king was retained within the Castle, he cut off all communication between it and the city with 2,000 men, on whom the batteries opened, but eventually these differences were adjusted, and the luckless young king was permitted to attend Parliament in state.

On All Saints' Day a thunderbolt struck a turret of David's Tower, and hurled some fragments down the rocks, setting fire to the apartments of Margaret, who narrowly escaped with her life.

In 1526, John Earl of Lennox, at the head of numerous forces, marched towards Edinburgh, intent on rescuing the king from the intolerable thralldom of Angus; but the latter caused his namesake the Provost to ring the alarm bell, display the banner of the city, and put it on its defence. He did more. He compelled James to lead out the citizens against his own friends. He issued forth by the West Port, at the head of all the men of Edinburgh and Leith, but came in time only to witness the death of Lennox in the battle of Linlithgow Bridge, where he was cruelly slain by Sir James Hamilton, after he had surrendered his sword to the Laird of Pardowie.

Queen Margaret, who had now divorced Angus,

and married Henry Stuart Lord Methven, on finding that the former was about to seize her dower-lands, fled, with her third husband and all his vassals, to the Castle of Edinburgh, and, joining her son, prepared to resist to the last; but Earl Archibald only laughed when he heard of it; and, displaying his banner, invested the fortress at the head of his own vassals and those of the Crown. Margaret found that she dared not disobey, and her soldiers capitulated.

Bathed in tears, on her knees, at the outer gate, quailing under the grim eye of one who was so recently her husband, at his command she placed the keys "in the hands of her son, then a tall and handsome youth, imploring pardon for her husband, for his brother Sir James Stuart, and lastly for herself. Angus smiled scornfully beneath his barred helmet at her constrained submission, and haughtily directed the Lord Methven and others to be imprisoned in the towers from which they had so lately defied him."

In 1528, James, at last, by a midnight flight with only two attendants, escaped the Douglas thrall, and fled to Falkland Palace, after which event, with a decision beyond his years, he proceeded to assert his own authority, and summoned the estates to meet him at Stirling. The Douglasses were declared outlaws and traitors, whereupon Angus and all the barons of his name fled to England.

On the death of James V., in 1542, the Regent Arran thoroughly repaired the Castle, and appointed governor Sir James Hamilton of Stanehouse, a gallant soldier, who proved worthy of the trust reposed in him when, in 1544, Henry VIII., exasperated at the Scots for declining to fulfil a treaty, made by an English faction, affiancing the young Queen Mary to his only son Edward, sent the Earl of Hertford with an army, and 200 sail under Dudley Lord l'Isle to the Forth, with orders, so characteristic of a ferocious despot, "to put all to fire and sword; to burn Edinburgh, raze, deface, and sack it; to beat down and overthrow the Castle; to sack Holyrood and as many towns and villages as he could; to sack Leith, burn, and subvert it, and all the rest; putting man, woman, and child, to fire and sword, without exception."\*

Hertford suddenly landed with 10,000 men near an old fortalice, called the Castle of Wardie, on the beach that bordered a desolate moor of the same name, and seized Leith and Newhaven. Cardinal Beaton and the Regent Arran lay in the vicinity with an army. The former proposed battle, but the latter, an irresolute man, declined, and

retired in the night towards Linlithgow, with his hastily levied troops.

Lord Evers, with 4,000 horse, had now joined the English from Berwick, and Hertford arrogantly demanded the instant surrender of the infant queen; and being informed that the nation would perish to a man rather than submit to terms so ignominious, he advanced against Edinburgh, from whence came the Provost, Sir Adam Otterburn, to make terms, if possible; but Hertford would have nothing save an unconditional surrender of life and property, together with the little queen, then at Stirling.

"Then," said the Provost, "'twere better that the city should stand on its defence!" He galloped back to put himself at the head of the citizens, who were in arms under the Blue Blanket. The English, after being repulsed with loss at the Leith Wynd Port, entered by the Water Gate, advanced up the Canongate to the Nether Bow Port, which they blew open by dint of artillery, and a terrible slaughter of the citizens ensued. All resisted manfully. Among others was one named David Halkerston of Halkerston, who defended the wynd that for 300 years bore his name, and perished there sword in hand. Spreading through the city like a flood, the English fired it in eight places, and as the High Street was then encumbered with heavy fronts of ornamented timber that erst had grown in the forest of Drumsheugh, the smoke of the blazing mansions actually drove the invaders out to ravage the adjacent country, prior to which they met with a terrible repulse in an attempt to attack the Castle. Four days Hertford toiled before it, till he had 500 men killed, an incredible number wounded, and some of his guns dismounted by the fire of the garrison. Led by Stanehouse, the Scots made a sortie, scoured the Castle hill, and carried off Hertford's guns, among which were some that they had lost at Flodden. The English then retreated, leaving Edinburgh nearly one mass of blackened ruin, and the whole country burned and wasted for seven miles around it. When, three years after, the same unscrupulous leader, as Duke of Somerset, won that disastrous battle at Pinkie—a field that made 360 women of Edinburgh widows, and where the united shout raised by the victors as they came storming over Edmondston Edge was long remembered—Stanehouse was again summoned to surrender; but though menaced by 26,000 of the English, he maintained his charge till the retreat of Somerset. Instead of reconciling the Scots to an alliance with England—in those days a measure quite unsafe and unpalatable—all this strengthened the

\* Tyler.

allies with France. So their young queen was betrothed to the Dauphin, and 6,000 French auxiliaries came to strengthen the power of Mary of Guise, widow of James V., who was appointed Regent during the minority of her infant daughter. During the year 1545-6, the Castle was for a brief period the scene of George Wishart's captivity.

Mary of Guise was imprudent, and disgusted the haughty nobles by bestowing all places of trust upon Frenchmen, and their military insolence soon roused the rage of the people, who were at all

sword in hand, and the ports closed upon them and well guarded.

On March 28, 1559, Mary of Guise, with a sorely diminished court, took up her residence in the fortress; she was received with every respect by Lord Erskine, who, as the holder of the Queen's garrison, was strictly neutral between the contending parties. The Reformers were now in arms with the English auxiliaries, so the French, who had waged war through all Fife and the Lothians, were compelled to keep within the ramparts of Leith,



JOHN DUKE OF ALBANY, AND QUEEN MARGARET \* (From a Picture in possession of the Marquis of Bute)

times impatient of restraint. Thus fierce brawls ensued, and one of these occurred in the city in 1554, between an armourer and a French soldier; a quarrel having arisen concerning some repairs on the wheel-lock of an arquebuse, the latter, by one blow of his dagger, struck the former dead in his own shop. The craftsmen flew to arms; the soldier was joined and rescued by his countrymen; and a desperate conflict ensued with swords, pikes, and Jedwood axes. Sir James Hamilton of Stanehouse, who was now Provost of the city as well as governor of the Castle, marched at once to aid the citizens. He was slain in the street, and left lying on the pavement, together with his son James and several others; but the French were driven out

the operations against which the fair Regent, though labouring under a mortal illness, which the cares of state had aggravated, watched daily from the summit of David's Tower. Her illness, a virulent dropsical affection, increased. She did not live to see the fall of Leith, but died on the 10th of June, 1560. Her death-bed was peaceful and affecting, and by her own desire she was attended by Knox's particular friend, John Willox, an active preacher of the Reformation. Around her bed she called the

\* Pinkerton is of opinion that this painting was a species of satire directed at the intrigues of the persons depicted. The figure behind the Queen is believed to be that of a Scots Guard; and the butterfly, saltstand, dish, and other minute accessories, are all supposed to have a significance that would be readily understood at the time when the picture was painted.



great leaders of that movement, and with cold and hard hostility they gazed upon her wasted but once beautiful features, as she conjured them in moving terms to be loyal men and true to Mary, the girl-queen of Scotland and of France, and touchingly she implored the forgiveness of all. The apartment in which she expired is one of those in the royal lodging, within the present half-moon battery. The rites of burial were denied her body, and it lay in the Castle lapped in lead till

she had "eleven tapestries of gilded leather; eight of the 'Judgment of Paris'; five of the 'Triumph of Virtue'; eight of green velvet brocaded with great trees bearing armorial shields and holly branches; ten of cloth of gold and brocaded taffeta; thirty more of massive cloth of gold, one bearing the story of the Count de Foix, eight bearing the ducal arms of Longueville, five having the history of King Rehoboam; four the hunts of the Unicorn; as many more of the story of Æneis, and



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

(Fac-simile of a Dutch Engraving from a Drawing by Gordon of Rothiemay)

the 19th October, when it was borne to Leith by a party of soldiers, and conveyed to Rheims, in Champagne, where her sister was prioress of a convent.

After this her young widowed daughter—whose reign and residence imparted a splendour to the fortress which it had not hitherto known—landed at Leith in August, 1561, and was conducted to her palace amid pageantry to which we shall refer when describing other royal progresses through the city. Mary and Lord Darnley frequently resided in the Castle; and the records of the Scottish Jewel House evince the elegance with which her apartments had been fitted up. In them we find that

one of the tale of Tobit. The floors were of polished oak, covered with sixteen Turkey carpets; the tables were of massive oak elaborately carved; the chairs of gilded leather with cushions of brocade and damask, the high backs being carved with the royal crown and cypher; while the quantity of cloth of gold in the hangings of the beds and decorations of the apartments is truly amazing. Here, too, Mary kept her little library. It consisted of 153 volumes. . . . The contents of its shelves, however heterogeneous, evince how superior were the mind and attainments of Mary to those of the preachers and nobles who surrounded her."

At the time of her accouchement drew near, she was advised by the Lords of Council to remain in the fortress and await it; and a former admirer of Mary's, the young Earl of Arran (captain of the garrison), whose love had turned his brain, was sent from his prison in David's Tower to Hamilton.

A French Queen shall bear the sonne  
To rule all Brittainne to the sea,  
And he from the Bruce's blood shall come  
As near as to the ninth degree."

According to the journalist Bannatyne, Knox's secretary, Mary was delivered with great ease by



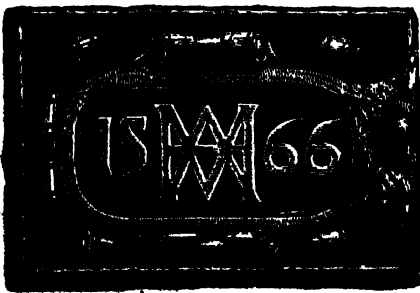
STONE WHICH FORMERLY STOOD OVER THE BARRIER-GATEWAY OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.  
(From the Original now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.)

On the ground floor at the south-east corner of the Grand Parade there still exists, unchanged and singularly irregular in form, the room wherein, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June, 1566, was born James VI., in whose person the rival crowns of Mary and Elizabeth were to be united. A stone tablet over the arch of the old doorway, with a monogram of H and M and the date, commemorates this event, unquestionably the greatest in the history of Britain. The royal arms of Scotland figure on one of the walls, and an ornamental design surmounts the rude stone fireplace, while four lines in barbarous doggerel record the birth. The most extravagant joy pervaded the entire city. Public thanksgiving was offered up in St. Giles's, and Sir James Melville started on the spur with the news to the English court, and rode with such speed that he reached London in four days, and spoiled the mirth of the envious Elizabeth for one night at least with the happy news. And an old prophecy, alleged to be made by

the necromantic powers of the Countess of John Earl of Athole, who was deemed a sorceress, and who cast the queen's pains upon the Lady Reres, then in the Castle. An interesting conversation between Mary and Darnley took place in the little bed-room, as recorded in the "Memoirs" of Lord Herries. Darnley came at two in the afternoon to see his royal spouse and child. "My lord," said the queen, "God has given us a son." Partially uncovering the face of the infant, she added a protest that it was his and no other man's son. Then turning to an English gentleman present, she said, "This is the son who, I hope, shall first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England." Sir William Stanley said, "Why, madam, shall he succeed before your majesty and his father?" "Alas!" answered Mary, "his father has broken to me," alluding to the conspiracy against Rizzio. "Sweet madam," said Darnley, "is this the promise you made—that you would forget and forgive all?" "I have forgiven all," replied the queen, "but will never forget. What if Faudonside's (one of the assassins) pistol had shot? What would have become of both the babe and me?" "Madam," replied Darnley, "these things are past." "Then," said the queen, "let them go." So ended this conversation.

It is a curious circumstance that the remains of an infant in an oak coffin, wrapped in a shroud marked with the letter J, were discovered built up in the wall of this old palace in August, 1830, but were re-consigned to their strange place of sepulture by order of General Thackeray, commanding the Royal Engineers in Scotland.

When John Spotswood, superintendent of Lothian, and other Reformed clergymen, came to congratulate Mary in the name of the General Assembly, he begged that the young Duke of



CIPHER OF LORD DARNLEY AND QUEEN MARY.  
(Over entrance to the Royal Apartments, Edinburgh Castle.)

Thomas the Rhymer, but proved by Lord Hailes to be a forgery, was now supposed to be fulfilled—

"However it happen for to fall,  
The Lyon shall be lord of all!

Rothsay might be baptised in Protestant form. The queen only replied by placing the child in his arms. Then the aged minister knelt down, and prayed long and fervently for his happiness and prosperity, an event which so touched the tender Mary that she burst into tears; however, the prince was baptised according to the Roman ritual at Stirling on the 5th of December.

The birth of a son produced little change in Darnley's licentious life. He perished as history records; and on Bothwell's flight after Carberry, and Mary's captivity in Lochleven, the Regent Moray resolved by force or fraud to get all the

fortresses into his possession. Sir James Balfour, a minion of Bothwell's—the keeper of the famous silver casket containing the pretended letters and sonnets of Mary—surrendered that of Edinburgh, bribed by lands and money as he marched out, and the celebrated Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange was appointed governor in his place. That night the fated Regent Moray entered with his friends, and slept in the same little apartment wherein, a year before, his sister had been delivered of the infant now proclaimed as James VI.; but instead of keeping his promise to Balfour, Moray treacherously made him a prisoner of state in the Castle of St. Andrews.

## CHAPTER VI.

### EDINBURGH CASTLE—(continued)

The Siege of 1573—The City Bombarded from the Castle—Elizabeth's Spy—Drury's Dispositions for the Siege—Execution of Kirkaldy—Repair of the Ruins—Execution of Morton—Visit of Charles I.—Procession to Holyrood—Coronation of Charles I.—The Struggle against Episcopacy—Siege of 1640—The Spectre Drummer—Besieged by Cromwell—Under the Protector—The Restoration—The Argyles—The Accession of James VII—Sentence of the Earl of Argyle—His clever Escape—Imprisoned four years later—The Last Sleep of Argyle—His Death—Torture of Covenanters—Proclamation of William and Mary—The Siege of 1689—Interview between Gordon and Dundee—The Castle invested—Brilliant Defence—Capitulation of the Duke of Gordon—The Spectre of Claverhouse.

MARY escaped from Lochleven on the 2nd of May, 1568, and after her defeat fled to England, the last country in Europe, as events showed, wherein she should have sought refuge or hospitality.

After the assassination of the Regent Moray, to his successor, the Regent Morton, fell the task of subduing all who lingered in arms for the exiled queen; and so well did he succeed in this, that, save the eleven acres covered by the Castle rock of Edinburgh, which was held for three years by Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange with a garrison resolute as himself, the whole country was now under his rule.

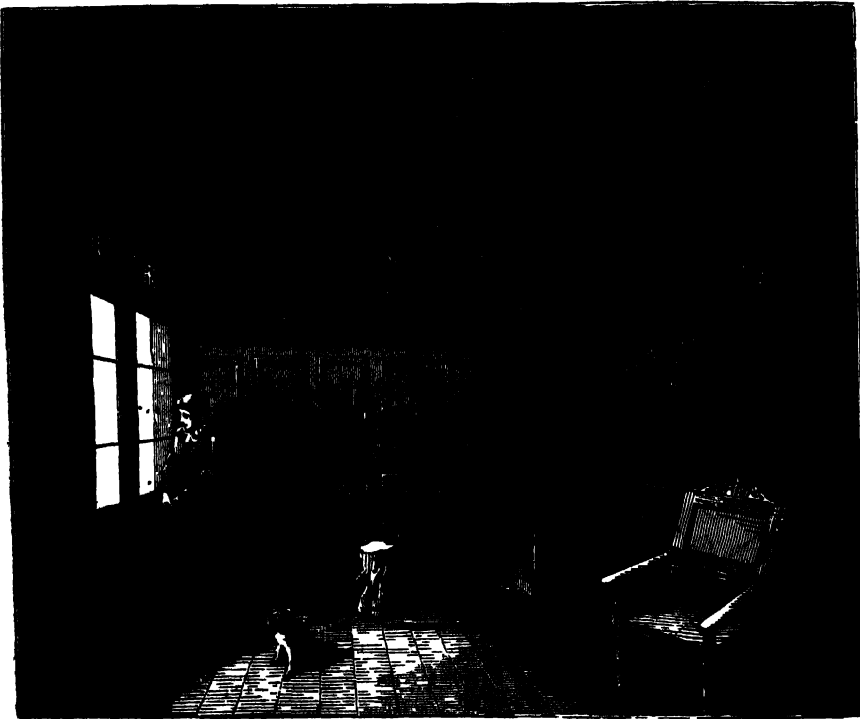
Kirkaldy, whose services in France and elsewhere had won him the high reputation of being "the bravest soldier in Europe," left nothing undone, amid the unsettled state of affairs, to strengthen his post. He raised and trained soldiers without opposition, seized all the provisions that were brought into Leith, and garrisoned St. Giles's church, into the open spire of which he swung up cannon to keep the citizens in awe. This was on the 28th of March, 1571. After the Duke of Chatelherault, with his Hamiltons—all queen's men—marched in on the 1st of May, the gables of the church were loopholed for arquebuses. Immediate means were taken to defend the town against the Regent. Troops crowded into it; others were mustered for its protection, and this state of affairs continued for fully three years, during which Kirkaldy baffled the efforts of four succes-

sive Regents, till Morton was fain to seek aid from Elizabeth, to wrench from her helpless refugee the last strength that remained to her; and most readily did the English queen agree thereto.

A truce which had been made between Morton and Kirkaldy expired on the 1st of January, 1573, and as the church bells tolled six in the morning, the Castle guns, among which were two 48-pounders, French battardes, and English culverins or 18-pounders (according to the "Memoirs of Kirkaldy"), opened on the city in the dark. It was then full of adherents of James VI., so Kirkaldy cared not where his shot fell, after the gun had been discharged which warned all loyal subjects of the queen that they should retire. As the grey winter dawn stole in, over spire and pointed roof, the cannonade was chiefly directed from the eastern curtain against the new Fish Market; the baskets in which were beaten so high in the air, that for days after their contents were seen scattered on the tops of the highest houses. In one place a single shot killed five persons and wounded twenty others. Selecting a night when the wind was high and blowing eastward, Kirkaldy made a sally, and set on fire all the thatched houses in West Port and Castle Wynd, cannonading the while the unfortunates who strove to quench the flames that rolled away towards the east. In March Kirkaldy resolutely declined to come to terms with Morton, though earnestly besought to do so by Henry Killigrew, who came ostensibly as an English envoy, but to

was a spy from Elizabeth. "He was next to a pretended friendly manner, by Sir William Drury, Elizabeth's Marshal of Berwick, the man who built Drury House in Wych Street, London, and who fell in a duel with Sir John Borthwick about precedence, and from whom Drury Lane takes its name. When about to enter the Castle gate, an English deserter, who had enlisted under Queen Mary, in memory of some grudge, was about to shoot him with his arquebuse,

began to invest the Castle with his paid Scottish companies, who formed a battery on the Castle hill, from which Kirkaldy drove them all in rout on the night of the 15th. On the following day, Sir William Drury, in direct violation of the Treaty of Blois, which declared "that no foreign troops should enter Scotland," at the head of the old bands of Berwick, about 1,500 men, marched for Edinburgh. A trumpeter, on the 25th of April, summoned Kirkaldy to surrender; but he replied



ROOM IN EDINBURGH CASTLE IN WHICH JAMES VI. WAS BORN.

when he was seized, and given up by Sir William Kirkaldy. This courtesy was ill-requited by his visitor, whose sole object was to note the numbers of his garrison and cannon, the height and strength of the walls, &c." In anticipation of a siege, the citizens built several traverses to save the High Street from being enfiladed; one of these, formed between the Thieves' Hole and Bess Wynd, was two cills in thickness, composed of turf and mud; and another near it was two spears high. In the city, the Parliament assembled on the 17th of January, with a sham regalia of gilt brass, as Kirkaldy had the crown and real regalia in the Castle.

When joined by some English pioneers, Morton

by hoisting, in place of the St. Andrew's ensign, a red flag on David's Tower as a token of resistance to the last.

Five batteries had been erected against him by the 15th of May. These were armed with thirty guns, including two enormous bombardes or 100-pounders, which were loaded by means of a crane; a great carthoun or 48-pounder; and many 18-pounders. There was also a movable battery of falcons. Under the Regent Morton, the first battery was on the high ground now occupied by the Heriot's Hospital; the second, under Drury, opposed to St. Margaret's Tower, was near the Lothian Road; the third, under Sir George Carey, and the

fourth, under Sir Henry Lee, were somewhere near St. Cuthbert's church; while the fifth, under Sir Thomas Sutton, was on the line of Princes Street, and faced King David's Tower.

All these guns opened simultaneously on Sunday, the 17th of May, by salvos; and the shrieks of the women in the Castle were distinctly heard in the camp of the Regent and in the city. The fire was maintained on both sides with unabated vigour—nor were the arquebuses idle—till the 23rd, when Sutton's guns having breached

sieged depended chiefly for water. This great battery then covered half of the English side. Holinshed mentions another spring, St. Margaret's Well, from which Kirkaldy's men secretly obtained water till the besiegers poisoned it! By this time the survivors were so exhausted by toil and want of food as to be scarcely able to bear armour, or work the remaining guns. On the 28th Kirkaldy requested a parley by beat of drum, and was lowered over the ruins by ropes in his armour, to arrange a capitulation; but Morton would hear



ANCIENT POSTERN AND TURRET NEAR THE QUEEN'S POST.

David's Tower, the enormous mass, with all its guns and men, and with a roar as of thunder, came crashing over the rocks, and masses of it must have fallen into the loch 200 feet below. The Gate Tower with the portcullis and Wallace's Tower, were battered down by the 24th. The guns of the queen's garrison were nearly silenced now, and cries of despair were heard. The great square Peel and the Constable's Tower, with the curtain between, armed with brass cannon—edifices of great antiquity—came crashing down in succession, and their debris choked up the still existing draw-wells. Still the garrison did not quite lose heart, until the besiegers got possession of the Spur, within which was the well on which the be-

of nothing now save an unconditional surrender, so the red flag of defiance was pulled down on the following day. By the Regent's order the Scottish companies occupied the breaches, with orders to exclude all Englishmen. "The governor delivered his sword to Sir William Drury on receiving the solemn assurance of being restored to his estate and liberty at the intercession of Queen Elizabeth. The remnant of his garrison marched into the city in armour with banners displayed; there came forth, with the Lord Home, twelve knights, 200 soldiers, and ten boys, with several ladies, including the Countess of Argyll." The brave commander was basely delivered up by Drury to the vindictive power of the Regent; and he and his

the castle, with two burgesses of the city, were taken backwards in carts to the market cross, where they were hanged, and their heads placed upon the ruined castle walls. Within the castle were found twenty-two close carts for ammunition, and 2,400 cannon balls.

The whole garrison were thrust into the dungeons of adjacent castles in the county; and four soldiers—Glasford, Stewart, Moffat, and Millar—"declared traitors" for having assisted Kirkaldy "in the demolishing and casting down of the bigginis, showing great and small peissis, without fear of God or remorse of conscience," had to do public penance at one of the doors of St. Giles's for three days "cleid in sack cleith."

The Regent made his brother, George Douglas of Parkhead (one of the assassins of Rizzio), governor, and he it was who built the present half-moon battery, and effected other repairs, so that a plan still preserved shows that by 1575 the fortress had in addition thereto eight distinct towers, facing the town and south-west, armed by forty pieces of cannon, exclusive of Mons Meg, arquebusses, and cut-throats. Over the new gate Morton placed, above the royal arms, those of his own family, a fact which was not forgotten when he lost his head some years after.

In 1576, Alexander Innes of that ilk being summoned to Edinburgh concerning a lawsuit with a clansman, Innes of Pethknock, met the latter by chance near the market cross—then the chief promenade—and amid high words struck him dead with his dagger, and continued to lounge quietly near the body. He was made prisoner in the Castle, and condemned to lose his head; but procured a remission from the corrupt Regent by relinquishing one of his baronies, and gave an entertainment to all his friends. "If I had my foot once loose," said he, vauntingly, "I would fain see if this Earl of Morton dare take possession of my land!" This, though a jest, was repeated to Morton, who retained the bond for the barony, but, according to the history of the Innes family, had the head of Innes instantly struck off within the fortress.

So odious became the administration of Morton that, in 1578, James VI., though only twelve years of age, was prevailed upon by Argyle and Athole to summon the peers, assume the government, and dismiss Morton, an announcement made by heralds at the tower on the 18th of March, under three salutes from the new half-moon; but it was not until many squalls with the people, culminating in

a deadly brawl which roused the whole city in arms and brought the craftsmen forth with morions, plate sleeves, and steel jacks, and when the entire High Street bristled with pikes and Jedwood axes, that Parkhead, when summoned, gave up the fortress to the Earl of Mar, to whom the Earl of Morton delivered the regalia and crown jewels, conformably to an ancient inventory, receiving in return a pardon for all his misdemeanours—a document that failed to save him, when, in 1580, he was condemned and found guilty of that crime for which he had put so many others to death—the murder of Darnley—and had his head struck off by the "Maiden," an instrument said to be of his own adoption, dying unpitied amid the execrations of assembled thousands. Calderwood relates that as he was being conducted captive to the Castle, a woman, whose husband he had put to death, cursed him loudly on her bare knees at the Butter Tron. His head was placed on a port of the city.

From this period till the time of Charles I. little concerning the Castle occurs in the Scottish annals, save the almost daily committal of State prisoners to its dungeons, some of which are appalling places, hewn out of the living rock, and were then destitute nearly of all light. From one of these, Mowbray of Barnbougle, incarcerated in 1602 for slaying a servant of James VI. in the palace of Dunfermline, in attempting to escape, fell headlong through the air, and was dashed on the stony pathway that led to the Royal Mews 300 feet below. His body was quartered, and placed on the Cross, Nether Bow, Potter Row, and West Ports.

In May, 1633, Charles I. visited the capital of his native country, entering it on the 16th by the West Port, amid a splendour of many kinds; and on the 17th, under a salute of fifty-two guns, he proceeded to the Castle attended by sixteen coaches and the Horse Guards. He remained in the royal lodgings one night, and then returned to Holyrood. On the 17th of June he was again in the Castle, when the venerable Earl of Mar gave a magnificent banquet in the great hall, where many of the first nobles in Scotland and England were, as Spalding states, seated on each side of Charles. To that hall he was conducted next morning, and placed on a throne under a velvet canopy, by the Duke of Lennox, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland. The peers of the realm then entered in procession wearing their crimson velvet robes, each belted with his sword, and with his coronet borne before him. The Chancellor, Viscount Dupplin, addressed him in the name of the Parliament. Charles was then conducted to the gate, from whence began a procession to Holyrood,

and long it was since Edinburgh had been the scene of anything so magnificent. Every window was crowded with eager faces, and every house was gay with flowers, banners, and tapestry. "Mounted on a roan horse, and having a saddle of rich velvet sweeping the ground, and massive with pasements of gold, Alexander Clark, the Provost, appeared at the head of the bailies and council to meet the king, while the long perspective of the crowded street (then terminated by the spire of the Nether Bow) was lined (as Spalding says) by a brave company of soldiers, all clad in white satin doublets, black velvet breeches, and silk stockings, with hats, feathers, scarfs, and bands. These gallants had dainty muskets, pikes, and gilded partisans. Six trumpeters, in gold lace and scarlet, preceded the procession, which moved slowly from the Castle gate.

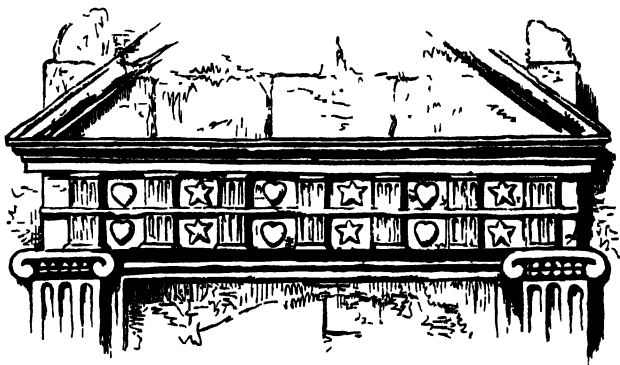
Then came the lords in their robes of scarlet ermined and laced, riding with long foot-mantles; the bishops in their white rochets and lawn sleeves looped with gold; the viscounts in scarlet robes; Had-dington bearing the Privy Seal;

Morton the Treasurer's golden mace, with its globe of sparkling beryl; the York and Norroy English kings-at-arms with their heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters in tabards blazing with gold and embroidery; Sir James Balfour, the Scottish Lion king, preceding the spurs, sword, sceptre, and crown, borne by earls. Then came the Lord High Constable, riding, with his bâton, supported by the Great Chamberlain and Earl Marshal, preceding Charles, who was arrayed in a robe of purple velvet once worn by James IV., and having a foot-cloth embroidered with silver and pearls, and his long train upborne by the young Lords Lorne, Annan, Dalkeith, and Kinfauns. Then came the Gentlemen Pensioners, marching with partisans uplifted; then the Yeomen of the Guard, clad in doublets of russet velvet, with the royal arms raised in embossed work of silver and gold on the back and breast of each coat—each company commanded by an earl. The gentlemen of the Scottish Horse Guards were all armed *à la cavalier*, and carried swords, petronels, and musketons."

But most of the assembled multitude looked darkly and doubtfully on. In almost every heart there lurked the secret dread of that tampering with the Scottish Church which for years had been conspicuous.

Charles, with great solemnity, was crowned king of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, by the Bishop of St. Andrews, who placed the crown upon his head; and on the 18th July he left Edinburgh on his return to London. Under the mal-influence of the zealot Laud ruin and civil war soon came, when Episcopacy was imposed upon the people. A committee of Covenanters was speedily formed at Edinburgh, and when the king's commissioner arrived, in 1638, he found the Castle beset by armed men. His efforts at mediation were futile; and famous old "Jenny Geddes" took the initiative

by dashing her stool at the Dean's head in St. Giles's church. But Jenny's real name is now said to have been Barbara Hamilton. All Scotland was up in arms against Episcopacy. War was resolved on, and with a noble arduous thousands



ENTABLATURE ABOVE THE GATEWAY, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

tish officers and soldiers, who had been pushing their fortune by the shores of the Elbe and the Rhine, in Sweden and Germany, came pouring home to enrol under the banner of the Covenant; a general attack was concerted on every fortress in Scotland; and the surprise of Edinburgh was undertaken by the commander of the army, Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, Marshal of Sweden under Gustavus Adolphus—a soldier second to none in Europe.

This he achieved successfully on the evening of the 28th March, when he blew in the barrier gate with a petard. The Covenanters rushed through, the spur sword in hand, and the second gate fell before their sledge-hammers, and then Haldane of Gleneagles, the governor, gave up his sword. That night Leslie gave the Covenanting lords a banquet in the hall of the Castle, whereas they hoisted their blue standard with the motto, "For an oppressed kirk and broken Covenant." Munro's regiment, 1,500 strong, replaced the garrison; Lord Balmerino was appointed governor, and many

were committed prisoners to his care, and remained there till the pacification of Berwick.

On the night of November, King Charles's birthday, a great portion of the curtain-wall, which was very old, fell with a crash over the rocks; and the royalists rejoiced at this event as boding evil to the royal cause. After the pacification, the Castle, with thirty others, was restored to the king, who placed therein a garrison, under Sir Patrick Ruth-

ven made from the gate. Batteries were thrown up at nearly the same places where they had been formed in Kirkaldy's time. Ruthven refused to give the Estates the use of the regalia. Under Colonel Hamilton, master of the ordnance, the batteries opened with vigour, while select musketeers were "told off," to aim at individuals on the ramparts. Most bitter was the defence of Ruthven, whose cannonade imperilled the whole city



THE REGENT MORTON. (From an Engraving by Houbraken.)

ven (previously Governor of Ulm under the great Gustavus), who marched in, on the 25th February, 1646, with drums beating and matches lighted. As the magistrates refused to supply him with provisions, and raised 500 men to keep a watch upon his garrison, this testy veteran of the Swedish wars fired a few heavy shot at random on the city, and on the renewal of hostilities between Charles and the Scots, Leslie was ordered by the Parliament, on the 28th June, to reduce the fortress. Ruthven's reply to a summons, was to open fire with guns and matchlocks in every direction, and to make, under Stringerous, the constable, was

and the beautiful spire of St. Giles's; while poor people reaping in the fields at a distance were sometimes killed by it.

The Covenanters sprung a mine, and blew up the south-east angle of the Spur; but the rugged aspect of the breach was such that few of their officers seemed covetous of leading a forlorn hope, especially as old Ruthven, in his rich armour and plumed hat, appeared at the summit heading a band of pikes. At last the Laird of Drum and a Captain Weddall, at the head of 185 men, under a murderous matchlock fire, made a headlong rush, but ere they gained the gap, a cannon loaded





WOODCUT SACRIFICE OF A PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE IN 1644. (From Edinburgh)

the muzzle with musket-balls was directed to sweep it, and did so with awful effect. According to the historian of the "Troubles," twenty men were blown to shreds. Weddall had both legs broken, and Somerville, with a few who were wounded, grovelled close under the wall, where Ruthven, who recognised him as an old Swedish comrade, besought him to retire, adding, "I derive no pleasure in the death of gallant men." Of the whole escalade only thirty-three escaped alive, and of these many were wounded, a result which cooled the ardour of the besiegers; but after a three months' blockade, finding his garrison few, and all suffering from scurvy, and that provisions and ammunition were alike expended, on the 18th September, after a blockade of five months in all, during which 1,000 men had been slain, he marched out with the honours of war (when so ill with scurvy that he could scarcely walk) at the head of seventy men, with one drum beating, one standard flying, matches lighted, and two pieces of cannon, with balls in their muzzles and the

port-fires blazing at both ends. They all sailed for England in a king's ship. Ruthven fought nobly for the king there, and died at a good old age in 1651, Earl of Forth and Brentford. Argyle, the Dictator of Scotland, in the autumn of 1648 invited Oliver Cromwell to Edinburgh, and entertained him with unwonted magnificence in the great hall of the Castle; afterwards they held many meetings in Lady Home's house, in the Canon-gate, where the resolution to take away the king's life was discussed and approved of, for which the said Dictator afterwards lost his head.

The next important event in the history of

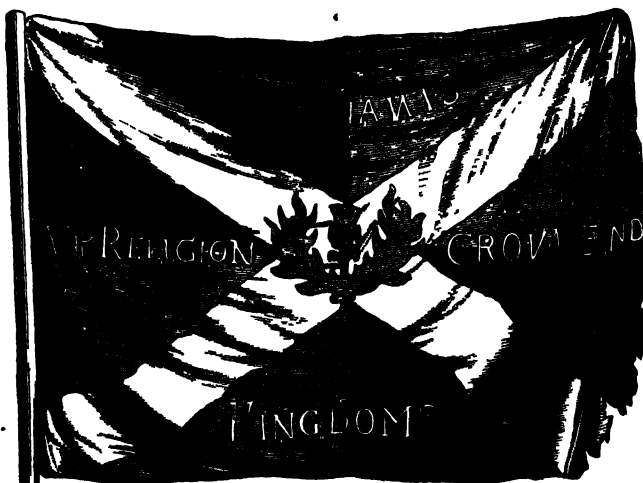
"The steep, the iron-belted rock,  
Where trusted lie the monarchy's last gems,  
The sceptre, sword, and crown that graced the brows  
Of Kings, and that of a hundred kings."

was in the days of Cromwell. On tidings reaching England, after the coronation of Charles II., that

the former was advancing north at the head of an army, the Parliament ordered the Castle to be put in a state of defence. There were put therein a select body of troops under Colonel Walter Dundas, 1,000 bolls of meal and malt, 1,000 tons of coal, 67 brass and iron guns, including Mons Meg and howitzers, 8,000 stand of arms, and a vast store of warlike munition.

According to the superstition of the time the earth and air all over Scotland teemed with strange omens of the impending strife, and in a rare old tract, of 1650, we are told of the alarm created in the fortress by the appearance of a "horrible apparition" beating upon a drum.

On a dark night the sentinel, under the shadow of the gloomy half-moon, was alarmed by the beating of a drum upon the esplanade and the tread of marching feet, on which he fired his musket. Col. Dundas hurried forth, but could see nothing on the bleak expanse, the site of the now demolished Spur. The sentinel was truncheoned, and another put in his place, to



COVENANTERS' FLAG.

(From the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.)

whom the same thing happened, and he, too, fired his musket, affirming that he heard the tread of soldiers marching to the tuck of drum. To Dundas nothing was visible, nothing audible but the moan of the autumn wind. He took a musket and the post of sentinel. Anon he heard the old Scots march, beaten by an invisible drummer, who came close up to the gate; then came other sounds—the tramp of many feet and clank of accoutrements; still nothing was visible, till the whole impalpable array seemed to halt close by Dundas, who was bewildered with consternation. Again a drum was heard beating the English, and then the French march, when the alarm ended; but the next drums that were beaten there were those of Oliver Cromwell.

When the latter approached Edinburgh he found the whole Scottish army skillfully entrenched parallel with Leith Walk, its flanks protected by

guns and howitzers on the bastions of the latter and the Calton Hill. The sharp encounter there, and at St. Leonard's Hill, in both of which he was completely repulsed, are apart from the history of the fortress, from the ramparts of which the young king Charles II. witnessed them; but the battle of Dunbar subsequently placed all the south of Scotland at the power of Cromwell, when he was in desperation about returning for England, the Scots having cut off his retreat. On the 7th September, 1650, he entered Edinburgh, and placed it under martial law, enforcing the most rigid regulations; yet the people had nothing to complain of, and justice was impartially administered. He took up his residence at the Earl of Moray's house—that stately edifice on the south side of the Canongate—and quartered his soldiers in Holyrood and the city; but his guard, or outlying picket, was in Dunbar's Close—so named from the victors of Dunbar; and tradition records that a handsome old house at the foot of Sellars Close was occasionally occupied by him while pressing the siege of the Castle, which was then full of those fugitive preachers whose interference had caused the ruin of Leslie's army. With them he engaged in a curious polemical discussion, and is said by Pinkerton to have preached in St. Giles's churchyard to the people. To facilitate the blockade he demolished the ancient Weigh House, which was not replaced till after the Restoration.

He threw up batteries at Heriot's Hospital, which was full of his wounded; on the north bank of the loch, and the stone bartizan of Davidson's house on the Castle Hill. He hanged in view of the Castle, a poor old gardener who had supplied Dundas with some information; and during these operations, Nicoll, the diarist, records that there were many slain, "both be schot of canoun and musket, as weell Scottis as Inglishche." Though the garrison received a good supply of provisions, by the bravery of Captain Augustine, a German soldier of fortune who served in the Scottish army, and who hewed a passage into the fortress through Cromwell's guards, at the head of 120 horse, Dundas, when tampered with, was cold in his defence. Cromwell pressed the siege with vigour. He mustered colliers from the adjacent country, and forced them, under fire, to work at a mine on the south side, near the new Castle road, where it can still be seen in the freestone rock. Dundas, a traitor from the first, now lost all heart, and came to terms with Cromwell, to whom he capitulated on the 12th of December, 1650.\*

Exactly as St. Giles's clock struck twelve the garrison marched out, with drums beating and colours flying, after which the Castle was garrisoned by "English blasphemers" (as the Scots called them) under Colonel George Fenwick. Cromwell, in reporting all this to the English Parliament, says:—"I think I need say little of the strength of this place, which, if it had not come as it did, would have cost much blood. . . . I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good will of God hath given you this place."

By the second article of the treaty the records of Scotland were transmitted to Stirling, on the capture of which they were sent in many hogsheads to London, and lost at sea when being sent back.

Dundas was arraigned before the Parliament, and his reputation was never freed from the stain cast upon it by the capitulation; and Sir James Balfour, his contemporary, plainly calls him a base, cowardly, "traitorous villane!"

Cromwell defaced the royal arms at the Castle gate and elsewhere; yet his second in command, Monk, was fêted at a banquet by the magistrates, when, on the 4th May, 1652, he was proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth.

At first brawls were frequent, and English soldiers were cut off on every available occasion. One day in the High Street, an officer came from Cromwell's house "in great chafe," says Patrick Gordon, and as he mounted his horse, rashly cried aloud, "With my own hands I killed the Scot to whom this horse and these pistols belonged. Who dare say I wronged him?" "I dare, and thus avenge him!" exclaimed one who stood near, and, running the Englishman through the body, mounted his horse, dashed through the nearest gate, and escaped into the fields.

For ten years there was perfect peace in Edinburgh, and stage coaches began to run every three weeks between it and the "George Inn, without Aldersgate, London," for £4 10s. a seat. Lambert's officers preached in the High Kirk, and buff-coated troopers taught and expounded in the Parliament House; and so acceptable became the sway of the Protector to civic rulers that they had just proposed to erect a colossal stone monument in his honour, when the Restoration came!

It was hailed with the wildest joy by all the Scottish people. The cross of Edinburgh was garlanded with flowers; its fountains ran with wine; 300 dozen of glasses were broken there, in drinking to the health of His Sacred Majesty and the perdition of Cromwell, who in effigy was hung, signed to the devil. Banquets were given, and salutes fired from the Castle, where Monk lay

\* The articles of the treaty and the list of the captured guns are given at length in Bellamy's "Annals."

by the hand of the Major-General com-  
manding the "Archæologia Scotica" we cull the  
following curious anecdote:—Soon after the death  
of Cromwell, the English Council, in 1660, sus-  
pecting General Monk's fidelity, sent an order  
to remove him from the head of their forces in  
Scotland. Their ordinary special messenger, who  
had usually borne such messages, was entrusted

received it, concealed its nature, and at once began  
his march southward, with the army of Scotland, to  
accomplish the Restoration.

When the Puritan gunners in the Castle were  
ordered to fire a salute in honour of that event, an  
old "saint" of Oliver's first campaigns bluntly re-  
fused obedience, saying, "May the devil blow me  
into the air gif I lowse a cannon this day! If I do,  
some man shall repent it!" Then, according to



SOUTH SIDE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE. (After Skene.)

with this one, which  
he was ordered  
not to deliver to  
Monk, but to  
(Colonel New-  
man) the Governor  
of Edinburgh Cas-  
tle. It chanced  
that the principal

servant of the former met, near the Canon-  
gate-head, his old friend the messenger, whom  
he accosted with cordiality. "How comes it,"  
he asked, "that you go in this direction, and  
not, as usual, to the General at Dalkeith?"  
"Because my 'despatches are for the Castle."  
With ready wit the servant of Monk suspected that  
something was wrong, and proposed they should  
have a bottle together. The messenger partook  
freely; the servant purloined the despatch; Monk

Nicoll, he was forced to discharge a gun, which  
burst, and verifying his words, "shuites his bellie  
from him, and blew him quyte over the Castle  
wall, in the sighte of mony pepill." On the 3rd of  
January, 1661, Scottish companies were enlisted  
under the Earl of Middleton to re-garrison the  
fortress, wherein the first Marquis of Argyle was  
committed to prison, having been sent from the  
Tower on the accusation of "complying with  
Cromwell in the death of Charles I."

Thus he found himself a captive in the dungeons  
under the same hall in which he had feasted the  
Protector, and where he could hear the salutes  
fired as the remains of his rival Montrose were  
laid in the church of St. Giles. He was brought  
to trial in the Parliament House, where Middleton,  
with fierce exultation, laid before the peers certain  
letters written by the Marquis to Cromwell, all  
expressive of attachment to him personally and



EDINBURGH FROM THE SOUTH, IN SEP. (From a Print by Hamilton and Son, Glasgow.)

These documents had been perfidiously sent to Scotland by General Monk. The marquis was condemned to die the death of a traitor. From the Castle he begged in vain a ten days' respite, that he might crave pity of the king. "I placed the crown upon his head," said he, mournfully, "and *this* is my reward!"

An escape was planned. He lay in bed for some days feigning illness, and the Marchioness came in a sedan to visit him. Being of the same stature, he assumed her dress and coif; but when about to step into the sedan his courage failed him, and he abandoned the attempt. The night before execution he was removed to the most ancient prison in Edinburgh—an edifice in Mauchine's Close, long since removed, where the Marchioness awaited him. "The Lord will requite it," she exclaimed, as she wept bitterly on his breast. "Forbear, Margaret," said he, calmly, "I pity my enemies, and am as content in this ignominious prison as in yonder Castle of Edinburgh."

With his last breath he expressed abhorrence of the death of Charles I., and on the 27th May his head was struck from his body by the Maiden, at the west end of the Tolbooth. By patent all his ancient earldom and estates were restored to his son, Lord Lorne, then a prisoner in the Castle, where on one occasion he had a narrow escape, when playing "with hand bullets" (bowls?) one of which, as Wodrow records, struck him senseless.

On the 30th May, 1667, the batteries of the Castle returned the salute of the English fleet, which came to anchor in the roads under the pennant of Sir Jeremiah Smythe, who came thither in quest of the Dutch fleet, which had been bombarding Burntisland.

James Duke of Albany and York succeeded the odious Duke of Lauderdale in the administration of Scottish affairs, and won the favour of all classes, while he resided at Holyrood awaiting the issue of the famous Bill of Exclusion, which would deprive him of the throne of England on the demise of his brother, and hence it became his earnest desire to secure at least Scotland, the hereditary kingdom of his race. On his first visit to the Castle, on 30th October, 1680, Mons Meg burst when the guns were saluting—a ring near the touch-hole giving way, which, saith Fountainhall, was deemed by all men a bad omen. His lordship adds that as the gun was charged by an English gunner, hence "the Scots resented it extremely, thinking he might, of malice, have done it purposely, they having no cannon in all England so big as she." During the Duke's residence at Holyrood a splendid banquet was kept there. The rigid decorum of

Scottish manners gradually gave way before the affability of such entertainers as the Duchess Mary d' Este of Modena, and the Princess Anne, "and the novel luxuries of the English court formed an attraction to the Scottish grandees. Tea was introduced for the first time into Scotland on this occasion, and given by the duchess as a great treat to the Scottish ladies. Balls, plays, and masquerades were also attempted; but the last proved too great an innovation on the rigid manners of that period to be tolerated."

The accession of King James VII. is thus recorded by Lord Fountainhall ("Decisions," vol. i.):—"Feb. 6th, 1685. The Privy Council is called extraordinary, on the occasion of an express sent them by his royal highness the Duke of Albany, telling that, on Monday the 2nd February, the king was seized with a violent and apoplectic fit, which stupefied him for four hours; but, by letting twelve ounces of blood and applying cupping-glasses to his head, he revived. This unexpected surprise put our statesmen in a hurly-burly, and was followed by the news of the death of his Majesty, which happened on the 7th of February, and came home to us on the 10th, in the morning; whereupon a theatre was immediately erected at the cross of Edinburgh, and the militia companies drawn out in arms; and, at ten o'clock, the Chancellor, Treasurer, and all the other officers of State, with the nobility, lords of Privy Council and Session, the magistrates and town council of Edinburgh, came to the cross, with the lion king-at-arms, his heralds and trumpeters; the Chancellor carried his own purse, and, weeping, proclaimed *James Duke of Albany the only and undoubted king of this realm, by the title of James VII.*, the clerk registrar reading the words of the Act to him, and all of them swore faith and allegiance to him. Then the other proclamation was then read, whereby King James VII. continued all offices till he had more time to send down new commissions. . . . Then the Castle shot a round of guns, and sermon began, wherein Mr. John Robertson did regret our loss, but desired our tears might be dried up when we looked upon so brave and excellent a successor. The Privy Council called for all the seals, and broke them, appointing new ones with the name of James VII. to be made."

In 1681 the Earl of Argyle was committed to the Castle for the third time for declining the oath required by the obnoxious Test Act as Commissioner of the Scottish Treasury; and on the 12th of December an assize brought in their verdict, by the Marquis of Montrose, his hereditary foe, finding him guilty "of treason and leaping telling," for

which he received the sentence of death. His guards in the Castle were doubled, while additional troops were marched into the city to enforce order. He despatched a messenger to Charles II. seeking mercy, but the warrant had been hastened. At six in the evening of the 20th December he was informed that next day at noon he would be conveyed to the city prison; but by seven o'clock he had conceived—like his father—a plan to escape.

Lady Sophia Lindsay (of Balcarres), wife of his son Charles, had come to bid him a last farewell; on her departure he assumed the disguise and office of her lackey, and came forth from his prison at eight, bearing up her long train. A thick fall of snow and the gloom of the December evening rendered the attempt successful; but at the outer gate the sentinel roughly grasped his arm. In agitation the earl dropped the train of Lady Sophia, who, with singular presence of mind, fairly slapped his face with it, and thereby smearing his features with half-frozen mud, exclaimed, "Thou careless loon!"

Laughing at this, the soldier permitted them to pass. Lady Sophia entered her coach; the earl sprang on the footboard behind, and was rapidly driven from the fatal gate. Disguising himself completely, he left Edinburgh, and reached Holland, then the focus for all the discontented spirits in Britain. Lady Sophia was committed to the Tolbooth, but was not otherwise punished. After remaining four years in Holland, he returned, and attempted an insurrection in the west against King James, in unison with that of Monmouth in England, but was irretrievably defeated at Muir-dykes.

Attired like a peasant, disguised by a long beard, he was discovered and overpowered by three militiamen, near Paisley. "Alas, alas, unfortunate Argyle!" he exclaimed, as they struck him down; then an officer, Lieutenant Shaw (of the house of Greenock), ordered him to be bound hand and foot and sent to Edinburgh, where, by order of the Secret Council, he was ignominiously conducted through the streets with his hands corded behind him, bareheaded, escorted by the horse guards, and preceded by the hangman to the Castle, where, for a third time, he was thrust into his old chamber. On the day he was to die he despatched the following note to his son. It is preserved in the Salton Charter chest:—

"Edr. Castle, 30th June, '85.

"DEAR JAMES,—Learn to fear God; it is the only way to make you happy here and hereafter. Love and respect my wife, and hearken to her advice. The Lord bless, I am your loving father,  
ARGYLE."

The last day of his life this unfortunate noble passed pleasantly and sweetly; he dined heartily, and, retiring to a closet, lay down to sleep ere the fatal hour came. At this time one of the Privy Council arrived, and insisted on entering. The door was gently opened, and there lay the great Argyle in his heavy irons, sleeping the placid sleep of infancy.

"The conscience of the renegade smote him," says Macaulay; "he turned sick at heart, ran out of the Castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. 'No, no,' said he, 'it will do me no good.' She prayed him to tell what had disturbed him. 'I have been,' he said, 'in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me——!'"

At noon on the 30th June, 1685, he was escorted to the market cross to be "beheaded and have his head affixed to the Tolbooth on a high pin of iron." When he saw the old Scottish guillotine, under the terrible square knife of which his father, and so many since the days of Morton, had perished, he saluted it with his lips, saying, "It is the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed." "My lord dies a Protestant!" cried a clergyman aloud to the assembled thousands. "Yes," said the Earl, stepping forward, "and not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, Prelacy, and all superstition." He made a brief address to the people, laid his head between the grooves of the guillotine, and died with equal courage and composure. His head was placed on the Tolbooth gable, and his body was ultimately sent to the burial-place of his family, Kilmun, on the shore of the Holy Loch in Argyle.

While this mournful tragedy was being enacted his countess and family were detained prisoners in the Castle, wherein daily were placed fresh victims who were captured in the West. Among these were Richard Rumbold, a gentleman of Hertfordshire, who bore a colonel's commission under Argyle (and had planted the standard of revolt on the Castle of Ardkinglass), and Mr. William Spence, styled his "servitour."

Both were treated with terrible severity, especially Rumbold. In a cart, bareheaded, and heavily manacled, he was conveyed from the Water Gate to the Castle, escorted by Graham's City Guard, with drums beating, and on the 28th of June he

was ~~hanged~~, drawn, and quartered, at the Cross, where his heart was torn from his breast, and exhibited, dripping and reeking, by the executioner, on the point of a plug-bayonet, while he exclaimed, "Behold the heart of Richard Rumbold, a bloody English traitor and murderer!" According to Wodrow and others, his head, after being placed on the West Port, was sent to London on the 4th of August, while his quarters were gibbeted in the four principal cities in Scotland.

Mr. William Spence was put to the torture by the Privy Council concerning his master's affairs, and the contents of several letters in cipher. After that he was put in the hands of Sir Thomas

University of Edinburgh, and Moderator of the General Assembly; but such barbarities soon brought their own punishment; the Revolution came, and with it the last actual siege of the Castle of Edinburgh.

On tidings of William's intended invasion the whole standing forces of Scotland marched south, to form a junction with the English on Salisbury Plain, where they conjointly deserted King James.

The Castle at this crisis had been entrusted by the latter to the Duke of Gordon, a Roman Catholic, who vowed to preserve it "for the king, though the Prince of Orange should obtain possession of every other fortress in the kingdom."



"MONS MEG," EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Dalyell, Colonel of the Scots Greys, a grim old veteran, whose snow-white vow-beard had never been cut since the death of Charles I., and by whom, says Fountainhall, "with a hair-shirt and pricking (as the witches are used), he was kept five nights from sleep, till he was half distracted." After being thumb-screwed till his hands were hopelessly crushed, he was again flung into the Castle, where perhaps the most pleasant sounds he heard were the minute guns, about Michaelmas, saluting the corpse of his "persecutor" (Dalyell, who died suddenly) as it was passing through the West Port, with six field-pieces, the whole of the Scottish forces in Edinburgh, with his horse, bâton, and armour, to the family vault near Abercorn. Spence ultimately read the ciphers, which led to the capture, captivity in the Castle, and torture no less than twenty times, of the famous William ~~Drummond~~, of that ilk, afterwards Principal of the

As an example of how the people were imposed upon in those days, when rumours were easily circulated and difficult of contradiction, we may here quote an anonymous broadsheet, which was then hawked about the streets of London and other places in England:—

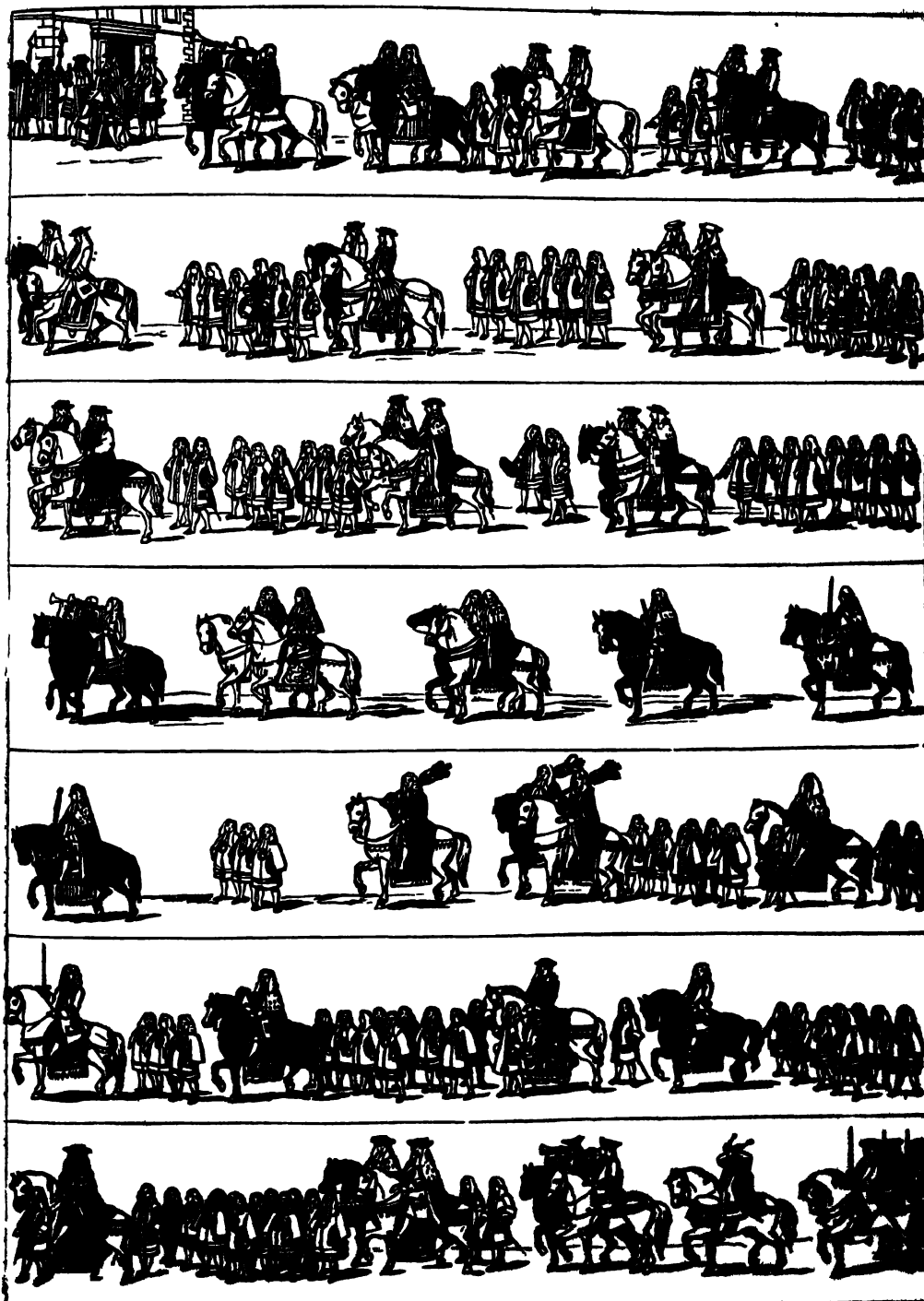
*"A true relation of the horrid and bloody massacre in Scotland"*

"By the Irish Papists; who landed sixty miles from Edinburgh, putting all to fire and sword in their way to that city.

*"Barwick, Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1688.*

"Sir,—Yesternight we had the sad and surprising news, by an Express of the Council of Scotland to our Governour, that about 20,000 Irish were landed in Scotland, about sixty miles from Edinburgh, putting all to fire and sword, to whom the Apostate Chancellor of that kingdom will join with the rest of the bloody Papists there. And truly, sir, that kingdom being unarm'd and undisciplin'd, those men-





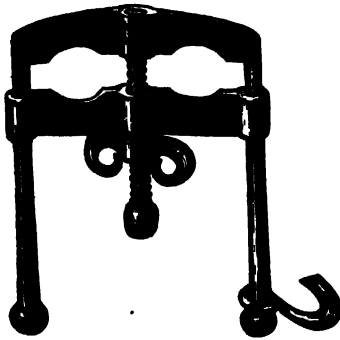
ORDER OF CAVALCADE AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF JAMES VII.  
(Reduced Facsimile of Alex. Kirkaldy's Photo Plates.)

in a short space, run a great length. I desire you may disperse this news abroad, if it be not in town before your receipt of this; for that country, and the North of England, without speedy relief, is in great danger of rebellion. And the Duke of Gordon hath in his possession the Castle of Edinburgh, whereby he can at pleasure shut that city with the ground. At twelve of the clock yesterday our Governor, Lieut.-Colonel Billingsley, dispatched an Express to the Lords Danby and Lumley for drawing their forces to this town. I received yours to-day, which being Sabbath-day, I beg your pardon for brevity.

"I was told they see the fires and burnings of those Rebels at Edinburgh; this is the beginning of the discovery of the Popish intrigue. God defend England from the French, and his Highness the Prince of Orange from the bloody Popish attempts!

"London: Published by J. Wells, St. Paul's Alley, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1688."

Tidings of William's landing filled the Scottish Presbyterians with the wildest joy, and the magis-



THUMBKIN.

(From the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland)

trates of Edinburgh, who but two years before had been extravagant in their protestations to James VII., were among the first to welcome the invader; and the city filled fast with bands of jubilant revolutionists, rendering it unsafe for all of cavalier tenets to be within the walls. On the 11th of April, 1688, William and Mary were proclaimed at the cross king and queen of Scotland, after an illegally constituted Convention of the Estates, which was attended by only thirty representatives, declared that King James had forfeited all title to the crown, thus making a vacancy. A great and sudden change now came over the realm. "Men," says Dr. Chambers, "who had been lately in danger of their lives for conscience' sake, or starving in foreign lands, were now at the head of affairs! The Earl of Melville, Secretary of State; Crawford, President of Parliament; Argyle, restored to title and lands, and a Privy Counsellor; Dalrymple of Stair, Hume of Marchmont, Stewart of Goodtrees, and many other exiles, came back from Holland, to resume prominent

positions in the public service at home; while the instruments of the late unhappy Government were either captives under suspicion, or living terror-struck at their country houses. Common people, who had been skulking in mosses from Claverhouse's dragoons, were now marshalled into a regiment, and planted as a watch on the Perth and Forfar gentry. There were new figures in the Privy Council, and none of them ecclesiastical. There was a wholly new set of senators on the bench of the Court of Session. It looked like a sudden shift of scenes in a pantomime rather than a series of ordinary occurrences." For three days and nights Edinburgh was a wild scene of pillage and rapine. The palace was assailed, the chapel royal sacked; and the Duke of Gordon, on finding that the rabble, drunk and maddened by wine and spirits found in the cellars of cavalier families who had fled, were wantonly firing on his sentinels, drew up the drawbridge, to cut off all communication with the city; but finding that his soldiers were divided in their religious and political opinions, and that a revolt was impending, he called a council of officers to frustrate the attempt; and the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel John Winram, of Liberton and the Inch House, Colonel of the Scots Foot Guards in 1683, undertook to watch the men, forty-four of whom it was deemed necessary to strip of their uniforms and expel from the fortress. In their place came thirty Highlanders, on the 11th of November, and soon after forty-five more, under Gordon of Midstrath.

By the Privy Council the Duke was requested, as a Roman Catholic, to surrender his command to the next senior Protestant officer; but he declined, saying, "I am bound only to obey King James VII."

A few of the Life Guards and Greys, who had quitted the Scottish army on its revolt, now reached Edinburgh under the gallant Viscount Dundee, and their presence served to support the spirits of the Royalists, but the friends of the Revolution brought in several companies of infantry, who were concealed in the suburbs, and 6,000 Cameronians marched in from the west, under standards inscribed, "For Reformation according to the Word of God," below an open Bible. These men nobly rejected all remuneration, saying, with one voice, "We have come to serve our country." Their presence led to other conspiracies in the garrison, and the Duke of Gordon had rather a harassing time of it.

The friends of William of Orange having formed a plan for the assassination of Dundee and Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, compelled them

and all loyalists to quit the city. "At the head of his forlorn band, consisting of sixty cavalier troopers—Guardsmen and Greys mingled—Dundee, the idol of his party, quitted Edinburgh by the Leith Wynd Port; and, through a telescope, the Duke of Gordon watched them as they wound past the venerable church of the Holy Trinity, among the cottages and gardens of Moutries Hill, and as they rode westward by the Lang Gate, a solitary roadway bordered by fields and farmhouses."

According to Balcarres this was on the 18th of March, 1689, and as Gordon wished to confer with the viscount, the latter, on seeing a red flag waved at the western postern, rode down the Kirk Brae, and, quitting his horse, all heavily accoutred as he was, climbed the steep rock to hold that conference of which so little was ever known. He is said to have advised the duke to leave the Castle in charge of Winram, on whom they could depend, and seek their fortunes together among the loyal clans in the north. But the duke declined, adding, "Whither go you?"

"Wherever the shade of Montrose may direct me," was the pensive and poetical reply, and then they parted to meet no more. But the moment Dundee was gone the drums of the Cameronians beat to arms, and they came swarming out of their places of concealment, mustering for immediate action, while, in the name of the Estates, the Earls of Tweeddale and Lothian appeared at the gate of the fortress, requesting the duke to surrender it within four-and-twenty hours, and daringly offering a year's pay to every soldier who would desert him.

"My lords," said he, "without the express orders of my royal master, James VII., I cannot surrender this castle."

By the heralds and pursuivants the Duke of Gordon was now, as the only alternative, declared a traitor. He tossed them some guineas to drink the health of James VII., adding, with a laugh, "I would advise you not to procure men traitors who wear the king's coat till they have turned it."

Under the highest penalties, all persons were now forbidden to correspond with him or his garrison, and the Earl of Leven was ordered to blockade the rock with his Cameronians, to whom were added 300 Highlanders under Argyle. Out of this body there were formed in one day two battalions of the line, which still exist—the 25th, or old Edinburgh regiment, which bears on its colours the triple castle, with the motto, "Nisi Dominus Frustra,"\*

\* There was a second regiment, called the 90th, or Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, raised by Major-General Sir William Erskine, Bart., in 1777. It served under Cornwallis in the American War, and was disbanded at the close thereof. Its Lieutenant-Colonel was Dundas of Fingask, who died at Quiberon.

and the 26th, or Cameronians, whose appellations bear the five-pointed mullet—the arms of their first colonel; while three battalions of the Scots Brigade, from Holland, were on their march, under Lieutenant-General Hugh Mackay of Scoury, to press the siege. Daily matters looked darker and darker for the gallant Gordon, for now seventy-four rank and file demanded their discharges, and were, like their predecessors, stripped and expelled. The gates were then barricaded, and preparations made for resistance to the last; but though Sir James Grant of Dalvey (formerly King's Advocate), and Gordon of Edintore, contrived to throw in a supply of provisions, the duke wrote King James that he could not hold out beyond the month of June unless relieved.

The entire strength of the garrison, including officers and gentlemen-volunteers, was only eighty-six men, who had to work twenty-two pieces of cannon (exclusive of field pieces) ranging from 42 to 12-pounders. They had no doctor, no engineer, no money, and only thirty barrels of powder in actual quantity. It was truly a desperate hazard!

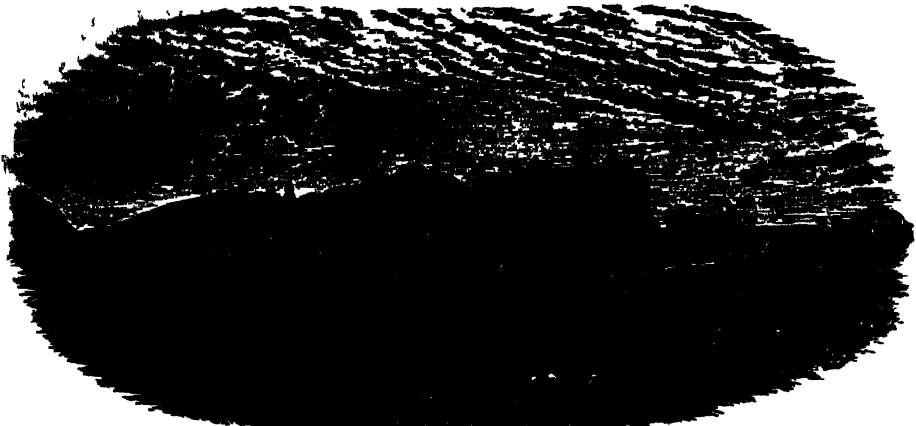
By the 18th the entire rock was fully and hopelessly invested by the Earl of Leven, a Brandenburg colonel, who displayed a great want of skill; and on the following night the battlements were blazing with bonfires and tar barrels in honour of King James's safe arrival in Ireland, of which tidings had probably been given by Grant of Dalvey. On the 25th came Mackay, with the three battalions of the Scots Brigade, each consisting of twelve companies, all splendidly-trained soldiers, a brigade of guns, and a great quantity of woolpacks with which to form breastworks. All within the Castle who had gun-shot wounds suffered greatly from the want of medical attendance, till the duke's family physician contrived to join him, probably by the postern.

On the 13th of March he heavily cannonaded the western entrenchments, and by dint of shot and shell retarded the working parties; but General Mackay now formed a battery of 18-pounders, at the Highriggs, opposed to the royal lodging and the half-moon. On the 3rd of April the Duke discovered that the house of Contar, the ancient



FACSIMILE OF THE MEDAL OF THE EDINBURGH REVOLUTION CLUB.

(Struck in 1753 in Commemoration of the recovery of their Religion and Liberty by William and Mary in 1688.)



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM KIRKBRAEHAD. (After Steiner)

seat of the Byres of that ilk, was full of soldiers ; he cannonaded it from the present mortar battery, and did great execution. On the 1st of April a parley was asked by beat of drum, during the funeral of Sir George Lockhart, who had been assassinated by Chiesley of Dalry, and whose remains were laid in the Greyfriars' churchyard. Fresh troops now came in, under Lieutenant-Generals Sir John Lanier and James Douglas of Queensberry.

Among these (according to the records of the 4th Hussars) were the Royal Scots Grey Dragoons, Colchester's Cuirassiers (now 3rd Dragoon Guards), and the Prince Anne of Denmark's Dragoons (now 4th Hussars), and to resist longer seemed more than ever madness rather than chivalry.

A new battery was formed where the Register House stands now, another of mortars in rear of Heriot's Hospital. A breach was effected in the western wall, but the steepness of the rock rendered an assault impossible. Many bombs fell into the Portsburgh, greatly to the terror of denizens there, who found themselves between a cross fire. On the 1st sixteen bombs exploded in the Castle, and one blew up the stone steps of the chapel. At this time snow was falling heavily till it was two feet deep ; and it was industriously saved by the garrison for water. By the 22nd every building in the place was roofless, yet the now tattered and half-clad soldiers stood manfully to their guns day and night, all worn with toil and hunger, the gallant duke, though sick with fever, keeping their enthusiasm alive. At this crisis he beat a parley, asking for the release of a soldier who was taken prisoner, and, with singular humanity, it was granted. The next day, John Lanier began to

entrench himself under the half-moon, though sorely impeded by musketry, and four days after the besiegers opened with showers of hand-grenades from their mortar batteries. Colonel Winram proposed a sally, to which the duke objected. John Grant, a volunteer, daringly went out in the night to discover if there was any hope of relief, and two days after he signalled from the Lang Gate, "None !"

There were scarcely men left now to relieve the guards, and still less to man the breaches ; and those who were most effective were on sentinel duty from ten at night till three in the morning. The wells now were completely dried up, and for "ten consecutive days this handful of brave fellows, envroned as they were by a regular British army, subsisted on dry bread and salt herrings, eaten raw, for they were now without other food. Their ammunition was nearly expended, and the duke, despairing of relief from King James in Ireland, beat a parley."

Attired in his full uniform as a Scottish officer of James VII., and wearing the order of the Thistle, the duke conferred with Major Somerville at the edge of the fosse ; but their interview ended in nothing, so the bitter cannonade began again. That night, about twelve o'clock, a strong column of infantry crept up the north side of the Castle Hill, till a sharp fire from the *the-du-pont* drove it down to the margin of the loch ; but next morning it fairly effected a lodgment across the esplanade, under cover of the woolpacks. There were only nineteen men in the *the-du-pont* at this time, yet their fire proved very destructive, and all the while they were chattering loudly,

"The king shall enjoy his air again."

For nearly four-and-twenty hours on both sides the fire was maintained with fury, but slackened about daybreak. "In the Castle only one man was killed—a gunner, whom a cannon ball had cut in two, through a gun-port, but many were weltering in their blood behind the woolpacks and in the trenches, where the number of slain

the siege. Though emaciated by long toil, starvation, and gangrened wounds, the luckless soldiers were cruelly treated by the rabble of the city. The capitulation was violated; Colonel Winram was seized as a prisoner of war, and the duke was placed under close arrest in his own house, in Blair's Close, but was released on giving his parole



INNER GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE.

amounted to 500 men." This enumeration probably includes wounded.

On the 13th of June the duke pulled down the king's flag, and hoisted a white one, surrendering, on terms, by which it was stipulated that the soldiers should have their full liberty, and Colonel Winram have security for his life and estates; while Major Somerville, at the head of 200 bayonets, took all the posts, except the citadel. The duke drew up his forlorn band, now reduced to fifty officers and men, in the ruined Grand Parade, and thanking them for their loyal services, gave each a small sum to convey him home; and as hands were shaken all round, many men wept, and so ended

not to serve against William of Orange. He died in the year 1716, at his residence in the citadel of Leith.

The Castle was once more fully repaired, and presented nearly the same aspect in all its details as we find it to-day. The alterations were conducted under John Drury (chief of the Scottish Engineers), who gave his name to one of the bastions on the south; and Mylne's Mount, another on the north, is so named from his assistant, Robert Mylne, king's master-mason and hereditary master-gunner of the fortress; and it was after this last siege that the round turrets, or *échauguettes*, were added to the bastions.

About this time a strange story went abroad concerning the spectre of Dundee; the terrible yet handsome Claverhouse, in his flowing wig and glittering breastplate, appearing to his friend the Earl of Balcarres, then a prisoner in the Castle, and awaiting tidings of the first battle with keen anxiety.

About daybreak on the morning when Killiecrankie was fought and lost by the Williamites, the spectre of Dundee is said to have come to Balcarres, and drawing back the curtains of his bed, to have looked at him steadfastly and sorrowfully.

"After this" (says C. K. Sharpe, in a note to Law's "Memorials"), "it moved towards the mantelpiece, remained there for a short time in a leaning posture, and then walked out of the chamber without uttering one word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, though not suspecting that what he saw was an apparition, called out repeatedly on his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learned that at the very moment the shadow stood before him Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killiecrankie."

## CHAPTER VII.

### EDINBURGH CASTLE (*concluded*).

The Torture of Neville Payne—Jacobite Plots—Entombing the Regalia—Project for Surprising the Fortress—Right of Sanctuary Abolished—Lord Drummond's Plot—Some Jacobite Prisoners—"Rebel Ladies"—James Macgregor—The Castle Vaults—Attempts at Escape—Fears as to the Destruction of the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre—Crown-room opened in 1794—Again in 1817, and the Regalia brought forth—Mons Meg—General Description of the whole Castle.

AMONG the many unfortunates who have pined as prisoners of state in the Castle, few suffered more than Henry Neville Payne, an English gentleman, who was accused of being a Jacobite conspirator. About the time of the battle of the Boyne, when the Earl of Annandale, Lord Ross, Sir Robert Montgomerie of Skelmorlie, Robert Fergusson "the plotter," and others, were forming a scheme in Scotland for the restoration of King James, Payne had been sent there in connection with it, but was discovered in Dumfriesshire, seized, and sent to Edinburgh. Lockhart, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, who happened to be in London, coolly wrote to the Earl of Melville, Secretary of State at Edinburgh, saying, "that there was no doubt that he (Payne) knew as much as would hang a thousand; but except you put him to the torture, he will shame you all. Pray you, put him in such hands as will have no pity on him!"\*

The Council, however, had anticipated these amiable instructions, and Payne had borne torture to extremity, by boot and thumb-screws, without confessing anything. On the 10th of December, under express instruction signed by King William, and countersigned by Lord Melville, the process was to be repeated; and this was done in the presence of the Earl of Crawford, "with all the severity," he reported, "that was consistent with humanity, even unto that pitch that we could not preserve life and have gone further, but without the least success. He was so manly and resolute under his sufferings that such of the Council as were not

acquainted with the evidence, were brangled, and began to give him charity that he might be innocent. It was surprising that flesh and blood could, without fainting, endure the heavy penance he was in for two hours." This unfortunate Englishman, in his maimed and shattered condition, was now thrown into a vault of the Castle, where none had access to him save a doctor. Again and again it was represented to the "humane and pious King William" that to keep Payne in prison "without trial was contrary to law;" but notwithstanding repeated petitions for trial and mercy, in defiance of the Bill of Rights, William allowed him to languish from year to year for ten years; until, on the 4th of February, 1701, he was liberated, in broken health, poverty, and premature old age, without the security for reappearance, which was customary in such cases.

Many plots were formed by the Jacobites—one about 1695, by Fraser of Beaufort (the future Lovat), and another in 1703, to surprise the Castle, as being deemed the key to the whole kingdom—but without success; and soon after the Union, in 1707, its walls witnessed that which was deemed "the last act of that national tragedy," the entombing of the regalia, which, by the Treaty, "are never more to be used, but kept constantly in the Castle of Edinburgh."

In presence of Colonel Stuart, the constable; Sir James Mackenzie, Clerk of the Treasury; William Wilson, Deputy-Clerk of Session—the crown, sceptre, sword of state, and Treasurer's rod, were solemnly deposited in their usual receptacle, the crown-room, on the 26th of March. "Animated by the same glow of patriotism that fired the

\* Melville's Correspondence.

bosom of Belhaven, the Earl Marischal, after having opposed the Union in all its stages, refused to be present at this degrading ceremony, and was represented by his proxy, Wilson, the Clerk of Session, who took a long protest descriptive of the regalia, and declaring that they should remain within the said crown-room, and never be removed from it without due intimation being made to the Earl Marischal. A copy of this protest, beautifully illuminated, was then deposited with the regalia, a linen cloth was spread over the whole, and the great oak chest was secured by three ponderous locks; and there for a hundred and ten years, amid silence, obscurity, and dust, lay the crown that had sparkled on the brows of Bruce, on those of the gallant Jameses, and on Mary's auburn hair—the symbols of Scotland's elder days, for which so many myriads of the loyal, the brave, and the noble, had laid down their lives on the battle-field—neglected and forgotten."

Just four months after this obnoxious ceremony, and while the spirit of antagonism to it rose high in the land, a gentleman, with only thirty men, undertook to surprise the fortress, which had in it now a party of but thirty-five British soldiers, to guard the equivalent money, £400,000, and a great quantity of Scottish specie, which had been called in to be coined anew. In the memoirs of Kerr of Kerrsland we are told that the leader of this projected surprise was to appear with his thirty followers, all well armed, at noon, on the esplanade, which at that hour was the chief lounge of gay and fashionable people. Among these they were to mingle, but drawing as near to the barrier gate as possible. While affecting to inquire for a friend in the Castle, the leader was to shoot the sentinel; the report of his pistol was to be the signal on which his men were to draw their swords, and secure the bridge, when a hundred men who were to be concealed in a cellar near were to join them, tear down the Union Jack, and hoist the colours of James VIII. in its place. The originator of this daring scheme—whose name never transpired—having communicated it to the well-known intriguer, Kerr of Kerrsland, who advised him to defer it till the chevalier, then expected, was off the coast, and secretly gave information to the Government, which, however, left the fortress in the same defenceless state. Again, in 1708, another plan to seize it was organised among the Hays, Keiths, and Murrays, whom the now repentant Cameronians promised to join with 5,000 horse and 20,000 foot, to the end that, at all hazards, the Union should be dissolved.

On tidings of this, the Earl of Leven, governor of the Castle, was at once dispatched from London

to put it in a state of defence; but the great magazine of arms, the cannon, stores, and 495 barrels of powder, which had been placed there in 1706, had all been removed to England. "But," says a writer, "this was only in the spirit of centralisation, which has since been brought to such perfection."

In 1708, before the departure of the fleet of Admiral de Fourbin with that expedition which the appearance of Byng's squadron caused to fail, a plan of the Castle had been laid, at Versailles, before a board of experienced engineer officers, who unanimously concluded that, with his troops, cannon, and mortars, M. de Gace would carry the place in a few hours. A false attack was to be made on the westward, while three battalions were to storm the outworks on the east, work their way under the half-moon, and carry the citadel. Two Protestant bishops were then to have crowned the prince in St. Giles's church as James VIII. "The equivalent from England being there," says an officer of the expedition, "would have been a great supply to us for raising men (having about 400 officers with us who had served in the wars in Italy), and above 100 chests in money."

Had M. de Gace actually appeared before the fortress, its capture would not have cost him much trouble, as Kerrsland tells us that there were not then four rounds of powder in it for the batteries!

On the 14th of December, 1714, the Castle was, by a decree of the Court of Session, deprived of its ancient ecclesiastical right of sanctuary, derived from and retained since the monastic institution of David I., in 1128. Campbell of Burnbank, the storekeeper, being under caption at the instance of a creditor, was arrested by a messenger-at-arms, on which Colonel Stuart, the governor, remembering the right of sanctuary, released Campbell, expelled the official, and closed the barriers. Upon this the creditor petitioned the court, asserting that the right of sanctuary was lost. In reply it was asserted that the Castle was not disfranchised, and "that the Castle of Edinburgh, having anciently been *castrum puellarum*, was originally a religious house, as well as the abbey of Holyrood." But the Court decided that it had no privilege of sanctuary "to hinder the king's letters, and ordained Colonel Stuart to deliver Burnbank to a messenger." Burnbank was a very debauched character, who is frequently mentioned in Penicuik's satirical poems, and was employed by "Nicoll Muschat of ill memorie," to seduce the unfortunate wife whom he afterwards murdered where the cairn stood in the Queen's Park.

When the severities exercised by George I. upon the Scottish Jacobites brought about the insurrection

of 1715, and the Castle was filled with disaffected men of rank, another plot to storm it, at a time when its garrison was the 25th, or old regiment of Edinburgh, was formed by Lord John Drummond, son of the Earl of Perth, with eighty men, mostly Highlanders, and all of resolute courage. All these—among whom was a Captain McLean, who had lost a leg at Killiecrankie, and an Ensign Arthur, late of the Scots Guards—were promised commissions under King James, and 100 guineas each, if

abreast, had been constructed, and all was prepared, when the plot was marred by—a lady!

In the exultation he felt at the approaching capture, and the hope he had of lighting the beacon which was to announce to Fife and the far north that the Castle was won, Ensign Arthur unfolded the scheme to his brother, a physician in the city, who volunteered for the enterprise, but most prudently told his wife of it, and she, alarmed for his safety, at once gave information to the Lord Justice



ROYAL LODGING AND HALF-MOON BATTERY.

the event succeeded; and at that crisis—when Mar was about to fight the battle of Sheriffmuir—it might have put him in possession of all Scotland. Drummond contrived to suborn four of the garrison—a sergeant, Ainslie, to whom he promised a lieutenancy, a corporal, who was to be made an ensign, and two privates, who got bribes in money.

On the night of the 8th September, when the troops marched from the city to fight the Earl of Mar, the attempt was made. The chosen time, near twelve o'clock, was dark and stormy, and the *modus operandi* was to be by escalading the western walls, near the ancient arched postern. A ladder, equipped with great hooks to fix it to the cope of the bastion, and calculated to admit four men

Clerk, Sir Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, who instantly put himself in communication with Colonel Stuart. Thus, by the time the conspirators were at the foot of the wall the whole garrison was under arms, the sentinels were doubled, and the ramparts patrolled.

The first party of forty men, led by the resolute Lord Drummond and the wooden-legged McLean, had reached the foot of the wall unseen; already the ladder had been secured by Sergeant Ainslie, and the escalade was in the act of ascending, with pistols in their girdles and swords in their teeth, when a Lieutenant Lindesay passed with his patrol, and instantly gave an alarm! The ladder and all on it fell heavily on the rocks below. A sentinel



fired his musket; the startled Jacobites fled and dispersed, but, the city gates being shut, many of them were captured, among others old McLean, who made a desperate resistance in the West Port with a musket and bayonet. Many who rolled down the rocks to the roadway beneath were severely injured, and taken by the City Guard. A sentinel was bound hand and foot and thrown into the Dark Pit (one of the lowest dungeons on the

Among these the *Edinburgh Courier* records, on the 10th of January, 1743, the demise therein of Macintosh, of Borlum, in his 80th year, after a captivity of fifteen years, for participation in the rising of 1715; and for twelve months, in 1746, there were confined in a small, horrid, and unhealthy chamber above the portcullis, used for many a year as "the black hole" of the garrison, the Duchess of Perth and Viscountess Strathallan,



THE CROWN-ROOM, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

south) where he confessed the whole plot; the corporal was mercilessly flogged; and Sergeant Ainslie was hanged over the postern gate. Colonel Stuart was dismissed; and Brigadier Grant, whose regiment was added to the garrison, was appointed temporary governor.

From this period, with the exception of a species of blockade in 1745, to be related in its place, the history of the Castle is as uneventful as that of the Tower of London, save a visit paid to it in the time of George I., by Yussuf Jumati, General and Governor of Damascus.

Many unfortunate Jacobites have suffered most protracted periods of imprisonment within its walls.

with her daughters, the Ladies Mary and Amelia, who were brought in by an escort of twenty dragoons, under a ruffianly quartermaster, who treated them with every indignity, even to tearing the wedding-ring from Lady Strathallan's finger, and stripping her daughters of their clothes. During the long year these noble ladies were in that noisome den above the gate, they were without female attendance, and under the almost hourly surveillance of the sergeants of the guard. The husband of the countess was slain at the head of his men on the field of Culloden, where the Jacobite clans were overcome by neither skill nor valour, but the sheer force of numbers and starvation.

Among other "rebel ladies" confined in the Castle was the Lady Ogilvie, who made her escape in the disguise of a laundress, a costume brought by Miss Balmain, who remained in her stead, and who was afterwards allowed to go free.

In 1752 the Castle received a remarkable prisoner, in the person of James Mhor Macgregor of Bohaldie, the eldest of the four sons of Rob Roy, who had lost his estate for the part he had taken in the recent civil strife, "and holding a major's commission under the old Pretender." Robin Oig Macgregor, his younger brother, having conceived that he would make his fortune by carrying off an heiress—no uncommon event then in the Highlands—procured his assistance, and with a band of Macgregors, armed with target, pistol, and claymore, came suddenly from the wilds of Arrochar, and surrounding the house of Edinbellie, in Stirlingshire, the abode of a wealthy widow of only nineteen, they muffled her in a plaid, and bore her off in triumph to the heath-clad hills, where Rowardennan looks down upon the Gairloch and Glenfruin. There she was married to Robin, who kept her for three months in defiance of several parties of troops sent to recover her.

From his general character James Mhor was considered as the chief instigator of this outrage, thus the vengeance of the Crown was directed against him rather than Robin, "who was considered but a half-wild Highlandman;" and in virtue of a warrant of fugitation issued, he was arrested and tried. The Lords of Justiciary found him guilty, but in consequence of some doubts, or informality, sentence of death was delayed until the 20th of November, 1752. In consequence of an expected rescue—meditated by Highlanders who served in the city as caddies, chairmen, and city guards, among whom Macgregor's bravery at Prestonpans, seven years before, made him popular—he was removed by a warrant from the Lord Justice Clerk, addressed to General Churchill, from the Tolbooth to the Castle, there to be kept in close confinement till his fatal day arrived.

But it came to pass, that on the 16th of November, one of his daughters—a tall and very handsome girl—had the skill and courage to disguise herself as a lame old cobbler, and was ushered into his prison, bearing a pair of newly-soled shoes in furtherance of her scheme. The sentinels in the adjacent corridors heard Lady Bohaldie scolding the supposed cobbler with considerable asperity for some time, with reference to the indifferent manner in which his work had been

executed. Meanwhile her husband and their daughter were quickly changing costumes, and the former came limping forth, grumbling and swearing at his captious employers. "An old and tattered great-coat enveloped him; he had donned a leather apron, a pair of old shoes, and ribbed stockings. A red night-cap was drawn to his ears, and a broad hat slouched over his eyes." He quitted the Castle undiscovered, and left the city without delay; but his flight was soon known, the city gates were shut, the fortress searched, and every man who had been on duty was made a prisoner. A court-martial, consisting of thirteen officers, sat for five days in the old barracks on this event, and its proceedings ended in cashiering two officers who had commanded the guards, reducing to the ranks the sergeant who kept the key of Bohaldie's room, and flogging a warder; but Bohaldie escaped to France, where he died about the time of the French Revolution in extreme old age. In 1754 Robin Oig was executed in the Grassmarket, for the abduction of Jean Kay, the widow: the charge was far from being sufficiently proved.

In April, 1751, Thomas Ogilvie of Eastmilne (who had been a Jacobite prisoner since 1749) was killed when attempting to escape from the Castle, by a net tied to an iron ring. He fell and fractured his skull on the rock facing Livingstone's Yards—the old tilting ground, on the south side of the Castle rock. This was a singularly unfortunate man in his domestic relations. His eldest son was taken prisoner at Carlisle, and executed there with the barbarity then usual. His next son, Thomas, was poisoned by his wife, the famous and beautiful Katherine Nairne (who escaped), but whose paramour, the third son, Lieutenant Patrick Ogilvie of the 89th or old Gordon Highlanders (disbanded in 1765), was publicly hanged in the Grassmarket.

In July, 1753, the last of those who were tried for loyalty to the House of Stuart was placed in the Castle—Archibald Macdonald, son of the aged Cole Macdonald of Barrisdale, who died a captive there in 1750. Arraigned as a traitor, this unfortunate gentleman behaved with great dignity before the court; he admitted that he was the person accused, but boldly denied the treason, and asserted his loyalty to his lawful king. "On the 30th March he was condemned to die; but the vengeance of the Government had already been glutted, and after receiving various successive perjuries, young Barrisdale was released, and permitted to return to the Western Isles."

From this period till nearly the days of Waterloo the Castle vaults were invariably used in every war

as a receptacle for French prisoners. They are deep, dark, and horrible dungeons, but many of the names and initials of the luckless inmates, and even the games with which they sought to lighten their tedious days, were long discernible on the walls and rock. So many as forty men sometimes slept in one vault. Immediately below the room in which James VI. was born is one curiously-arched dungeon, partly—like others—excavated from the solid rock, and retaining an iron staple, to which, doubtless, the limbs of many an unfortunate creature were chained in “the good old times” romancists write so glibly of. The origin of all these vaults is lost in antiquity.

There prisoners have made many desperate, but in the end always futile, attempts to escape—particularly in 1761 and in 1811. On the former occasion one was dashed to pieces; on the latter, a captain and forty-nine men got out of the fortress in the night, by cutting a hole in the bottom of the parapet, below the place commonly called the Devil’s Elbow, and letting themselves down by a rope, and more would have got out had not the nearest sentinel fired his musket. One fell and was killed 200 feet below. The rest were all re-captured on the Glasgow Road.

In the Grand Parade an octagon tower of considerable height gives access to the strongly vaulted crown room, in which the Scottish regalia are shown, and wherein they were so long hidden from the nation, that they were generally believed to have been secretly removed to England and destroyed; and the mysterious room, which was never opened, became a source of wonder to the soldiers, and of superstition to many a Highland sentinel when pacing on his lonely post at night.

On the 5th of November, 1794, in prosecuting a search for some lost Parliamentary records, the crown-room was opened by the Lieutenant-Governor and other commissioners. It was dark, being then windowless, and filled with foul air. In the grated chimney lay the ashes of the last fire and a cannon ball, which still lies where it had fallen in some past siege; the dust of eighty-seven years lay on the paved floor, and the place looked grim and desolate. Major Drummond repeatedly shook the oak chest; it returned no sound, was supposed to be empty, and stronger in the hearts of the Scots waxed the belief that the Government, in wicked policy, had destroyed its contents; but murmurs arose from time to time, as the years went on, and a crown, called that of Scotland, was actually shown in the Tower of London!

At length, in 1817, ten years after the death of Cardinal York, the Prince Regent, afterwards

George IV., issued a warrant to the Scottish officers of state and other officials, to open the crown-room, in order that the existence of the regalia might be ascertained, and measures taken for their preservation.

In virtue of this warrant there met, among others, in the governor’s house, the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, the Lord Provost, the Commander-in-chief, and Sir Walter Scott, whose emotions on this occasion may be imagined.

“It was with feelings of no common anxiety that the commissioners, having read their warrant, proceeded to the crown-room, and, having found all there in the state in which it had been left in 1794, commanded the king’s smith, who was in attendance, to force open the great chest, the keys of which had been sought for in vain. The general impression that the regalia had been secretly removed weighed heavily on the hearts of all while the labour proceeded. The chest seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer; and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine felt at the moment the probability of bitter disappointment, and could not but be sensible that, should the result of the search confirm those forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront, an injury had been sustained, for which it might be difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain redress. The joy was therefore extreme when, the ponderous lid of the chest having been forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in 1707, being 110 years before, since they had been surrendered by William the ninth Earl Marischal to the custody of the Earl of Glasgow, Treasurer-Deputy of Scotland. The reliques were passed from hand to hand, and greeted with the affectionate reverence which emblems so venerable, restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years, were so peculiarly calculated to excite. The discovery was instantly communicated to the public by the display of the royal standard, and was greeted by the shouts of the soldiers in garrison, and a vast multitude assembled on the Castle hill; indeed the rejoicing was so general and sincere as plainly to show that, however altered in other respects, the people of Scotland had lost nothing of that national enthusiasm which formerly had displayed itself in grief for the loss of those emblematic honours, and now was expressed in joy for their recovery.”

Covered with glass and secured in a strong iron

cage, the regalia now lie on a white marble table in the crown-room, together with four other memorials of the House of Stuart, which belonged to the venerable Cardinal York, and were deposited there by order of King William in 1830. These are the golden collar of the Garter presented to James VI. by Elizabeth, with its appendage the George; the order of St. Andrew, cut on an onyx and having on the reverse the badge of the Thistle, which opens with a secret spring, revealing a beau-

The ancient crown worn by Robert I. and his successors underwent no change till it was closed with four arches by order of James V., and it is thus described in the document deposited with the Regalia in the crown-room, in 1707:—

“The crown is of pure gold, enriched with many precious stones, diamonds, pearls, and curious enamellings. It is composed of a fillet which goes round the head, adorned with twenty-two large precious stones. Above the great circle there



THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND. (From a Painting by Alex. Geddes.)

tiful miniature of Anne of Denmark, and, lastly, the ancient ruby ring which the kings of Scotland wore at their coronation. It was last used by the unhappy Charles I., and, after all its wanderings with his descendants, is now in its old receptacle, together with the crown, sceptre, sword of state, and the golden mace of Lord High Treasurer.

The mace, like the sceptre, is surmounted by a great crystal beryl, stones doubtless of vast antiquity. The “great beryl” was an amulet which had made part of the more ancient sceptre of the Scottish kings, and such beryls are supposed by some to have been the official badge of the arch-Druid. Such are still known among the Highlanders by the title of Clach-bhuai, or “stone of power.”

is a small one formed with twenty points, adorned with the like number of diamonds and sapphires alternately, and the points tipped with great pearls; the upper circle is elevated with ten crosses floree, each adorned in the centre with a great diamond betwixt four great pearls placed in the cross, one and one, and these crosses floree are interchanged with ten high *fleurs de lys*, all alternately with the great pearls below, which top the points of the second small circle. From the upper circle proceed four arches, adorned with enamelled figures, which meet and close at the top surmounted by a *monde* of gold, enamelled blue semee, powdered with stars, crossed and enamelled with a large cross patee, adorned in the extremities with great pearls, and



cantonment with other four in the angles. The tiar, or bonnet, was of purple velvet; but, in 1685, it got a cap of crimson velvet, adorned with four plates of gold, on each of them a great pearl, and the bonnet is trimmed up with ermine. Upon the lowest circle there are eight small holes, two and two, on the four quarters of the crown, which were for lacing or tying thereto diamonds or precious stones. The crown is 9 inches in diameter, 27 inches about, and in height from the under circle to the top of the cross patee 6½ inches.

"The sceptre: its stem or stalk, which is of silver double overgilt, is two feet long, of a hexagon form, with three buttons or knobs; betwixt the first button and the second is the handle of a hexagon form, furling in the middle and plain. Betwixt the second button and the third are three sides engraven. From the third button to the capital the three sides under the statues are plain, and on the other three are antique engravings. Upon the top of the stalk is an antique capital of leaves embossed, the abacus whereof arises round the prolonged stem, surrounded with three little statues; between every two statues arises a rullion in the form of a dolphin; above the rullions and statues stands another hexagon button, with oak leaves under every corner, and down it a crystal (beryl?) globe. The whole sceptre is in length 34 inches." The statues are those of the Virgin, St. Andrew, and St. James. The royal initials, J. R. V. are engraved under them. If James V. had this sceptre made, the metallic settings of the great beryl belong to some sceptre long anterior to his time.

"The sword is in length 5 feet; the handle and pommel are of silver overgilt, in length 15 inches. The pommel is round and somewhat flat on the two sides. The traverse or cross of the sword, which is of silver overgilt, is in length 17½ inches; its form is like two dolphins with their heads joining and their tails ending in acorns; the shell is hanging down towards the point of the sword, formed like an escalop flourished, or rather like a green oak-leaf. On the blade of the sword are indented with gold these letters—JULIUS II. P. The scabbard is of crimson velvet, covered with silver wrought in philagram-work into branches of the oak-tree leaves and acorns." Such are the Scottish regalia, which, since the destruction of those of England by Cromwell, are the only ancient regal emblems in Great Britain.

The sword of state is of an earlier date than the rod of the sceptre, being presented by the warlike Pope Julius to James IV. with a consecration at 1507. The keys of St. Peter figure prominently

among the filagree work. After the fall of the Castle of Dunottar, in 1651, the belt of the sword became an heirloom in the family of Ogilvie of Barras.

The great pearl in the apex of the crown is alleged to be the same which in 1620 was found in the burn of Kellie, a tributary of the Ythan in Aberdeenshire, and was "so large and beautiful that it was esteemed the best that had at any time been found in Scotland." Sir Thomas Menzies, Provost of Aberdeen, obtaining this precious jewel, presented it to James VI., who in requital "gave him twelve or fourteen chaldron of victuals about Dunfermline, and the custom of certain merchant goods during his life." \*

Before quitting the Castle of Edinburgh, it is impossible to omit some special reference to Mons Meg—that mighty bombard which is thirteen feet long and two feet three and a half inches within the bore, and which was long deemed by the Scots a species of palladium, the most ancient cannon in Europe, except one in Lisbon, and a year older than those which were made for Mahomet II. Not a vestige of proof can be shown for the popular error that this gun was forged at Mons, while unvarying tradition, supported by very strong corroborative evidence, proves that she was formed by Scottish artisans, by order of James II., when he besieged the rebellious Douglasses in the castle of Thrieve, in Galloway, during 1455. He posted his artillery at the Three Thorns of the Carlinwark, one of which is still surviving; but their fire proving ineffective, a smith named M'Kim, and his sons, offered to construct a more efficient piece of ordnance. Towards this the inhabitants of the vicinity contributed each a *goud*, or iron bar. Tradition, which never varied, indicated the place where it was forged, a mound near the Three Thorns, and when the road was formed there, that mound was discovered to be a mass of cinders and the iron débris of a great forge. To this hour the place where the great gun was posted is named *Knock-cannon*. Only two of Meg's bullets were discharged before Thrieve surrendered, and it is remarkable that both have been found there. "The first," says the *New Statistical Account*, "was, towards the end of the last century, picked out of the well and delivered to Gordon of Greenlaw. The second was discovered in 1841, by the tenant of Thrieve, when removing an accumulation of rubbish." It lay in a line direct from Knock-cannon to the breach in the wall. To reward M'Kim James bestowed upon him the forfeited lands of Mollance. The smith is said to have named the gun after his wife; and the con-

\* "Succinct Survey of Aberdeen, 1683."

traction of the name from Mollance to *Monce*, or *Mons Meg*, was quite natural to the Scots, who sink the *l's* in all similar words. The balls still preserved in the Castle of Edinburgh, piled on each side of the gun, are exactly similar to those found in Thrieve, and are of Galloway granite, from the summit of the Binnan Hill, near the Carlinwark.\* Andrew Symson, whose description of Galloway was written 180 years ago, records "that in the isle of Thrieve, the great gun, called *Mouns Meg*, was wrought and made." This, though slightly incorrect as to actual spot, being written so long since, goes to prove the Scottish origin of the gun, which bears a conspicuous place in all the treasurer's accounts; and of this pedigree of the gun Sir Walter Scott was so convinced that, as he wrote, "henceforth all conjecture must be set aside." In 1488 the gun was employed at the siege of Dumbarton, then held for James III. by his adherents. In 1497, when James IV. invaded England in the cause of Perkin Warbeck, he conveyed it with his other artillery on a new stock made at St. Leonard's Craig; and the public accounts mention the sum paid to those who brought "hame Monse and the other artailzerie from Dalkeith." It was frequently used during the civil war in 1571, and two men died of their exertion in dragging it from the Blackfriars Yard to the Castle. On that occasion payment was made to a person through whose roof one of the bullets had fallen in mistake. In Cromwell's list of captured guns, in 1650, mention is made of "the great iron murderer, Meg;" and Ray, in his "Observations" on Scotland eleven years after, mentions the "great old iron gun which they call *Mouns Meg*, and some 'Meg of Berwick.'" A demi-bastion near the Scottish gate there bears, or bore, the name of Meg's *Mount*, which in those days was the term for a battery. Another, in Stirling, bore the same name; hence we may infer that the gun has been in both places. It was stupidly removed in mistake, among unserviceable guns, to the Tower of London in 1758, where it was shown till 1829, when, by the patriotic exertions of Sir Walter Scott, it was sent home to Edinburgh, and escorted from Leith back to its old place in the Castle by three troops of cavalry and the 73rd or Perthshire regiment, with a band of pipers playing at the head of the procession.

We are now in a position to take a brief but comprehensive view of the whole Castle, with which we have hitherto dealt in detail, and though we must go over the same ground, we shall do so at

so rapid a rate that such repetition as is unavoidable will be overlooked. In the present day the Castle is entered by a barrier of palisades, beyond which are a deep ditch and draw-bridge protected by a *l'ite-de-pont*, flanked out and defended by cannon. Within are two guard-houses, the barrier and the main, the former a mean-looking edifice near which once stood a grand old entrance-gate, having many rich sculptures, an entablature, and a pediment rising from pilasters. Above the bridge rises the great half-moon battery of 1573, and the eastern curtain wall, which includes an ancient peel with a corbelled rampart. The path, which millions of armed men must have trod, winds round the northern side of the rock, passing three gateways, the inner of which is a deep-mouthed archway wherein two iron portcullises once hung. This building once terminated in a crenelated square tower, but was some years ago converted into a species of state prison, and black-hole for the garrison; and therein, in 1792, Robert Watt and David Downie, who were sentenced to death for treason, were confined; and therein, in times long past and previous to these, pined both the Marquis and Earl of Argyre, and many of high rank but of less note, down to 1747.

Above the arch are two sculptured hounds, the supporters of the Duke of Gordon, governor in 1688, and between these is the empty panel from which Cromwell cast down the royal arms in 1650. Above it is a pediment and little cornice between the triglyphs of which may be traced alternately the star and crowned heart of the Regent Morton. Beyond this arch, on the left, are the steps ascending to the citadel, the approaches to which are defended by loopholes for cannon and musketry. On the right hand is a gun battery, named from John Duke of Argyre, commander-in-chief in Scotland in 1715; below it is Robert Mylne's battery, built in 1689; and on the acclivity of the steep hill are a bomb-proof powder magazine, erected in 1746, the ordnance office, and the house of the governor and storekeeper, an edifice erected apparently in the reign of Queen Anne, having massive walls and wainscoted apartments. In the former is a valuable collection of fire-arms of every pattern, from the wheel-lock petronel of the fifteenth century down to the latest rifled arms of precision.

There, also, is the armoury, formed for the reception of 30,000 rifle muskets, several ancient bras howitzers, several hundred coats of black mail (most of which are from the arsenal of the knights of Malta), some forty stand of colours, belonging

to ~~the~~ **various** Scottish regiments, and various weapons from the field of Culloden, particularly the Doune steel pistols, of beautiful workmanship, worn by Highland gentlemen.

Near this rises the Hawk Hill, where kings and nobles practised falconry of old; on the left is the Gothic arch of the citadel; and on the right rises the great mass of the hideous and uncomfortable infantry barracks, erected partly on the archery butts, in 1796, and likened by Sir Walter Scott to a vulgar cotton-mill. This edifice is 150 feet long, and four storeys high to the westward, where it rises on a massive arcade, and from its windows can be had a magnificent prospect, extending almost to the smoke of Glasgow, and the blue cone of Ben Lomond, fifty miles distant.

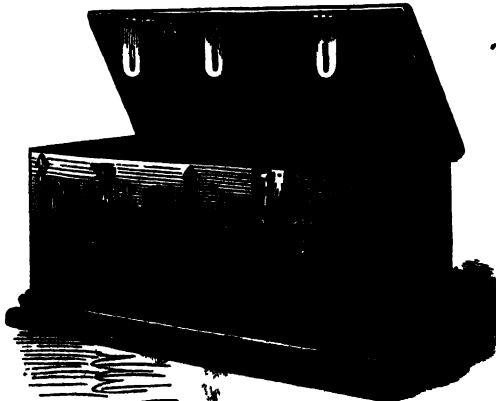
On the south-west is Drury's gun-battery, so named from the officer of Scottish Engineers who built it in 1689, and in its rear is the square prison-house, built in 1840. Passing through the citadel gate, we find on the left the modern water-tank, the remains of the old shot-yard, the door of which has now disappeared; but on the gablet above it was a thistle, with the initials D.G.M.S. Here is the king's bastion, on the north-west verge of the citadel, and on the highest cliff of the Castle rock. Here, too, are St. Margaret's Chapel, which we have already described, Mons Meg, frowning, as of old, from the now-ruinous mortar battery, and a piece of bare rock, the site of a plain modern chapel, the pointed window of which was once conspicuous from Princes Street, but which was demolished by Colonel Moodie, R.E., in expectation that one more commodious would be erected. But many years have since passed, and this has never been done, consequently there is now no chapel for the use of the troops of any religious denomination; while the office of chaplain has also been abolished, at a time when Edinburgh has been made a depôt centre for Scottish regiments, and in defiance of the fact that the Castle is under the Presbytery, and is a parish of the city.

The platform of the half-moon battery is 510 feet above the level of the Forth. It is armed with old 18 and 24 pounders, one of which is, at one P.M., fired by electricity as a

time-gun, by a wire from the Calton Hill. It is furnished with a lofty flagstaff, an iron grate for beacon fires, and contains a draw-well 110 feet deep. From its massive portholes Charles II. saw the rout of Cromwell's troops at Lochend in 1650; and from there the Corsican chief Paoli in 1771, the Grand Duke Nicholas in 1819, George IV. in 1822, Queen Victoria, and many others of note, have viewed the city that stretched at their feet below.

Within this battery is the ancient square or Grand Parade, where some of the most interesting buildings in the Castle are to be found, as it is on the loftiest, most precipitous, and inaccessible portion of the isolated rock. Here, abutting on the very verge of the giddy cliff, overhanging the Grassmarket, several hundred feet below, stands all that many sieges have left of the ancient royal palace, forming the southern and eastern sides of the quadrangle. The chief feature of the former is a large battlemented edifice, now nearly destroyed by its conversion into a military hospital. This was the ancient hall of the Castle, in length 80 feet by 33 in width, and 27 in height, and lighted by tall mullioned windows from the south, wherein Parliaments have sat, kings have feasted and revelled, ambassadors been received, and treaties signed for peace or war. Some remains of its ancient grandeur are yet discernible amid the new floors and partitions that have been run through it. At the summit of the principal staircase is a beautifully-sculptured stone corbel representing a well-cut female face, ornamented on each side by a volute and thistle. On this rests one of the original beams of the open oak roof, and on each side are smaller beams with many sculptured shields, all defaced by the whitewash of the barrack pioneers and hospital orderlies. "The view from

the many windows on this side is scarcely surpassed by any other in the capital. Immediately below are the picturesque old houses of the Grassmarket and West Port, crowned by the magnificent towers of Heriot's Hospital. From this deep abyss the hum of the neighbouring city rises up, mellowed by the distance, into one pleasing voice of life and industry; while far beyond a



CHEST IN WHICH THE REGALIA WERE FOUND.



gorgeous landscape is spread out, reaching almost to the ancient landmarks of the kingdom, guarded on the far east by the old keep of Craigmillar, and on the west by Merchiston Tower." Besides the hall in this edifice there was another in the fortress; for among the items of the High Treasurer's accounts, in 1516, we find for flooring the Lord's

have died. It is a handsome edifice, repaired so lately as 1616, as a date remains to show; but its octagonal tower, square turrets and battlements, were probably designed by Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, the architect to James V. A semi-octagonal tower of considerable height gives access to the strongly vaulted and once totally dark room



EDINBURGH, FROM THE KING'S BASTION, 1825 (*After Enbank.*)

Hall in David's Tower, 10s., and other payments for woodwork in the "Gret Ha' windois in the Castell, gret gestis and dowbill dalis for the myd chalmer, the king's kechin, and the New Court kechin in David's Toure," and for the Register House built in 1542 by "John Merlyoune," who first paved the High Street by order of James V.

On the east side of the square is the old palace, or royal lodging, in which many stirring events have happened, many a lawless deed been done, where the longest line of sovereigns in the British Isles dwelt, and many have been born and

in which the regalia—or all of it that the greedy James VI. was unable to take with him to England—lay so long hidden from view, and where they are now exhibited daily to visitors, who number several thousands every week. The room was greatly improved in 1848, when the ceiling was repaired with massive oak panelling, having shields in bold relief, and a window was opened to the square. Two barriers close this room, one a grated door of vast strength like a small portcullis.

In this building Mary of Guise died in 1560, and a doorway, bearing the date of 1566, gives

entrance to the apartment in which her daughter was delivered of James VI. It was formerly part of a large room which, before being partitioned, measured 30 by 25 feet. On the 11th of February, 1567, after the murder of Darnley, Mary retired to this apartment, where she had the walls hung with black, and remained in strict seclusion until after the funeral. Killigrew, who came from Elizabeth with letters of condolence, on his introduction found "the Queen's Majesty in a dark chamber, so that he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful." In 1849, an antique iron chisel, spear-shaped, was found in the fireplace of this apartment, which was long used as a canteen for the soldiers, but has now been renovated, though in a rude and inelegant form.

Below the grand hall are a double tier of strongly-vaulted dungeons, entered by a passage from the west, and secured by an intricate arrangement of iron gates and massive chains. In one of these Kirkaldy of Grange buried his brother David Melville. The small loophole that admits light into each of these huge vaults, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, is strongly secured by three ranges of iron bars. Within these drear abodes have captives of all kinds pined, and latterly the French prisoners, forty of whom slept in each. In some are still the wooden frames to which their hammocks were slung. Under Queen Mary's room there is one dungeon excavated out of the solid rock, and having, as we have said, an iron staple in its wall to which the prisoner was chained.

The north side of the quadrangle consists now of an uninteresting block of barracks, erected about the middle of the eighteenth century, and altered, but scarcely improved, in 1860-2, by the Royal Engineers and Mr. Charles W. Billings. It occupies the site, and was built from the materials, of what was once a church of vast dimensions and unknown antiquity, but the great western gable of which was long ago a conspicuous feature above the eastern curtain wall. By Maitland it is described as "a very long and large ancient church, which from its spacious dimensions I imagine that it was not only built for the use of the garrison, but for the service of the neighbouring inhabitants before St. Giles's church was erected for their accommodation." Its great font, and many beautifully carved stones were found built into the barrack wall during recent alterations. It is supposed to have been a church erected after the death of the pious Queen Margaret, and dedicated to her, as it is mentioned by David I. in his Holyrood charter as "the church of the Castle

of Edinburgh," and is again confirmed as such in the charter of Alexander III. and several Papal bulls, and the "parochie kirk within the said Castell," is distinctly referred to by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1595.\* In 1753 it was divided into three storeys, and filled with tents, cannon, and other munitions of war.

A winding stair descends from the new barracks to the butts, where the rock is defended by the western wall and Bute's Battery, near which, at an angle, a turret, named the Queen's Post, occupies the site of St. Margaret's Tower. Fifty feet below the level of the rock is another guard-house and one of the draw-wells poisoned by the English in 1572. Near it is the ancient postern gate, where Dundee held his parley with the Duke of Gordon in 1688, and through which, perhaps, St. Margaret's body was borne in 1093.

From thence there is a sudden ascent by steps, behind the banquette of the bastions and near the principal magazine, to Mylne's Mount, where there is another grate for a bale-fire to alarm Fife, Stirling, and the north. The fortifications are irregular, furnished throughout with strong stone turrets, and prepared for mounting about sixty pieces of cannon. Two door-lintels covered with curious sculptures are still preserved: one over the entrance to the ordnance office represents Mons Meg and other ancient cannon; the other a cannoner of the sixteenth century, in complete armour, in the act of loading a small culverin.

The Castle farm is said to have been the ancient village of Broughton, which St. David granted to the monks of Holyrood; the Castle gardens we have already referred to, and to the barns, stables, and lists attached to it, we shall have occasion to refer elsewhere.

The Castle company was a corps of Scottish soldiers raised in January 1661, and formed a permanent part of the garrison till 1818, when, with the ancient band of Mary of Guise, which garrisoned the Castle of Stirling, they were incorporated in one of the thirteen veteran battalions embodied in that year. The Castle being within the abrogated parish of Holyrood, has a burial-place for its garrison in the Canongate churchyard; but dead have been buried within the walls frequently during sieges and blockades, as in 1745, when nineteen soldiers and three women were interred on the summit of the rock.

The Castle is capable of containing 3,000 infantry; but the accommodation for troops is greatly neglected by Government, and the barracks have

been characterised as "hovels that are a disgrace to Europe."

In lists concerning the Castle of Edinburgh, the first governor appears to have been Thomas de Cancian in 1147; the first constable, David Kincaid of Coates House, in 1542; and the first State prisoner warded therein Thomas of Colville in 1210, for conspiring against William the Lion.

We may fittingly take leave of the grand old

Castle in the fine lines of Burns's "Address to Edinburgh":—

"There, watching high the least alarms,  
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;  
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,  
And marked with many a seamy scar;  
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,  
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,  
Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repelled th' invader's shock."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CASTLE HILL.

The Esplanade or Castle Hill—Castle Banks—The Celtic Crosses—The Secret Passage and Well-house Tower—The Church on the Castle Hill—The Reservoir—The House of Allan Ramsay—Executions for Treason, Sorcery, &c.—The Master of Forbes—Lady Jane Douglas—Castle Hill Promenade—Question as to the Proprietary of the Esplanade and Castle Hill.

"THE Castle Hill," says Dr. Chambers, "is partly an esplanade, serving as a parade ground for the garrison, and partly a street, the upper portion of that vertebral line which, under the names of Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate, extends to Holyrood Palace;" but it is with the Esplanade and banks we have chiefly to deal at present.

Those who now see the Esplanade, a peaceful open space, 510 feet in length by 300 in breadth, with the squads of Highland soldiers at drill, or the green bank that slopes away to the north, covered with beautiful timber, swarming in summer with little ones in care of their nurses, can scarcely realise that thereon stood the ancient Spur, before which so many men have perished sword in hand, and that it was the arena of so many revolting executions by the axe and stake, for treason, heresy, and sorcery.

It lay in a rough state till 1753, when the earth taken from the foundations of the Royal Exchange was spread over it, and the broad flight of forty steps which gave access to the drawbridge was buried. The present ravelin before the half-moon was built in 1723; but alterations in the level must have taken place prior to that, to judge from

"Archæologia Scotica," which contains an "Elegie on the great and famous Blew Stone which lay on the Castle Hill, and was interred there." On this relic, probably a boulder, a string of verses form the doggerel elegy:—

"Our old Blew Stone, that's  
dead and gone,  
His marrow may not be;  
Large, twenty feet in length  
he was,  
His bulk none e'er did  
ken;  
Dour and dief, and run with  
grief,  
When he preserved men.  
Behind his back a batterie  
was,  
Contrived with packs of  
woo,  
Let's now think on, since  
he is gone,  
We're in the Castle's  
view."

The woolpacks evidently refer to the siege of 1689.

The Esplanade was improved in 1816 by a parapet and railing on the north, and a few

years after by a low wall on the south, strengthened by alternate towers and turrets. A bronze statue of the Duke of York and Albany, K.G., holding his marshal's bâton, was erected on the north side in 1839, and a little lower down are two Celtic memorial crosses of remarkable beauty. The larger and more ornate of them was erected in 1862, by the officers and soldiers of the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders, to the memory of their comrades who fell during the revolt in India in 1857-8; and the

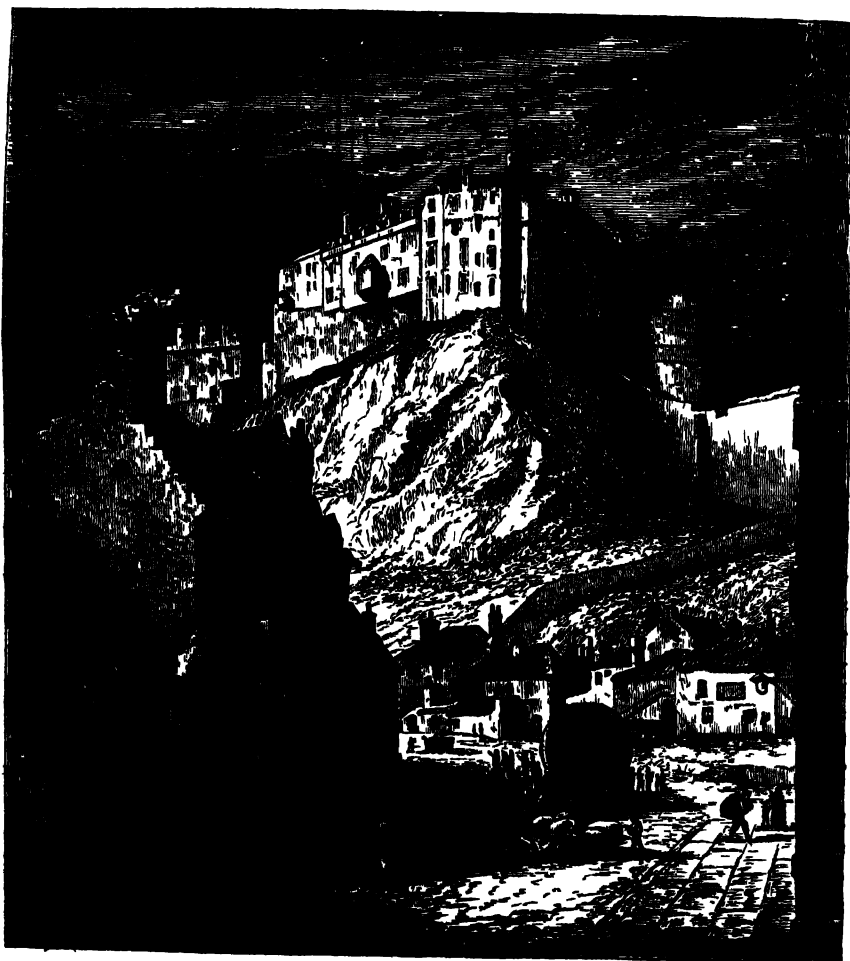


RUNIC CROSS, CASTLE BANK.

monument was raised, "In memory of Colonel Kenneth Douglas Mackenzie, C.B., who served for forty-two years in the 92nd Highlanders—who saw much of service in the field, and deserved well of his country in war and in peace. . . . Died on duty at Dartmoor, 24th August, 1873."

On the green bank behind the duke's statue is a

Two relics of great antiquity remain on this side of the Castle bank—a fragment of the secret passage, and the ruins of the Well-house tower, which, in 1450, and for long after, guarded the pathway that led under the rock to the church of St. Cuthbert. Within the upper and lower portion of this tower, a stair, hewn in the living rock, was



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE KING'S MEWS, 1825. (After Ewbank)

very curious monumental stone, which, however, can scarcely be deemed a local antiquity—though of vast age. It was brought from the coast of Sweden by Sir Alexander Seton, of Preston, many years ago. On it is engraved a serpent encircling a cross, and on the body of the former is an inscription in runes, signifying—

ARI ENGRAVED THIS STONE IN MEMORY  
OF HIALM, HIS FATHER.  
GOD HELP HIS SOUL!

found a few years ago, buried under a mass of rubbish, among which was a human skull, shattered by concussion on a step. Many human bones lay near it, with various coins, chiefly of Edward I. and Edward III.; others were Scottish and foreign. Many fragments of exploded bombs were found among the upper layer of rubbish, and in a breach of the tower was found imbedded a 48-pound shot. At certain seasons, woodcock, snipe, and water-ducks are seen hovering near



the ruins, attracted by the dampness of the soil, where for ages the artificial loch lay. A few feet eastward of the tower there was found in the bank, in 1820, a large coffin of thick fir containing three skeletons, a male and two females, supposed to be those of a man named Sinclair and his two sisters, who were all drowned in the loch in 1628 for a horrible crime.

Eastward of this tower of the 15th century are the remains of a long, low archway, walled with rubble, but arched with well-hewn stones, popularly known as "the lion's den," and which has evidently formed a portion of that secret escape or covered way from the Castle (which no Scottish fortress was ever without), the tradition concerning which is of general and very ancient belief; and this idea has been still further strengthened by the remains of a similar subterranean passage being found below Brown's Close, on the Castle Hill. At the highest part of the latter stood the ancient barrier gate of 1450, separating the fortress from the city. This gate was temporarily replaced on the occasion of the visit of George IV. in 1822, and by an iron *chevaux de frise*—to isolate the 82nd Regiment and garrison generally—during the prevalence of Asiatic cholera, ten years subsequently.

There stood on the north side of the Castle Hill an ancient church, some vestiges of which were visible in Maitland's time, in 1753, and which he supposed to have been dedicated to St. Andrew the patron of Scotland, and which he had seen referred to in a deed of gift of twenty merks yearly, Scottish money, to the Trinity altar therein, by Alexander Curor, vicar of Livingstone, 20th December, 1488. In June, 1754, when some workmen were levelling this portion of the Castle Hill, they discovered a subterranean chamber, fourteen feet square, wherein lay a crowned image of the Virgin, hewn of very white stone, two brass altar candlesticks, some trinkets, and a few ancient Scottish and French coins. By several remains of burnt matter and two large cannon balls being also found there, this edifice was supposed to have been demolished during some of the sieges undergone by the Castle since the invention of artillery. And in December, 1849, when the Castle Hill was being excavated for the new reservoir, several finely-carved stones were found in what was understood to be the foundation of this chapel or of Christ's Church, which was commenced there in 1637, and had actually proceeded so far that Gordon of Rothiemay shows it in his map with a high-pointed spire, but it was abandoned, and its materials used in the erection of the present church at the Tron. Under all this were found those pre-historic human

remains referred to in our first chapter. This was the site of the ancient water-house. It was not until 1621 that the citizens discovered the necessity for a regular supply of water beyond that which the public wells with their water-carriers afforded. It cannot be supposed that the stagnant fluid of the north and south lochs could be fit for general use, yet, in 1583 and 1598, it was proposed to supply the city from the latter. Eleven years after the date above mentioned, Peter Brusche, a German engineer, contracted to supply the city with water from the lands of Comiston, in a leaden pipe of three inches' bore, for a gratuity of £50. By the year 1704 the increase of population rendered an additional supply from Liberton and the Pentland Hills necessary. As years passed on the old water-house proved quite inadequate to the wants of the city. It was removed in 1849, and in its place now stands the great reservoir, by which old and new Edinburgh are alike supplied with water unexampled in purity, and drawn chiefly from an artificial lake in the Pentlands, nearly seven miles distant. On the outside it is only one storey in height, with a tower of 40 feet high; but within it has an area 110 feet long, 90 broad, and 30 deep, containing two millions of gallons of water, which can be distributed through the entire city at the rate of 5,000 gallons per minute.

Apart from the city, embosomed among trees—and though lower down than this reservoir, yet perched high in air—upon the northern bank of the Esplanade, stands the little octagonal villa of Allan Ramsay, from the windows of which the poet could enjoy an extensive view of all the fields, farms, and tiny hamlets that lay beyond the loch below, with the vast panorama beyond—the Firth of Forth, with the hills of Fife and Stirling. "The sober and industrious life of this exception to the race of poets having resulted in a small competency, he built this oddly-shaped house in his latter days, designing to enjoy in it the Horatian quiet he had so often eulogised in his verse. The story goes," says Chambers in his "Traditions," "that, showing it soon after to the clever Patrick Lord Elibank, with much fussy interest in its externals and accommodation, he remarked that the wags were already at work on the subject—they likened it to a goosepie (owing to the roundness of the shape). 'Indeed, Allan,' said his lordship, 'now I see you in it I think the wags are not far wrong.'"

Ramsay, the author of the most perfect pastoral poem in the whole scope of British literature, and a song writer of great merit, was secretly a Jacobite, though a regular attendant in St. Giles's Church. Opposed to the morose manners of his

time, he delighted in music and the theatre, and it was his own advanced taste and spirit that led him, in 1725, to open a circulating library for the diffusion of fiction among the citizens of the time. Three years subsequently, in the narrow-minded spirit of "the dark age" of Edinburgh, the magistrates were moved to action, by the fear this new kind of reading might have on the minds of youth, and actually tried, but without effect, to put his library down. Among the leaders of these self-constituted guardians of morality was Erskine Lord Grange, whose life was a scandal to the age. In 1736 Allan Ramsay's passion for the drama prompted him to erect a theatre in Carrubber's Close; but in the ensuing year the act for licensing the stage was passed, and the magistrates ordered the house to be shut up. By this speculation he lost a good deal of money, but it is remarked by his biographers that this was perhaps the only unfortunate project in which he ever engaged. His constant cheerfulness and great conversational powers made him a favourite with all classes; and being fond of children he encouraged his three daughters to bring troops of young girls about his house, and in their sports he mingled with a vivacity singular in one of his years, and for them he was wont to make dolls and cradles with his own hands. In that house on the Castle bank he spent the last twelve years of a blameless life. He did not give up his shop—long the resort of all the wits of Edinburgh, the Hamiltons of Bangour, and Gilbertfield, Gay, and others—till 1755. He died in 1758, in his seventy-second year, and was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard, where a tomb marks his grave. "An elderly female told a friend of mine," says Chambers, "that she remembered, as a girl, living as an apprentice with a milliner in the Grassmarket, being sent to Ramsay Garden, to assist in making dead-clothes for the poet. She could recall, however, no particulars of the same, but the roses blooming in the death-chamber."

The house of the poet passed to his son, Allan, an eminent portrait painter, a man of high culture, and a favourite in those circles wherein Johnson and Boswell moved. He inherited considerable literary taste from his father, and was the founder of the "Select Society" of Edinburgh, in 1754, of which all the learned men there were members. By the interest of Lord Bute he was introduced to George III., when Prince of Wales, whose portrait he painted. He enlarged the house his father built, and also raised the additional large edifices to the eastward, now known as Ramsay Gardens. The biographers of the painter always assert that he made a romantic marriage. In his

youth, when teaching drawing to the daughters of Sir Alexander Lindsay, of Evelick, one of them fell in love with him, and as the consent of the parents was impossible then, they were secretly united in wedlock. He died at Dover in 1784, after which the property went to his son, General John Ramsay (latterly of the Chasseurs Britanniques), who, at his death in 1845, left the property to Murray of Henderland, and so ended the line of the author of "The Gentle Shepherd."

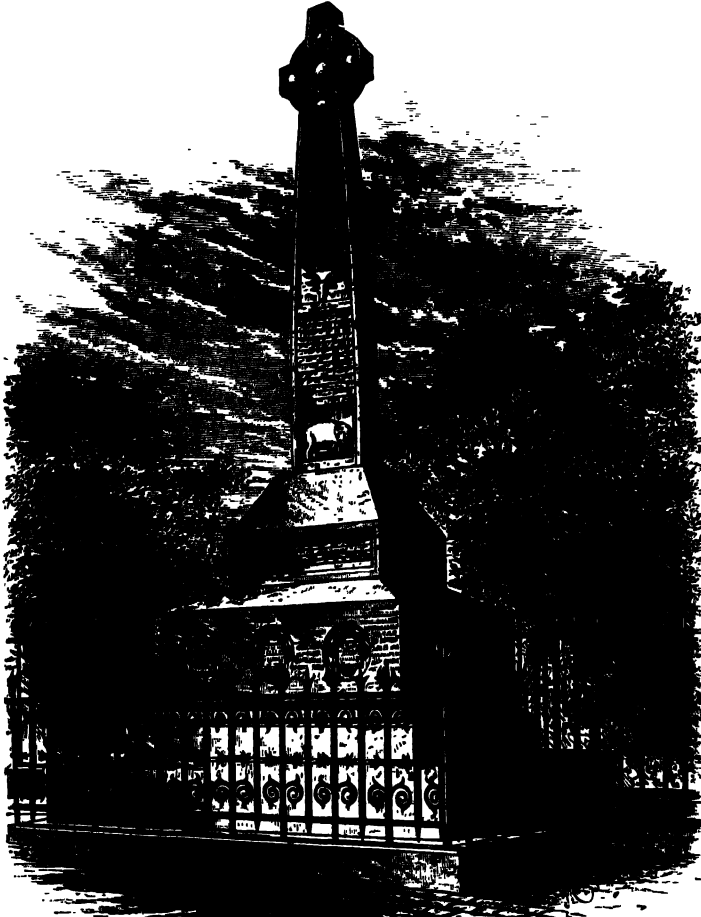
Having thus described the locality of the Esplanade, we shall now relate a few of the terrible episodes—apart from war and tumult—of which it has been the scene.

In the reign of James V. the Master of Forbes was executed here for treason. He and his father had been warded in the Castle on that charge in 1536. By George Earl of Huntly, who bore a bitter animosity to the house of Forbes, the former had been accused of a design to take the life of the king, by shooting him with a hand-gun in Aberdeen, and also of being the chief instigator of the mutiny among the Scottish forces at Jedburgh, when on the march for England. Protesting his innocence, the Master boldly offered to maintain it in single combat against the earl, who gave a bond for 30,000 merks to make good his charge before the 31st of July, 1537. But it was not until the 11th of the same month in the following year that the Master was brought to trial, before Argyle, the Lord Justice General, and Huntly failed not to make good his vaunt. Though the charges were barely proved, and the witnesses were far from exceptionable, the luckless Master of Forbes was sentenced by the Commissioners of Justiciary and fifteen other men of high rank to be hanged, drawn, beheaded, and dismembered as a traitor, on the Castle Hill, which was accordingly done, and his quarters were placed above the city gates. The judges are supposed to have been bribed by Huntly, and many of the jury, though of noble birth, were his hereditary enemies. His father, after a long confinement, and undergoing a tedious investigation, was released from the Castle.

But a more terrible execution was soon to follow—that of Lady Jane Douglas, the young and beautiful widow of John Lord Glamis, who, with her second husband, Archibald Campbell of Skipness, her son the little Lord Glamis, and John Lyon an aged priest, were all committed prisoners to the Castle, on an absurd charge of seeking to compass the death of the king by poison and sorcery. "Jane Douglas," says a writer in "*Miscellanea Scotica*," "was the most renowned beauty in Britain

at that time. She was of ordinary stature, but her mien was majestic; her eyes full, her face oval, her complexion delicate and extremely fair; heaven designed that her mind should want none of those perfections a mortal creature can be capable of; her modesty was admirable, her courage above what could be expected from her sex, her judgment

tuted Court of Justiciary, extremity of agony compelled them to assent to whatever was asked, and they were thus condemned by their own lips. Lady Jane was sentenced to perish at the stake on the Castle Hill. Her son, her husband, and the old friar were all replaced in David's Tower, where the first remained a prisoner till 1542.



MEMORIAL CROSS TO THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS, ESPLANADE, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

solid, and her carriage winning and affable to her inferiors." One of the most ardent of her suitors, on the death of Glammis, was a man named William Lyon, who, on her preferring Campbell of Skipness, vowed by a terrible oath to dedicate his life to revenge. He thus accused Lady Jane and the three others named, and though their friends were inclined to scoff at the idea of treason, the artful addition of "sorcery" was suited to the growing superstition of the age, and steelled against them the hearts of many.

Examined on the rack, before the newly-consti-

Mercy was implored in vain, and on the 17th of July—three days after the execution of the Master of Forbes—the beautiful and unfortunate Lady Jane was led from the Castle gates and chained to a stake. "Barrels tarred, and faggots oiled, were piled around her, and she was burned to ashes within view of her son and husband, who beheld the terrible scene from the tower that overlooked it."

On the following night Campbell, frenzied by grief and despair, attempted to escape, but fell over the rocks, and was found next morning dashed out





PERSPECT OF EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE EAST IN 1770. (After an Engraving in Hugo Arnst's "History of Edinburgh.")

of all human shape at the foot of the cliff. James V. was struck with remorse on hearing all this terrible story. He released the friar; but, singular to say, William Lyon was merely banished the kingdom; while a man named Mackie, by whom the alleged poison was said to be prepared, was shorn of his ears.\*

On the last day of February, 1539, Thomas Forreter, Vicar of Dollar, John Keillor and John Beveridge, two black friars, Duncan Simpson a priest, and a gentleman named Robert Forrester, were all burned together on the Castle Hill on a charge of heresy; and it is melancholy to know that a king so good and so humane as James V. was a spectator of this inhuman persecution for religion, and that he came all the way from Linlithgow Palace to witness it, whither he returned on the 2nd of March. It is probable that he viewed it from the Castle walls.

Again and again has the same place been the scene of those revolting executions for sorcery which disgraced the legal annals of Scotland. There, in 1570, Bessie Dunlop "was worried" at the stake for simply practising as a "wise woman" in curing diseases and recovering stolen goods. Several others perished in 1590-1; among others, Euphémie M'Calzean, for consorting with the devil, abjuring her baptism, making waxen pictures to be enchanted, raising a storm to drown Anne of Denmark on her way to Scotland, and so forth.†

In 1600 Isabel Young was "woryt at a stake" for laying sickness on various persons, "and thereafter burnt to ashes on the Castle Hill."‡ Eight years after, James Reid, a noted sorcerer, perished in the same place, charged with practising healing by the black art, "whilk craft," says one authority, "he learned frae the devil, his master, in Binnie Craigs and Corstorphine, where he met with him and consulted with him divers tymes, whiles in the likeness of a man, whiles in the likeness of a horse." Moreover, he had tried to destroy the crops of David Liberton by putting a piece of enchanted flesh under his mill door, and to destroy David bodily by making a picture of him in wax and melting it before a fire, an ancient superstition—common to the Western Isles and in some parts of Rajpootana to this day. So great was the horror these crimes excited, that he was taken direct from the court to the stake. During the ten years of the Commonwealth executions on this spot occurred with appalling frequency.§ On the 15th October, 1656, seven

culprits were executed at once, two of whom were burned; and on the 9th March, 1659, "there were," says Nicoll, "fyve wemen, witches, brint on the Castell Hill, all of them confessand their covenanting with Satan, sum of thame renunceand thair baptisme, and all of them oft tymes dancing with the devell."

During the reign of Charles I., when the Earl of Stirling obtained permission to colonise Nova Scotia, and to sell baronetcies to some 200 supposed colonists, with power of pit and gallows over their lands, the difficulty of enfeoffing them in possessions so distant was overcome by a royal mandate, converting the soil of the Castle Hill for the time being into that of Nova Scotia; and between 1625 and 1649 sixty-four of these baronets took seisin before the archway of the Spur.

When the latter was fairly removed the hill became the favourite promenade of the citizens; and in June, 1709, we find it acknowledged by the town council, that the Lord's Day "is profaned by people standing in the streets, and vaguing (*sic*) to fields, gardens, and the Castle Hill." Denounce all these as they might, human nature never could be altogether kept off the Castle Hill; and in old times even the most respectable people promenaded there in multitudes between morning and evening service. In the old song entitled "The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katie," to which Allan Ramsay added some verses, the former addresses his mistress:—

"Wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
Coming doon the street, my jo?  
My mistress in her tartan screen,  
Fu bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo!  
'My dear,' quo I, 'thanks to the night,  
That never wished a lover ill,  
Since ye're out o' your mother's sight,  
Let's tak' a walk up to the Hill,'"

In 1858 there ensued a dispute between the magistrates of Edinburgh and the Crown as to the proprietary of the Castle Hill and Esplanade. The former asserted their right to the whole ground claimed by the board of ordnance, acknowledging no other boundary to the possessions of the former than the ramparts of the Castle. This extensive claim they made in virtue of the rights conferred upon them by the golden charter of James VI. in 1603, wherein they were gifted with "all and whole, the loch called the North Loch, lands, pools, and marishes thereof, the north and south banks and braes situated on the west of the burgh, near the Castle of Edinburgh, on both sides of the Castle from the public highway, and that part of

\* Tytler, "Criminal Trials," &c. &c.  
‡ Spotswood, "Miscellany."

‡ "Journal of Occurrences."  
§ Pitcairn.

the said burgh situated under the Castle Hill towards the north, to the head of the bank, and so going down to the said North Loch," &c.

This right of proprietary seems clear enough, yet Lord Neaves decided in favour of the Crown,

and found that "all the ground adjacent to the Castle of Edinburgh, including the Esplanade and the north and south banks or braes," belonged, "*jure coronæ*, to Her Majesty as part and pertinent of the said Castle."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CASTLE HILL (*concluded*).

Dr. Guthrie's Original Ragged School—Old Houses in the Street of the Castle Hill—Duke of Gordon's House, Blair's Close—Webster's Close—Dr. Alex. Webster—Boswell's Court—Hyndford House—Assembly Hall—Houses of the Marquis of Argyll, Sir Andrew Kennedy, the Earl of Cassillis, the Laird of Cockpen—Lord Semple's House—Lord Semple—Palace of Mary of Guise—Its Fate.

ON the north side of this thoroughfare—which, within 150 years ago, was one of the most aristocratic quarters of the old city—two great breaches have been made: one when the Free Church College was built in 1846, and the other, a little later, when Short's Observatory was built in Ramsay Lane, together with the Original Ragged School, which owes its existence to the philanthropic efforts of the late Dr. Guthrie, who, with Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish, took so leading a part in the non-intrusion controversy, which ended in the disruption in 1843 and the institution of the Free Church of Scotland. In 1847 Guthrie's fervent and heart-stirring appeals on behalf of the homeless and destitute children, the little street Arabs of the Scottish capital, led to the establishment of the Edinburgh Original Ragged Industrial School, which has been productive of incalculable benefit to the children of the poorer classes of the city, by affording them the blessing of a good common and Christian education, by training them in habits of industry, enabling them to earn an honest livelihood, and fitting them for the duties of life.

All children are excluded who attend regular day-schools, whose parents have a regular income, or who receive support or education from the parochial board; and the Association consists of all subscribers of 10s. and upwards per annum, or donors of £5 and upwards; and the general plan upon which this ragged school and its branch establishment at Leith Walk, are conducted is as follows, viz.:—"To give children an adequate allowance of food for their daily support; to instruct them in reading, writing, and arithmetic; to train them in habits of industry, by instructing and employing them in such sorts of work as are suited to their years; to teach them the truths of the Gospel, making the Holy Scriptures the groundwork of instruction. On Sabbath the children shall receive food as on other days, and such religious instruction

as shall be arranged by the acting committee," which consists of not less than twelve members.

To this most excellent institution no children are admissible who are above fourteen or under five years of age, and they must either be natives of Edinburgh or resident there at least twelve months prior to application for admission, though, in special cases, it may be limited to six. None are admitted or retained who labour under infectious disease, or whose mental or bodily constitution renders them incapable of profiting by the institution. All must attend church on Sunday, and no formula of doctrine is taught to which their parents may object; and children are excused from attendance at school or worship on Sunday whose parents object to their attendance, but who undertake that the children are otherwise religiously instructed in the tenets of the communion to which they belong, provided they are in a condition to be entrusted with the care of their children.

Such were the broad, generous, and liberal views of Dr. Guthrie, and most ably have they been carried out.

According to the Report for 1879—which may be taken as fairly typical of the work done in this eminently useful institution—there was an average attendance in the Ramsay Lane Schools of 216 boys and 89 girls. The Industrial Department comprises carpentry, box-making, shoemaking, and tailoring, and the net profits made by the boys in these branches amounted to £182 14s. 5½d. Besides this the boys do all the washing, help the cook, make their beds, and wash the rooms they occupy twice a week. The washing done by boys was estimated at £130, and the girls, equally industrious, did work to the value (including the washing) of £109 7s.

Full of years and honour, Dr. Thomas Guthrie died 24th February, 1873.

Memories of these old houses that have passed away, yet remain, while on the opposite side of the

street some are unchanged in external aspect since the days of the Stuarts.

On the pediment of a dormer window of the house that now forms the south-west angle of the street, directly facing the Castle, and overlooking

arch, within which, is a large coronet, supported by two deerhounds, well known features in the Gordon arms. Local tradition universally affirms this mansion to have been the residence of the dukes of that title, which was bestowed on the house



THE CASTLE HILL, 1845.

the steep flight of steps that descend to Johnston Terrace, we find a date 1630, with the initials A. M.—M. N., and in the wall below there still remains a cannon ball, fired from the half-moon during the blockade in 1745. Through this building there is a narrow alley named Blair's Close—so narrow indeed, that amid the brightest sunshine there is never in it more than twilight—giving access to an open court, at the first angle of which is a handsome Gothic doorway, surmounted by an ogee

of Huntly in 1684; but the edifice in question evidently belongs to an anterior age; and the old tradition was proved to be correct, when in a disposition (now in possession of the City Improvement Commission) by Sir Robert Baird to his son William, dated 1694, he describes it as “all and hail, that my lodging in the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, formerly possessed by the Duchess of Gordon.”

The latter was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daugh-

ter of the Duke of Norfolk and wife of Duke George, who so gallantly defended the Castle against the troops of William of Orange; during the lifetime of the duke she retired to a Belgian convent, but afterwards returned to the old mansion in Edinburgh, where she frequently resided till her death, which took place at the abbey in 1732,

life, destroyed utterly the ancient Gothic fireplace, which was very beautiful in its design.

This house is mentioned in the "Diurnal of Occurrents" as being, in 1570, the residence of Patrick Edgar; and after it passed from the Gordons it was possessed by the family of Newbyth, who resided in it for several generations, and



ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE.

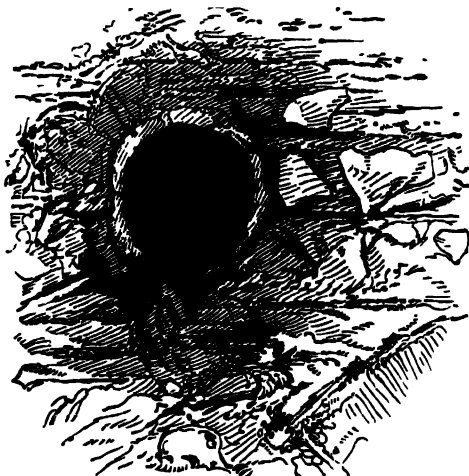
sixteen years after that of the duke at Leith. The internal fittings of the mansion are in many respects unchanged since its occupation by the duchess. It is wood-panelled throughout, and one large room which overlooks the Esplanade is decorated with elaborate carvings, and with a large painting over the mantelpiece the production of Norrie, a famous house-decorator of the eighteenth century, whose genius for landscapes entitles him to a place among Scottish painters. An explosion of gunpowder which took place in the basement of the house in 1811, attended with serious loss of

therein, on the 6th December, 1757, was born the gallant Sir David Baird, Bart., the hero of Seringapatam and conqueror of Tippoo Saib; and therein he was educated and brought up. Returning years after, he visited the place of his birth, which had long since passed into other hands. Chambers relates that the individual then occupying the house received the veteran hero with great respect, and, after showing him through it, ushered him into the little garden behind, where some boys were engaged in mischievously throwing cabbage stalks at the chimneys of the Grassmarket. On

one going plump down a vent they set up a shout of joy. Sir David laughed, and entreated the father of the lads "not to be too angry; he and his brother," he added with some emotion, "when

than mortal purity, he says that at length he clasps her to his bosom and discovers that she is but a woman after all!

"When I see thee, I love thee, but hearing adore,  
I wonder and think you a woman no more,  
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,  
And, kissing those lips, find you woman again!"



CANNON BALL IN WALL OF HOUSE IN CASTLE HILL.

living here at the same age, had indulged in precisely the same amusement, the chimneys then, as now, being so provokingly open to attacks, that there was no resisting the temptation." From the Bairds of Newbyth the house passed to the Browns of Greenbank, and from them, Brown's Close, where the modern entrance to it is situated, derives its name.

On the same side of the street Webster's Close served to indicate the site of the house of Dr. Alexander Webster, appointed in 1737 to the Tolbooth church. In his day one of the most popular men in the city, he was celebrated for his wit and social qualities, and amusing stories are still told of his fondness for claret. With the assistance of Dr. Wallace he matured his favourite scheme of a perpetual fund for the relief of widows and children of the clergy of the Scottish Church; and when, in 1745, Edinburgh was in possession of the Jacobite clans, he displayed a striking proof of his fearless character by employing all his eloquence and influence to retain the people in their loyalty to the house of Hanover. He had some pretension to the character of a poet, and an amatory piece of his has been said to rival the effusions of Catullus. It was written in allusion to his marriage with Mary Erskine. There is one wonderfully impassioned verse, in which, after describing a process of the imagination, by which he comes to think his innamorata a creature of more

He died in January, 1784.

Eastward of this point stands a very handsome old tenement of great size and breadth, presenting a front of polished ashlar to the street, surmounted by dormer windows. Over the main entrance to Boswell's Court (so named from a doctor who resided there about the close of the last century) there is a shield, and one of those pious legends so peculiar to most old houses in Scottish burghs. O. LORD. IN. THE. IS. AL. MI. TRAIST. And this edifice uncorroborated tradition asserts to have been the mansion of the Earls of Bothwell.

A tall narrow tenement immediately to the west of the Assembly Hall forms the last ancient building on the south side of the street. It was built in 1740, by Mowbray of Castlewan, on the site of a venerable mansion belonging to the Countess Dowager of Hyndford (Elizabeth daughter of John Earl of Lauderdale), and from him it passed, about 1747, into the possession of William Earl of Dumfries, who served in the Scots Greys and Scots Guards, who was an *aide de camp* at the battle of Dettingen, and who succeeded his mother, Penelope, countess in her own right, and afterwards, by the death of his brother, as Earl of Stair. He was succeeded in it by his widow, who, within exactly a year and day of his death, married the Hon. Alexander Gordon (son of the Earl of Aberdeen), who, on his appointment to the bench in 1784, assumed the title of Lord Rockville.

He was the last man of rank who inhabited this stately old mansion; but the narrow alley which gives access to the court behind bore the name of Rockville Close. Within it, and towards the west there towered a tall substantial edifice once the residence of the Countess of Hyndford, and sold by her, in 1740, to Henry Bothwell of Glen-corse, last Lord Holyroodhouse, who died at his mansion in the Canongate in 1755.

The corner of the street is now terminated by the magnificent hall built in 1842-4, at the cost of £16,000 for the accommodation of the General Assembly, which sits here annually in May, presided over by a Commissioner, who is always a Scottish nobleman, and resides in Holyrood Palace, where he holds royal state, and gives levées in the gallery of the kings of Scotland. The octagonal

spire which surmounts the massive Gothic tower at the main entrance rises to an altitude of 240 feet, and forms a point in all views of the city.

Many quaint closes and picturesque old houses were swept away to give place to this edifice, and to the hideous western approach, which weakened the strength and destroyed the amenity of the Castle in that quarter. Among these, in Ross's Court, stood the house of the great Marquis of Argyll, which, in the days of Creech, was rented by a hosier at £12 per annum. In another, named Kennedy's Close—latterly a mean and squalid alley—there resided, until almost recent times, a son of Sir Andrew Kennedy of Clowburn, Bart., whose title is now extinct; and the front tenement was alleged to have been the town residence of those proud and fiery Earls of Cassillis, the "kings of Carrick," whose family name was Kennedy, and whose swords were seldom in the scabbard. Here, too, stood a curious old timber-fronted "land," said to have been a nonjurant Episcopal chapel, in which was a beautifully sculptured Gothic niche with a cusped canopy, and which Wilson supposes to have been one of the private oratories that Arnot states to have been existing in his time, and in which the baptismal fonts were then remaining.

On the north side of the street, most quaint was the group of buildings partly demolished to make way for Short's Observatory. One was dated 1621; another was very lofty, with two crowstepped gables and four elaborate string mouldings on a smooth ashlar front. The first of these, which stood at the corner of Ramsay Lane, and had some very ornate windows, was universally alleged to be the town residence of that personage so famous in Scottish song, the Laird of Cockpen, whose family name was Ramsay (being a branch of the noble family of Dalhousie) and from whom some affirm the lane to have been called, long before the days of the poet. By an advertisement in the *Edinburgh Courier* for January, 1761, we find that Lady Cockpen was then resident in a house "in the Bell Close," the north side of the Castle Hill, the rental of which was £14 10s.

The last noble occupants of the old mansion were two aged ladies, daughters of the Lord Gray of Kinfauns. The house adjoining bore the date as mentioned, 1621; and the one below it was a fine specimen of the wooden-fronted tenements, with the oak timbers of the projecting gable beautifully carved. During the early part of the 18th century this was the town mansion of David third Earl of Leven, who succeeded the Duke of Gordon as governor of the Castle in 1689, and belied

his race by his cowardice at Killiecrankie. "No doubt," wrote an old cavalier at a later period, "if Her Majesty Queen Anne had been rightly informed of his care of the Castle, where there were not ten barrels of powder when the Pretender was on the coast of Scotland, and of his courteous behaviour to ladies—particularly how he horsewhipped the Lady Mortonhall—she would have made him a general for life." \*

Close by this edifice there stands, in Semple's Close, a fine example of its time, the old family mansion of the Lords Semple of Castlesemple. Large and substantially built, it is furnished with a projecting octagonal turnpike stair, over the door to which is the boldly-cut legend—

PRaised BE THE LORD MY GOD, MY STRENGTH  
AND MY REDEEMER.

ANNO DOM. 1638.

Over a second doorway is the inscription—*Sedes, Manet optima Cælo*, with the above date repeated, and the coat of arms of some family now unknown. Hugh eleventh Lord Semple, in 1743 purchased the house from two merchant burgesses of Edinburgh, who severally possessed it, and he converted it into one large mansion. He had seen much military service in Queen Anne's wars, both in Spain and Flanders. In 1718 he was major of the Cameronians; and in 1743 he commanded the Black Watch, and held the town of Aeth when it was besieged by the French. In 1745 he was colonel of the 25th or Edinburgh Regiment, and commanded the left wing of the Hanoverian army at the battle of Culloden.

Few families have been more associated with Scottish song than the Semples. Prior to the acquisition of this mansion their family residence appears to have been in Leith, and it is referred to in a poem by Francis Semple, of Belltrees, written about 1680. The Lady Semple of that day, a daughter of Sir Archibald Primrose of Dalmeny (ancestor of the Earls of Rosebery) is traditionally said to have been a Roman Catholic. Thus, her house was a favourite resort of the priesthood then visiting Scotland in disguise, and she had a secret passage by which they could escape to the fields in time of peril.

Anne, fourth daughter of Hugh Lord Semple, was married in September, 1754, to Dr. Austin, of Edinburgh, author of the well-known song, "For lack of gold," in allusion to Jean Drum-

mond, of Megginch, who jilted him for the Duke of Athol.

"For lack of gold she left me, O!  
And of all that's dear bereft me, O!  
For Athol's Duke  
She me forsook.  
And to endless care has left me, O!"

The Doctor died in 1774, in his house at the north-west corner of Brown Square; but his widow survived him nearly twenty years. Her brother John, twelfth Lord Semple, in 1755 sold the

up her residence for a few days after the murder of Rizzio, as she feared to trust herself within the blood-stained precincts of the palace. Over its main doorway there was cut in old Gothic letters the legend *Laus honor Deo*, with I. R., the initials of King James V., and at each end were shields having the monograms of the Saviour and the Virgin. The mansion, though it had been sorely changed and misused, still exhibited some large and handsome fireplaces, with beautifully clustered pillars, and seven elaborately sculptured



THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

family mansion to Sir James Clerk of Penicuik, well-known in his time as a man of taste, and the patron of Runciman the artist.

An ancient pile of buildings, now swept away, but which were accessible by Blyth's, Tod's, and Nairne's Closes, formed once the residence of Mary of Lorraine and Guise, widow of James V., and Regent of Scotland from 1554 to 1560. It is conjectured that this palace and oratory were erected immediately after the burning of Holyrood and the city by the English in 1544, when the widowed queen would naturally seek a more secure habitation within the walls of the city, and close to the Castle guns. In this edifice it is supposed that Mary, her daughter, after succeeding in detaching the imbecile Darnley from his party, took

stone recesses, with much fine oak carving in the doors and panels that are still preserved. Over one of the former are the heads of King James V., with his usual slouched bonnet, and of his queen, whose well-known beauty certainly cannot be traced in this instance.

A portion of this building, accessible by a stair near the head of the close, contained a hall, with other apartments, all remarkable for the great height and beauty of their ceilings, on all of which were coats armorial in fine stucco. In the decorated chimney of the former were the remains of one of those chains to which, in Scotland, the poker and tongs were usually attached, to prevent their being used as weapons in case of any sudden quarrel. One chamber was long known as the



queen's *Dead-room*, where the individuals of the royal establishment were kept between their death and burial. In 1828 there was found walled up in the oratory an infantine head and hand in wax, being all that remained of a *bambino*, or figure of the child Jesus, and now preserved by the Society of Antiquaries. The edifice had many windows on the northern side, and from these a fine view

spent her youth in the proud halls of the Guises in Picardy, and had been the spouse of a Longueville, was here content to live—in a close in Edinburgh! In these obscurities, too, was a government conducted, which had to struggle with Knox, Glencairn, James Stewart, Morton, and many other powerful men, backed by a popular sentiment which never fails to triumph. It was



DUKE OF GORDON'S HOUSE, BLAIR'S CLOSE, CASTLE HILL.

must have been commanded of the gardens in the immediate foreground, sloping downward to the loch, the opposite bank, with its farm-houses, the Firth of Forth, and Fifeshire. "It was interesting," says the author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," "to wander through the dusky mazes of this ancient building, and reflect that they had been occupied three centuries ago by a sovereign princess, and of the most illustrious lineage. Here was a substantial monument of the connection between Scotland and France. She, whose ancestors owned Lorraine as a sovereignty, who had

the misfortune of Mary (of Guise) to be placed in a position to resist the Reformation. Her own character deserved that she should have stood in a more agreeable relation to what Scotland now venerates, for she was mild and just, and sincerely anxious for the welfare of her adopted country. It is also proper to remember on the present occasion, that in her Court she maintained a decent gravity, nor would she tolerate any licentious practices therein. Her maids of honour were always busied in commendable exercises, she herself being an example to them in virtue, piety, and modesty.

When all is considered, and we further know that the building was strong enough to have lasted many more ages, one cannot but regret that the palace of Mary de Guise, reduced as it was to vile-ness, should not now be in existence. The site having been purchased by individuals connected with the Free Church, the buildings were removed in 1846 to make room for the erection of an acade-mical institution, or college, for that body."

The demolition of this mansion brought to light a concealed chamber on the first floor, lighted by a narrow loophole opening into Nairne's Close. The entrance had been by a movable panel, affording access to a narrow flight of steps wound round in the wall of the turnpike stair. The existence of this mysterious chamber was totally unknown to the various inhabitants, and all tradition has been lost of those to whom it may have afforded escape or refuge.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses an undoubted portrait of Mary of Guise. It represents her with a brilliantly fair complexion, with reddish, or auburn hair. This is believed to be the only authentic one in existence. The portrait alleged to be of her in the Trinity House at Leith is a bad copy, by Mytens, of that of her daughter at St. James's. Some curious items connected with her Court are to be found in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer, among them are the following:—

At her coronation in 1540, "Item, deliverit to ye French telzour, to be ane cote to Serrat, the Queen's fule," &c. Green and yellow seem to have

been the Court fool's livery; but Mary of Guise appears to have had a female buffoon and male and female dwarfs:—"1562. Paid for ane cote, hois, lynning and making, to Jonat Musche, fule, £4 5s. 6d.; 1565, for green plaiding to make ane bed to Jardinar the fule, with white fustione fedders," &c.; in 1566, there is paid for a garment of red and yellow, to be a gown "for Jane Colquhoun, fule;" and in 1567, another entry, for broad English yellow, "to be cote, breeks, also sarkis, to James Geddie, fule."

The next occupant of the Guise palace, or of that portion thereof which stood in Tod's Close, was Edward Hope, son of John de Hope, a Frenchman who had come to Scotland in the retinue of Magdalene, first queen of James V., in 1537.

It continued in possession of the Hopes till 1691, when it was acquired by James, first Viscount Stair, for 3,000 guilders, Dutch money, probably in connection with some transaction in Holland, from whence he accompanied William of Orange four years before. In 1702 it was the abode and property of John Wightman of Mauldsie, afterwards Lord Provost of the city. From that period it was the residence of a succession of wealthy burgesses—the closes being then, and till a comparatively recent period, exclusively occupied by peers and dignitaries of rank and wealth. Since then it shared the fate of all the patrician dwellings in old Edinburgh, and became the squalid abode of a host of families in the most humble ranks of life.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LAWNMARKET.

The Lawnmarket—*Risps*—The Weigh-house—Major Somerville and Captain Crawford—Anderson's Pile—Mylne's Court—James's Court—Sir John Lauder—Sir Islay Campbell—David Hume—"Corsica"—Boswell—Dr. Johnson—Dr. Blair—Gladstone's Land—A Fire in 1771.

THE Lawnmarket is the general designation of that part of the town which is a continuation of the High Street, but lies between the head of the old West Bow and St. Giles's Church, and is about 510 feet in length. Some venerable citizens still living can recall the time when this spacious and stately thoroughfare used to be so covered by the stalls and canvas booths of the "lawn-merchants," with their webs and rolls of cloth of every description, that it gave the central locality an appearance of something between a busy country fair and an Indian camp. Like many other customs of the olden time this has passed away, and the name alone remains to indicate the former usages of the place, although the importance of the street was such that its occupants had a community of their

own called the Lawnmarket Club, which was famous in its day for the earliest possession of English and foreign intelligence.

Among other fashions and customs departed, it may be allowable here to notice an adjunct of the first-floor dwellings of old Edinburgh. The means of bringing a servant to the door was neither a knocker nor bell, but an apparatus peculiar to Scotland alone, and still used in some parts of Fife, called a *risp*, which consists of a slender bar of serrated or twisted iron screwed to the door in an upright position, about two inches from it, and furnished with a large ring, by which the bar could be rasped, or risped, in such a way as secured attention. In many instances the doors were also furnished with two eyelet-holes, through which the

visitor could be fully viséd before admission was accorded. In many other instances the entrances to the turnpike stairs had loopholes for arrows or musketry, and the archways to the closes and wynds had single and sometimes double gates, the great hooks of which still remain in some places, and on which these were last hung in 1745, prior to the occupation of the city by the Highlanders.

The Lawnmarket was bounded on the west by the Butter Tron, or Weigh-house, and on the east by the Tolbooth, which adjoined St. Giles's, thus forming in earlier times the greatest open space, save the Grassmarket, within the walls. The Weigh-house, built on ground which was granted to the citizens by David II., in 1352, was a clumsy and hideous edifice, rebuilt in 1660, on the site of the previous building, which Gordon of Rothiemay, in his map of 1647, shows to have been rather an ornate edifice, two storeys in height, with a double outside stair on the south side, and a steeple and vane at the east end, above an archway, where enormous quantities of butter and cheese were continually being disposed of. (See pp. 112, 332.)

In 1640 the Lawnmarket was the scene of a remarkable single combat, of which we have a very clearly-detailed account in "The Memoirs of the Somervilles." In that year, when Major Somerville of Drum commanded the garrison of Covenanting troops in Edinburgh Castle, a Captain Crawford, who, though not one of his officers, deemed himself privileged to enter the fortress at all times, walked up to the gates one morning, and, on finding them closed, somewhat peremptorily demanded admission. The sentinel within told him that he must "before entering, acquaint Major Somerville with his name and rank." To this Crawford replied, furiously, "Your major is neither a soldier nor a gentleman, and if he were without this gate, and at a distance from his guards, I would tell him that he was a pitiful cullion to boot!"

The irritated captain was retiring down the Castle Hill, when he was overtaken, rapier in hand, by Major Somerville, to whom the sentinel had found means to convey the obnoxious message with mischievous precision.

"Sir," said the major, "you must permit me to accompany you a little way, and then you shall know more of my mind." "I will wait on you where you please," replied Crawford, grimly; and they walked together in silence to the south side of the Greyfriars churchyard, at all times a lonely place.

"Now," said Somerville, unsheathing his sword, "I am without the Castle gates and at a distance from my guards. Draw and make good your threat!" Instead of defending himself like a man

of honour, Crawford took off his hat, and begged pardon, on which Somerville jerked his long bowl-hilted rapier into its sheath, and said, with scorn, "You have neither the discretion of a gentleman, nor the courage of a soldier; begone for a coward and fool, fit only for Bedlam!" and he returned to the Castle, accompanied by his officers, who had followed them to see the result of the quarrel. It is said that Crawford had been offended at not being invited to a banquet given in the Castle by Somerville to old General Ruthven, on the day after the latter surrendered. As great liberties were taken with him after this in consequence of his doubtful reputation for courage, he resolved, by satisfaction demanded in a public and desperate manner, to retrieve his lost honour, or die in seeking it. Thus, one forenoon, about eleven o'clock, when the Major was on his way to visit General Sir Alexander Leslie, and proceeding down the spacious Lawnmarket, which at that hour was always thronged with idlers, he was suddenly confronted by Captain Crawford, who, unsheathing both sword and dagger, exclaimed, "If you be a pretty man—draw!" With a thick walking cane recently presented to him by General Ruthven, the Major parried his onset and then drew his sword, which was a half-rapier slung in a shoulder-belt, and attacked the Captain so briskly, that he was forced to fall back, pace by pace, fighting desperately, from the middle of the Lawnmarket to the goldsmiths' booths, where Somerville struck him down on the causeway by the iron pommel of his sword, and disarmed him. Several of Somerville's soldiers now came upon the scene, and by these he would have been slain, had not the victor protected him; but for this assault upon a superior officer he was thrown into prison, where he lay for a year, heavily manacled, and in a wretched condition, till Somerville's wife, who resided at the Drum House, near Gilmerton, and to whom he had written an imploring letter, procured his liberation.

Here in the Lawnmarket, in the lofty tenement dated 1690, on the second floor, is the "shop" where that venerable drug, called the "Grana Angelica," but better known among the country people as "Anderson's Pills," are sold. They took their origin from a physician of the time of Charles I., who gave them his name, and of whom a long account was given in the *University Magazine*, and locally their fame lasted for nearly 250 years. From his daughter Lilius Anderson, the patent, granted by James VII., came "to Thomas Weir, surgeon, in Edinburgh," who left the secret of preparing the pills to his daughter, Mrs. Irving, who died in 1837, at the age of

ninety-nine. Portraits of Anderson and his daughter, in Vandyke costumes, the former with a book in his hand, and the latter with a pill the size of a walnut between her fingers, are still preserved in the house. It was in 1635 that the Doctor first

tablature, bearing the date 1690, is the main entrance to this court, the principal house of which, forming its northern side, has a very handsome doorway, peaked in the centre, like an ogee arch, with ornate mouldings that mark the handiwork of



ASSEMBLY HALL. (From an Engraving published in 1845.)

made known the virtues of his pills, which is really a good form of aloetic medicine.

In Mylne's Court, on the north side of the Lawnmarket, we find the first attempt to substitute an open square of some space for the narrow closes which so long contained the town residences of the Scottish noblesse. Under a Roman Doric en-

the builder, Robert Mylne, who erected the more modern portions of Holyrood Palace—the seventh royal master-mason, whose uncle's tomb, on the east side of the Greyfriars churchyard, bears that he—

“Sixth master-mason to a royal race,  
Of seven successive kings, sleeps in this place.”

The edifice that forms the west side of Mylne's Court belongs to an earlier period, and had once been the side of the close. The most northerly portion, which presents a very irregular but most picturesque façade, with dormer windows above the line of the roof, was long the town mansion of the Lairds of Comiston. Over the entrance is a very common Edinburgh legend, *Blissit be God in al his Giftis*, and the date, 1580. Bartholomew Somerville, a merchant and burgess, was one of the earliest inhabitants of this edifice, and his name appears conspicuously among those to whose liberality Edinburgh was indebted for the establishment of her University on a lasting basis. Here also resided Sir John Harper of Cambusnethan.

In 1710, Lord Fountainhall reports a case connected with this court, in which Bailie Michael Allan, a proprietor there, endeavoured to prevent the entrance of "heavy carriages," which damaged his cellar under the pend thereto.

The last person of rank resident here was Lady Isabella Douglas, who had a house on the west side of it in 1761.

Robert, the son of Mylne, the builder, who was born in 1734, settled in London as an architect, and his plan for constructing a bridge at Blackfriars was preferred to those of twenty other candidates,\* and on its completion he was appointed surveyor of St. Paul's Cathedral, with a salary of £300 per annum.

Eastward of Mylne's Court is James's Court, a more modern erection of the same kind, associated, in various ways, with some of the most eminent men in the Scottish capital; for here resided David Hume, after his removal from Jack's Land in the Canongate, in 1762; in the same house afterwards dwelt Boswell, and here he welcomed Paoli, the Corsican chief, in 1771, and the

still more illustrious Dr. Johnson, when, in 1773, he was on his way to the Western Isles.

James's Court occupies the site of some now forgotten closes, in one of which dwelt Sir John Lauder, afterwards Lord Fountainhall, author of the famous "Decisions" and other works. At the trial of the Earl of Argyle, in 1681, for an alleged illegal construction of the Test, Lauder acted as counsel for that unfortunate nobleman, together with Sir George Lockhart and six other advocates. These having all signed an opinion that his explana-

tion of the Test contained nothing treasonable, were summoned before the Privy Council, and after being examined on oath, were dismissed with a warning and censure by the Duke of Albany. Though it is so long ago as September, 1722, since Lord Fountainhall died, a tradition of his residence has come down to the present time. "The mother of the late Mr. Gilbert Innes of Stow," says Chambers, "was a daughter of his lordship's son, Sir Andrew Lauder, and she used to describe to her children the visits she used to pay to her venerable grandfather's house, situated, as



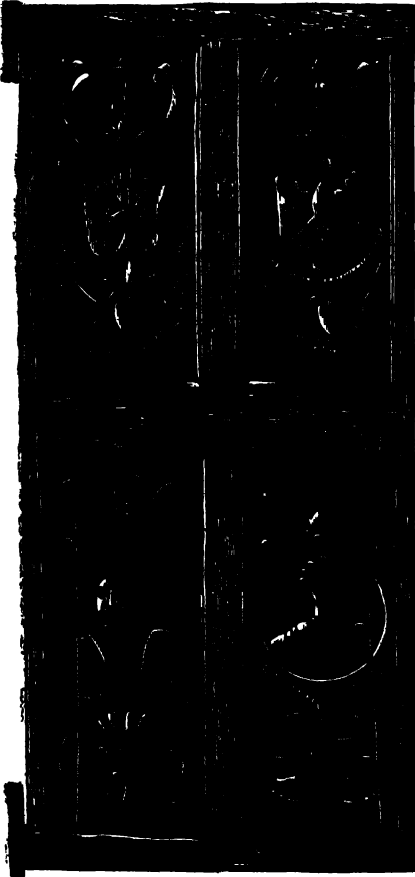
THE ORATORY OF MARY OF GUISE.

she said, where James's Court now stands. She and her sister always went with their maid on the Saturday afternoons, and were shown into a room where the aged judge was sitting—a room covered with gilt leather, and containing many huge presses and cabinets, one of which was ornamented with a death's head at the top. After amusing themselves for an hour or two with his lordship they used each to get a shilling from him, and retire. . . . It is curious to think that the mother of a gentleman living in 1839 (for only then did Mrs. Innes of Stow leave this earthly scene) should have been familiar with a lawyer who entered at the bar soon after the Restoration (1668), and acted as counsel for the unfortunate Earl of Argyle in 1681—a being

\* "Old and New London," vol. I, pp. 209-6.

of an age as different in every respect from the present as the wilds of North America are different from the long-practised lands of Lothian or Devonshire."

In James's Court was the residence of Sir Islay Campbell, Lord President, whose mother was Helen Wallace, a daughter of the house of Ellerslie. Ad-



OAK DOOR, FROM THE GUISE PALACE.  
(From the Original in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.)

mitted to the bar in 1757, he was one of the counsel for the defender in the famous Douglas case, and, on the decision of the House of Lords being given, he posted to Edinburgh ere the mail could arrive, and was the first to announce to the crowds assembled at the Cross the great intelligence. "Douglas for ever!" he cried, waving his hat in the air.

A shout from the people responded, and, untracing the horses from his carriage, they drew it in triumph to his house in James's Court, probably the same in which his father, who was long one of the principal clerks of Session, resided.

This court is a well-known pile of building which rises to a vast height at the head of the Earthen Mound, and was erected between 1725 and 1727 by James Brownhill, a speculative builder, and for years after it was deemed a fashionable quarter, the denizens of which were all persons of good position, though each occupied but a flat or floor; they clubbed in all public measures, kept a secretary to record their names and proceedings, and had balls and parties among themselves; but among the many local notables who dwelt here the names of only three, Hume, Boswell, and Dr. Blair, are familiar to us now. Burton, the biographer of the historian of England, thus describes this great fabric, the western portion of which was destroyed by fire in 1858, and has erected on its site, in the old Scottish style, an equally lofty structure for the Savings Bank and Free Church offices; consequently the houses rendered so interesting by the names of Hume, Blair, Johnson, and Boswell, are among the things that were. "Entering one of the doors opposite to the main entrance, the stranger is sometimes led by a friend, wishing to afford him an agreeable surprise, down flight after flight of the steps of a stone staircase, and when he imagines he is descending so far into the bowels of the earth, he emerges on the edge of a cheerful, crowded thoroughfare, connecting together the old and new town, the latter of which lies spread before him in a contrast to the gloom from which he has emerged. When he looks up to the building containing the *upright street* through which he has descended, he sees that vast pile of tall houses standing at the head of the Mound, which creates astonishment in every visitor of Edinburgh. This vast fabric is built on the declivity of a hill, and thus one entering on the level of the Lawnmarket, is at the height of several storeys from the ground on the side next the New Town. I have ascertained that by ascending the western of the two stairs facing the entry of James's Court to the height of three storeys we arrive at the door of David Hume's house, which, of the two doors on that landing place, is the one towards the left."

The first fixed residence of David Hume was in Riddell's Land, Lawnmarket, near the head of the West Bow. From thence he removed to Jack's Land, in the Canongate, where nearly the whole of his "History of England" was written; and it is somewhat singular that Dr. Smollett, the continuator of that work, lived some time after in his sister's house, exactly opposite. The great historian and philosopher dwelt but a short time in James's Court, when he went to France as Secretary to the Embassy. During his absence, which lasted some

years, his house was rented by Dr. Blair; but amid the gaieties of Paris his mind would seem to have reverted to his Scottish home. "I am sensible that I am misplaced, and I wish twice or thrice a-day for my easy-chair, and *my retreat in James's Court*," he wrote to his friend Dr. Ferguson; then he added, as Burton tells us, "Never think, dear Ferguson, that as long as you are master of your own fireside and your own time, you can be unhappy, or that any other circumstance can add to your enjoyment." "Never put a fire in the south room with the red paper," he wrote to Dr. Blair; "it is so warm of itself, that all last winter, which was a very severe one, I lay with a single blanket, and frequently, upon coming in at midnight starving with cold, I have sat down and read for an hour as if I had a stove in the room." One of his most intimate friends and correspondents while in France was Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, authoress of one of the beautiful songs called "The Flowers of the Forest," who died at Edinburgh, 1794. Some of her letters to Hume are dated in 1764, from Baird's Close, on the Castle Hill. About the year 1766, when still in Paris, he began to think of settling there, and gave orders to sell his house in James's Court, and he was prevented from doing so only by a mere chance. Leaving the letter of instruction to be posted by his Parisian landlord, he set out to pass his Christmas with the Countess de Boufflers at L'Isle Adam; but a snow storm had blocked up the roads. He returned to Paris, and finding that his letter had not yet been posted, he changed his mind, and thought that he had better retain his flat in James's Court, to which he returned in 1766. He soon after left it as Under-Secretary of State to General Conway, but in 1769, on the resignation of that Minister, he returned again to James's Court, with what was then deemed opulence—£1,000 per annum—and became the head of that brilliant circle of literary men who then adorned Edinburgh. "I am glad to come within sight of you," he wrote to Adam Smith, then busy with "The Wealth of Nations" in the quietude of his mother's house, "and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows; but I wish also to be on speaking terms with you." In another letter he speaks of "my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful and very elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life."

Elsewhere we shall find David Hume in a more fashionable abode in the new town of Edinburgh, and on his finally quitting James's Court, his house there was leased by James Boswell, whose character

is thus summed up by Lord Macanlay:—"Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London; so curious to know everybody who was talked about that, Tory and High Churchman though he was, he manoeuvred for an introduction to Tom Paine; so vain of the most childish distinctions, that when he had been to Court he drove to the office where his book was printing, without changing his clothes, and summoned all the winter's devils to admire his new ruffles and sw\`t. Such was this man, and such he was content to be."

He was the eldest son of Alexander Boswell, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, a sound scholar, a respectable and useful country gentleman, an able and upright judge, who, on his elevation to the Bench, in compliance with the Scottish custom, assumed the distinctive title of Lord Auchinleck, from his estate in Ayrshire. His mother, Eupham Erskine, a descendant of the line of Alloa, from the House of Mar, was a woman of exemplary piety. To James's Court, Boswell, in August, 1773, conducted Dr. Johnson, from the White Horse Hostel, in St. Mary's Wynd, then one of the principal inns of Edinburgh, where he found him storming at the waiter for having sweetened his lemonade without using the sugar-tongs. "Johnson and I," says Boswell, "walked arm-in-arm up the High Street to my house in James's Court, and as we went, he acknowledged that the breadth of the street and the loftiness of the buildings on each side made a noble appearance." "My wife had tea ready for him," he adds, "and we sat chatting till nearly two in the morning." It would appear that before the time of the visit—which lasted over several days—Boswell had removed into a better and larger mansion, immediately below and on the level of the court, a somewhat extraordinary house in its time, as it consisted of two floors with an internal stair. Mrs. Boswell, who was Margaret Montgomery, a relation of the Earl of Eglington, a gentlewoman of good breeding and brilliant understanding, was disgusted with the bearing and manners of Johnson, and expressed her opinion of him that he was "a great brute!" And well might she think so, if Macaulay's description of him be correct. "He could fast, but when he did not fast he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling in his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks; he scarcely ever took wine; but when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large

tumblers. Everything about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eyes, his insatiable appetite for fish sauce and veal pie with plums, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his

saw a man led by a bear!" So romantic and fervid was his admiration of Johnson, that he tells us he added £500 to the fortune of one of his daughters, Veronica, because when a baby she was not frightened by the hideous visage of the lexicographer.



LORD SEMPLE'S HOUSE, CASTLE HILL.

midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence and his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage," &c., all served to make it a source of wonder to Mrs. Boswell that her husband could abide, much less worship, such a man. Thus, she once said to him, with extreme warmth, "I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before

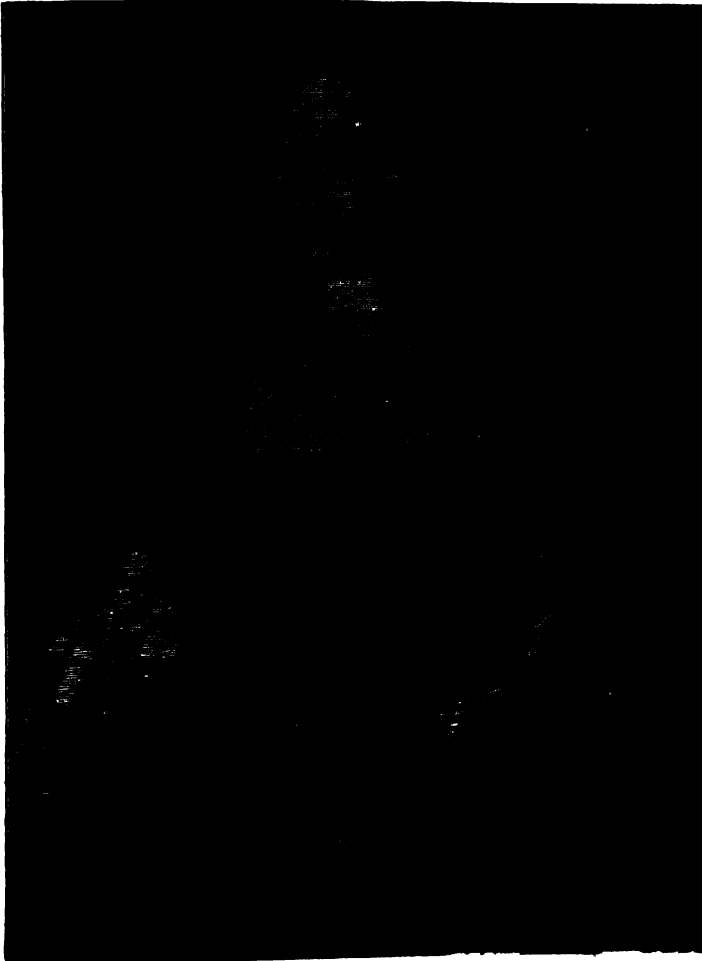
Among those invited to meet him at James's Court was Margaret Duchess of Douglas, a lady noted among those of her own rank for her illiteracy, and whom Johnson describes as "talking broad Scotch with a paralytic voice, as scarcely understood by her own countrymen;" yet it was remarked that in that which we would term now a spirit of "mobbery," Johnson reserved his attentions during the whole evening exclusively for the



duchess. A daughter of Douglas of Mains, she was the widow of Archibald Duke of Douglas, who died in 1761.

While on this visit, Patrick Lord Elibank, a learned and accomplished noble, addressed a letter to him, and they afterwards had various conversations on literary subjects, all of which are duly

On one occasion he was in a large party, of which David Hume was one. A mutual friend proposed to introduce him to the historian. "No, sir!" bellowed the intolerant moralist, and turned away. Among Boswell's friends and visitors at James's Court were Lords Kames and Hailes, the annalist of Scotland; Drs. Robertson, Blair, and



MARY OF GUISE. (*From the Portrait in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.*)

recorded in the pages of the sycophantic Boswell. Johnson was well and hospitably received by all classes in Edinburgh, where his roughness of manner and bearing were long proverbial. "From all I can learn," says Captain Topham, who visited the city in the following year, "he repaid all their attention to him with ill-breeding; and when in the company of the ablest men in this country his whole design was to show them how little he thought of them."

Beattie, and others, the most eminent of his countrymen; but his strong predilection for London induced him to move there with his family, and in the winter of 1786 he was called to the English bar. His old house was not immediately abandoned to the plebeian population, as his successor in it was Lady Wallace, dowager of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and mother of the unfortunate Captain William Wallace of the 15th Hussars, whose involvement in the affairs of the

Duke of York and Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke made some noise in London during the time of the Regency. The house below those occupied by Hume and by Boswell was the property and residence of Andrew Macdowal of Logan, author of the "Institutional Law of Scotland," afterwards elevated to the bench, in 1755, as Lord Bankton.

In another court named Paterson's, opening on the Lawnmarket, Margaret Countess Dowager of Glasgow was resident in 1761, and for some years before it. Her husband, the second earl, died in 1740.

One of the handsomest old houses still existing in the Lawnmarket is the tall and narrow tenement of polished ashlar adjoining James's Court. It is of a marked character, and highly adorned. Of old it belonged to Sir Robert Bannatyne, but in 1631 was acquired by Thomas Gladstone, a merchant burgess, and on the western gable are the initials of himself and wife. In 1634, when the city was divided for the formation of sixteen companies, in obedience to an injunction of Charles I., the

second division was ordered to terminate at "Thomas Gladstone's Land," on the north side of the street.

In 1771 a dangerous fire occurred in the Lawnmarket, near the head of the old Bank Close. It was first discovered by the flames bursting through the roof of a tall tenement known as Buchanan's. It baffled the efforts of three fire-engines and a number of workmen, and some soldiers of the 22nd regiment. It lasted a whole night, and created the greatest consternation and some loss of life. "The new church and weigh-house were opened during the fire," says the *Scots Magazine* of 1771, "for the reception of the goods and furniture belonging to the sufferers and the inhabitants of the adjacent buildings, which were kept under guard." Damage to the extent of several thousand pounds was done, and among those who suffered appear the names of General Lockhart of Carnwath; Islay Campbell, advocate; John Bell, W.S.; and Hume of Ninewells; thus giving a sample of those who still abode in the Lawnmarket.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE LAWNMARKET (*continued*).

Lady Stair's Close—Gray of Pittendrum—"Aunt Margaret's Mirror"—The Marshal Earl and Countess of Stair—Miss Ferrier—Sir Richard Steele—Martha Countess of Kincardine—Burns's Room in Baxter's Close—The Bridges' Shop in Bank Street—Baillie MacMorran's Story—Sir Francis Grant of Cullen.

PRIOR to the opening of Bank Street, Lady Stair's Close, the first below Gladstone's Land, was the chief thoroughfare for foot passengers, taking advantage of the half-formed Earthen Mound to reach the New Town. It takes its name from Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Stair, who was long looked up to as a leader of fashion in Edinburgh, admission to her select circle being one of the highest objects of ambition among the lesser gentry of her day, when the distinctions of rank and family were guarded with an angry jealousy of which we have but little conception now. Lady Stair's Close is narrow and dark, for the houses are of great height; the house she occupied still remains on the west side thereof, and was the scene of some romantic events and traditions, of which Scott made able use in his "Aunt Margaret's Mirror," ere it became the abode of the widow of the Marshal Earl of Stair, who, when a little boy, had the misfortune to kill his elder brother, the Master, by the accidental discharge of a pistol; after which, it is said, that his mother could never abide him, and sent him

in his extreme youth to serve in Flanders as a volunteer in the Cameronian Regiment, under the Earl of Angus. The house occupied by Lady Stair has over its door the pious legend—

*"Fare the Lord and depart from evil,"*

with the date 1622, and the initials of its founder and of his wife—Sir William Gray of Pittendrum, and Egidia Smith, daughter of Sir John Smith, of Groat Hall, near Craighleith, Provost of Edinburgh in 1643. Sir William was a man of great influence in the time of Charles I.; and though the ancient title of Lord Gray reverted to his family, he devoted himself to commerce, and became one of the wealthiest Scottish merchants of that age. But troubles came upon him; he was fined 100,000 merks for corresponding with Montrose, and was imprisoned, first in the Castle and then in the Tolbooth till the mitigated penalty of 35,000 merks was paid. Other exorbitant exactions followed, and these hastened his death, which took place in 1648. Three years before that event, his daughter

died, in the old house, of the plague. His widow survived him, and the street was named Lady Gray's Close till the advent of Lady Stair, in whose time the house had a terraced garden that descended towards the North Loch.

Lady Eleanor Campbell, widow of the great marshal and diplomatist, John Earl of Stair, was by paternal descent related to one of the most celebrated historical figures of the seventeenth century, being the grand-daughter of the Lord High Chancellor Loudon, whose talents and influence on the Covenanted side procured him the enmity of Charles I.

In her girlhood she had the misfortune to be united to James Viscount Primrose, of Castlefield, who died in 1706, a man of dissipated habits and intolerable temper, who treated her so barbarously that there were times when she had every reason to fear that her life was in peril. One morning she was dressing herself before her mirror, near an open window, when she saw the viscount suddenly appear in the room behind her with a drawn rapier in his hand. He had softly opened the door, and in the mirror she could see that his face, set white and savage, indicated that he had nothing less than murder in his mind. She threw herself out of window into the street, and, half-dressed as she was, fled, with great good sense, to Lord Primrose's mother, who had been Mary Scott of Thirlstane, and received protection; but no attempt was made to bring about a reconciliation, and, though they had four children, she never lived with him again, and soon after he went abroad.

During his absence there came to Edinburgh a certain foreign conjurer, who, among other occult powers, professed to be able to inform those present of the movements of the absent, however far they might be apart; and the young viscountess was prompted by curiosity to go with a lady friend to the abode of the wise man in the Canongate, wearing over their heads, by way of disguise, the tartan plaid then worn by women of the lower classes. After describing the individual in whose movements she was interested, and expressing a desire to know what he was then about, the conjurer led her before a large mirror, in which a number of colours and forms rapidly assumed the appearance of a church with a marriage party before the altar; and in the shadowy bridegroom she instantly recognised her absent husband! She gazed upon the delineation as if turned to stone, while the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed, and the clergyman to be on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands, when suddenly a gentleman in whose face she recognised a brother

of her own, came forward, and paused. His face assumed an expression of wrath; drawing his sword he rushed upon the bridegroom, who also drew to defend himself; the whole phantasmagoria then became tumultuous and indistinct, and faded completely away. When the viscountess reached home she wrote a minute narrative of the event, noting the day and hour. This narrative she sealed up in presence of a witness and deposited it in a cabinet. Soon after this her brother returned from his travels abroad—which brother we are not told, and she had three: Hugh the Master of Loudon, Colonel John Campbell of Shanzeston, and James, who was Colonel of the Scots Greys, and was killed at Fontenoy. She asked him if he heard aught of the viscount in his wanderings. He answered, furiously, "I wish I may never again hear the name of that detestable personage mentioned!" On being questioned he confessed to "having met his lordship under very strange circumstances." While spending some time at Rotterdam he made the acquaintance of a wealthy merchant who had a very beautiful daughter, an only child, who, he informed him, was on the eve of her marriage with a Scottish gentleman, and he was invited to the wedding as a countryman of the bridegroom. He went accordingly, and though a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, was yet in time to save an innocent girl from becoming the victim of his own brother-in-law, Viscount Primrose!

Though the deserted wife had proved her willingness to believe in the magic mirror, by having committed to writing what she had seen, yet she was so astonished by her brother's tidings, that she nearly fainted; but something more was to be learned still. She asked her brother on what day the circumstance took place, and having been informed, she gave him her key, and desired him to bring to her the sealed paper. On its being opened, it was then found, that at the very moment when she had seen the roughly-interrupted nuptial ceremony it had actually been in progress.

Primrose died, as we have said, in the year before the Union. His widow was still young and beautiful, but made a resolution never again, after her past experience, to become a wife; but the great Earl of Stair, who had been now resident some twenty years in Edinburgh, and whose public and private character was irreproachable, earnestly sued for her hand, yet she firmly announced her intention of remaining unwedded; and in his love and desperation the Earl bethought him of an expedient indicative of the roughness and indelicacy of the age. By dint of powerfully bribing her household he got himself introduced over-night into a small

room where she was wont to say her prayers—such private oratories being common in most of the Edinburgh houses of the time—and the window of which overlooked the High Street. Thereat he showed himself, *en dshabille*, to the people passing, an exhibition which so seriously affected the repu-

with violence. Once—we regret to record it of so heroic a soldier—when transported beyond the bounds of reason, he gave her a blow on the face with such severity as to draw blood; and then, all unconscious of what he had done, fell asleep. Poor Lady Stair, overwhelmed by such an insult,



THE LAWNMARKET, FROM THE SITE OF THE WEIGH-HOUSE, 1825. (After Ewbank.)

tation of the young widow, that she saw the necessity of accepting him as her husband.

Lady Eleanor was happier as Countess of Stair than she had ever been as Viscountess Primrose; but the Earl had one failing—a common one enough among gentlemen in those days—a disposition to indulge in the bottle, and then his temper was by no means improved; thus, on coming home he more than once treated the Countess

and recalling perhaps much that she had endured with Lord Primrose, made no attempt to bind up the wound, but threw herself on a sofa, and wept and bled till morning dawned. When the Earl awoke, her bloody and dishevelled aspect filled him with horror and dismay. "What has happened? How came you to be thus?" he exclaimed. She told him of his conduct over-night, which filled him with shame—such shame and compunction,

that he made a vow never again to take any species of drink, unless it had first passed through her hands; and this vow he kept religiously till the day of his death, which took place on the 9th May, 1747, at Queensberry House in the Canon-gate, when he was in his seventy-fifth year. He was General of the Marines, Governor of Minorca, Colonel of the Greys, and Knight of the Thistle. He was buried in the family vault at Kirkliston, and his funeral is thus detailed in the *Scots Magazine* for 1747:—

when the procession began, as a signal to the garrison in the Castle, when the flag was half hoisted, and minute guns were fired, till the funeral was clear of the city.

With much that was irreproachable in her character, Lady Stair was capable of ebullitions of temper, and of using terms that modern taste would deem objectionable. The Earl of Dundonald had stated to the Duke of Douglas that Lady Stair had expressed her doubts concerning the birth of his nephew—a much-vexed question, at this time before the



THE LAWNMARKET, FROM ST. GILES'S, 1825. (After Enbank.)

"1. Six bâton men, two and two. 2. A mourning coach with four gentlemen ushers and the Earl's crest. 3. Another mourning coach with three gentlemen ushers, and a friend carrying the coronet on a velvet cushion. 4. Six ushers on foot, with bâtons and gilt streamers. 5. The corpse, under a dressed canopy, drawn by six dressed horses, with the Earl's achievement, within the Order of the Thistle. 6. Chief mourners in a coach and six. 7. Nine mourning coaches, each drawn by six horses. 8. The Earl's body coach empty. 9. Carriages of nobility and gentry, in order of rank."

A sky-rocket was thrown up in the Canon-gate

House of Lords and Court of Session. In support of what he stated, Dundonald, in a letter to the Lord Justice Clerk, gave the world leave to deem him "a damned villain" if he spoke not the truth. Involved thus unpleasantly with the ducal house of Douglas, Lady Stair went straight to Holyrood Palace, and there, before the Duke, the Duchess, and their attendants, she said that she "had lived to a good age, and never, until now, got entangled in any scandal." She then struck the floor thrice with her cane, each time calling the Earl of Dundonald "a damned villain," after which she withdrew, swelling with rage; but Lady Mary Wortley Montagu mentions in her

"Letters," that the Countess of Stair was subject to hysterical fits—the result perhaps of all she had undergone as a wife. After being long the queen of society in Edinburgh, she died in November, 1759, twelve years after the death of the Marshal. She was the first person in the city, of her time, who had a black domestic servant. Another dowager, the Lady Clestram, succeeded her in the old house in the close. It was advertised for sale, at the upset price of £250, in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 1789; and is described as "that large dwelling-house, sometime belonging to the Dowager Countess of Stair, situated at the entry to the Earthen Mound. The sunk storey consists of a good kitchen, servants' rooms, closets, cellars, &c.; the second of a dining and bed rooms; the third storey of a dining and five bed rooms." It has long since been the abode of the humblest artisans.

The parents of Miss Ferrier, the well-known novelist, according to a writer in *Temple Bar* for November, 1878, occupied a flat in Lady Stair's Close after their marriage. Mrs. Ferrier (*née* Coutts) was the daughter of a farmer at Gourdon, near Montrose, and was a woman of remarkable beauty, as her portrait by Sir George Chalmers, Bart. (a native of Edinburgh) in 1765 attests. At the time of her marriage, in 1767, she had resided in Holyrood with her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Maitland, widow of a younger son of Lord Lauderdale; and the flat the young married couple took in the old close had just been vacated by Sir James Pulteney and his wife Lady Bath.

When Sir Richard Steele, of the *Spectator*, visited Edinburgh, in 1717, on the business of the Forfeited Estates Commission, we know not whether he resided in Lady Stair's Close, but it is recorded that he gave, in a tavern there, a whimsical supper, to all the eccentric-looking mendicants in the city, giving them the enjoyment of an abundant feast, that he might witness their various oddities. Richard Sheil mentions this circumstance, and adds that Steele confessed afterwards that he had "drunk enough of native drollery to compose a comedy."

Upper Baxter's Close, the adjoining alley, is associated with the name of Robert Burns. There the latter, in 1786, saved from a heartless and hopeless exile by the generosity of the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock, came direct from the plough and the banks of his native Ayr, to share the humble room and bed of his friend Richmond, a lawyer's clerk, in the house of Mrs. Carfrae. But a few weeks before poor Burns had made arrangements to go to Jamaica as joint overseer on an estate; but the publication of his poems was deemed such a

success, that he altered his plans, and came to Edinburgh in the November of that year. In one of the numbers of the *Lounger* appeared a review of the first (or Kilmarnock) edition of his poems, written by Henry Mackenzie, who was thus the means, together with Dr. Blacklock, of kindly bringing Burns before the learned and fashionable circles of Edinburgh. His merited fame had come before him, and he was now caressed by all ranks. His brilliant conversational powers seem to have impressed all who came in contact with him as much as admiration of his poetry. Under the patronage of Principal Robertson, Professor Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," and Sir John Whiteford of that ilk, but more than all of James Earl of Glencairn, and other eminent persons, a new edition of his poems was published in April, 1787; but amid all the adulation he received he ever maintained his native simplicity and sturdy Scottish independence of character. By the Earl of Glencairn he was introduced to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, and he dedicated to them the second edition of his poems. In verse he touchingly records his gratitude to the earl:—

"The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;  
The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour has been;  
The mother may forget the child  
That smiles sac sweetly on her knee;  
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And all that thou hast done for me!"

Burns felt acutely the death of this amiable and accomplished noble, which occurred in 1791.

The room occupied by Burns in Baxter's Close, and from which he was wont to sally forth to dine and sup with the magnates of the city, is still pointed out, with its single window which opens into Lady Stair's Close. There, as Allan Cunningham records, he had but "his share of a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed, at eighteenpence a week." According to the same biographer, the impression which Burns made at first on the fair, the titled, and the learned, of Edinburgh, "though lessened by intimacy on the part of the men, remained unimpaired on that of the softer sex till his dying day. His company, during the season of balls and festivities, continued to be courted by all who desired to be reckoned gay or polite. Cards of invitation fell thick on him; he was not more welcomed to the plumed and jewelled groups whom her fascinating Grace of Gordon gathered about her, than he was to the grave divines and polished scholars who assembled

in the rooms of Stewart, Blair, or Robertson. . . . But Edinburgh offered tables and entertainers of a less staid character, when the glass circulated with greater rapidity, when wit flowed more freely, and when there were neither high-bred ladies to charm conversation within the bounds of modesty, nor serious philosophers nor grave divines to set a limit to the licence of speech or the hours of enjoyment. To those companions, who were all of the better classes, the levities of the rustic poet's wit and humour were as welcome as were the tenderest of his narratives to the accomplished Duchess of Gordon or the beautiful Miss Burnet of Monboddo; they raised a social roar not at all classic, and demanded and provoked his sallies of wild humour, or indecorous mirth, with as much delight as he had witnessed among the lads of Kyle, when, at mill or forge, his humorous sallies abounded as the ale flowed."

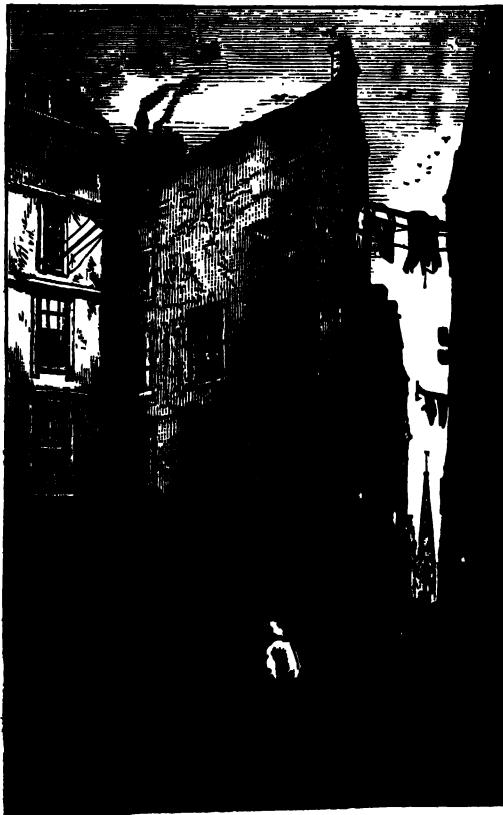
While in Edinburgh Burns was the frequent and welcome guest of John Campbell, Precentor of the Canon-gate Church, a famous amateur vocalist in his time, though forgotten now; and to him Burns applied for an introduction to Bailie Gentle, to the end that he might accord his tribute to the memory of the poet, poor Robert Fergusson, whose grave lay in the adjacent churchyard, without a stone to mark it. Bailie Gentle expressed his entire concurrence with the wish of Burns, but said that "he had no power to grant permission without the consent of the managers of the Kirk funds."

"Tell them," said Burns, "it is the Ayrshire ploughman who makes the request." The authority was obtained, and a promise given, which we believe has been sacredly kept, that the grave should remain inviolate.

After a stay of six months in Edinburgh, Burns set out on a tour to the south of Scotland, accompanied by Robert Ainslie, W.S.; but elsewhere we shall meet him again. Opposite the house in which he dwelt is one with a very ancient legend, *Blissit be the Lord in all His gifts, now and ever*. In 1746 this was the inheritance of Martha White, only child of a wealthy burgess who became a banker in London. She became the wife of

Charles ninth Earl of Kincardine, and afterwards Earl of Elgin, "undoubted heir male and chief of all the Bruces in Scotland," as Douglas records. The countess, who died in 1810, filled, with honour to herself, the office of governess to the unfortunate Princess Charlotte of Wales.

One of the early breaches made in the vicinity of the central thoroughfare of the city was Bank Street, on the north (the site of Lower Baxter's Close), wherein was the shop of two eminent cloth merchants, David Bridges and Son, which became the usual resort of the whole *literati* of the city in its day. David Bridges junior had a strongly developed bias towards literary studies, and, according to the memoirs of Professor Wil-



LADY STAIR'S CLOSE.\*

son, was dubbed by the *Blackwood* wits, "Director-General of the Fine Arts." His love for these and the drama was not to be controlled by his connection with mercantile business; and while the senior partner devoted himself to the avocations of trade in one part of their well-known premises, the younger was employed in adorning a sort of *sanctum*, where one might daily meet Sir Walter Scott and his friend Dr Adam Ferguson (who, as a boy, had often sat on the knee of David Hume), Professor

\* Tradition points to the window on the immediate right (marked \*) as that of the room occupied by Burns.

Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, Sir David Wilkie, and other eminent men of the day. His writings, spread over the periodical literature of his time—particularly the *Edinburgh Magazine* and *Annual Register*—are very numerous, and he was the first among modern Scotsmen who made art the subject

and study had suggested, it is not to be wondered at that in exercises of this sort he took particular delight and obtained great excellence. He was secretary of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh.

The establishment of the Bridges is thus referred to in Peter's "Letters to his Kinsfolk":—



OLD TIMBER-FRONTED HOUSE, LAWNMARKET, 1880.

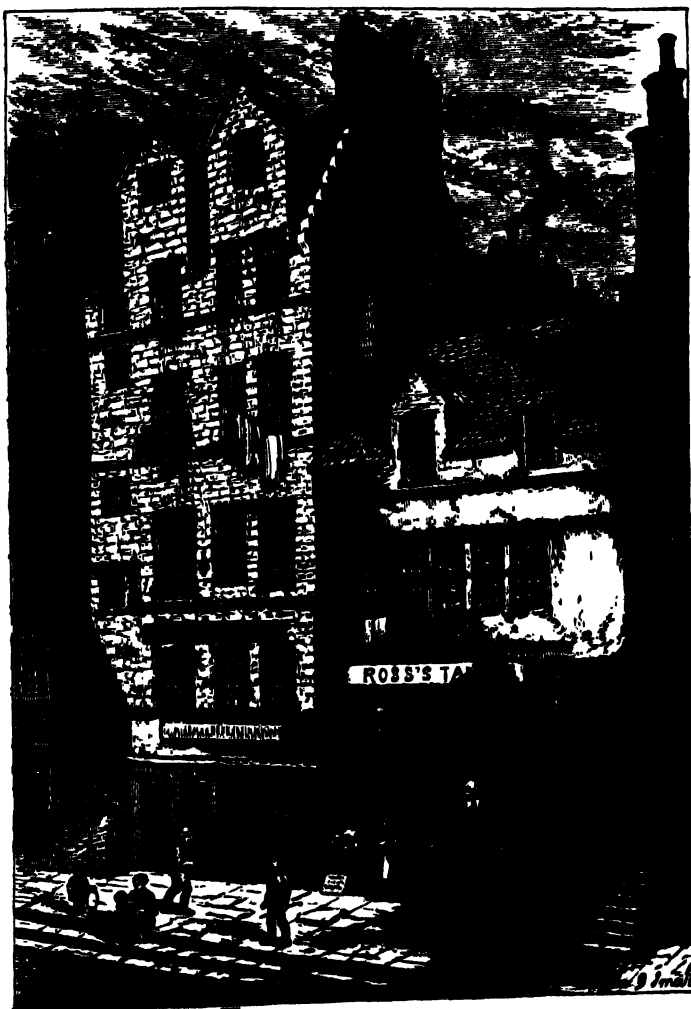
of systematic criticism; and from the purity and clearness of his style, his perfect knowledge of the subject, and the graceful talent he possessed of mingling illustration with argument, he imparted an interest to a subject, which, to many, might appear otherwise unattractive. And when it is considered that it was to the acting of the great Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Kean, and Miss O'Neil, that he had to apply those rules which his taste

"Wastie immediately conducted me to this dilettanti lounge, saying, that here was the only place where I might be furnished with every means of satisfying my curiosity. On entering, one finds a very neat and tasteful-looking shop, well-stocked with all the tempting diversities of broad-cloth and bombaceens, silk stockings and spotted handkerchiefs. A few red-date-looking old-fashioned cits are probably engaged in conning over the Edinburgh



newspapers of the day, and perhaps discussing *mordicus* the great question of Burgh Reform. . . . After waiting for a few minutes, the younger partner tips a sly wink across his counter, and beckons you to follow him through a narrow cut in its

famous Hercules, the Dancing Fawn, the Laocoon, and the Hermaphrodite, occupy conspicuous stations on the counters, one large table is entirely covered with a book of Canova's designs, Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' and such like manuals ; and in



GLADSTONE'S LAND.

mahogany surface, into the unseen recesses of the establishment. A few steps downward, and in the dark, land you in a sort of cellar, below the shop proper, and here by the dim religious light, which enters through one or two well-grated peeping holes, your eyes soon discover enough of the furniture of the place to satisfy you that you have reached at last the *sanctum sanctorum* of the fine arts. Plaster of Paris casts of the head of the

the corners where the little light there is streams brightest, are placed, upon huge piles of corduroy and kerseymere, various wooden boxes, black, brown, and blue, wherein are locked up from all eyes, save those of privileged and initiated frequenters of the scene, various pictures and sketches, chiefly by living artists, and presents to the proprietor. Mr. Bridges, when I asked him on my first visit what might be the contents of these mysterious receptacles,

made answer in a true technico-Caledonian strain — ‘Oo, Doctor Morris, they are just a wheen *bitts*, and’ (added he, with a most knowing compression of his lips) ‘let me tell you what, Doctor Morris, there’s some no that ill *bitts* among them.’ One proved to be an exquisitely finished sketch by Sir William Allan, ‘Two Tartar robbers dividing their spoil.’ This led to a proposal to visit the artist’s *atelier*, and we had no great distance to walk, for Mr. Allan lives in the Parliament Close, not a gun-shot from where we were.”

Mr. Bridges married Flora Macdonald of Scalpa (sister of the heroic Sir John Macdonald, whose powerful hand, with a few of the Scots Guards, closed the gates of Hougomont), and died in November, 1840.

One of the finest specimens of the wooden-fronted houses of 1540 was on the south side of the Lawnmarket, and was standing all unchanged, after the lapse of more than 338 years, till its demolition in 1878-9 (see the engraving after Ewbank’s view of it, p. 104). “As may be observed, its north front, each storey of which advances a little over that below, is not deficient in elegance, there being Doric pilasters of timber interspersed with the windows of one floor, and some decorations on the gable presented to the street. The west front is plainer, in consequence apparently of repairs; but we there see the covered space in front of the place for merchandise on the ground floor.”

A little east of the building, in the first or smaller part of Riddell’s Close, which, like all others on the south side, ran down towards the Cowgate, a lofty tenement towers upward, with a turret stair, dated 1726. This was the first residence of David Hume, and there it was he wrote the first pages of his History. In 1751 he came hither from his paternal place Ninewells, near Dunse, and soon after he wrote to Adam Smith:—“Direct to me in Riddell’s Land, Lawnmarket. . . . I have now at last, being turned forty, to my own honour, to that of learning, and to that of the present age, arrived at the dignity of being a householder! About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family, consisting of a head—myself—and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has just joined me, and keeps me company. With frugality, I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment.”

In the following year he succeeded Ruddiman as Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates.

On the opposite side of this small dark court is a more ancient house, having a curious wainscoted room, the ceiling, walls, and every panel of which

are elaborately decorated in Norrie’s style of art; and therein abode Sir John Smith of Groat Hall (already mentioned), Provost of Edinburgh, and whose name was long borne by the alley. He was one of the commissioners chosen, in 1650, to convey the loyal assurances of the realm to Charles II. and Breda, and to have the Covenant duly subscribed by him.

In the inner part of Riddell’s Close stands the house of Bailie John Macmorran, whose tragic death made a great stir at its time, threw the city into painful excitement, and tarnished the reputation of the famous old High School. The conduct of the scholars there had been bad and turbulent for some years, but it reached a climax on the 15th of September, 1595. On a week’s holiday being refused, the boys were so exasperated, being chiefly “gentilmane’s bairnes,” that they formed a compact for vengeance in the true spirit of the age; and, armed with swords and pistols, took possession at midnight of the ancient school in the Blackfriars Gardens, and declining to admit the masters or any one else, made preparation to stand a siege, setting all authority at defiance.

The doors were not only shut but barricaded and strongly guarded within; all attempts to storm the boy-garrison proved impracticable, and all efforts at reconciliation were unavailing. The Town Council lost patience, and sent Bailie John Macmorran, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city (though he had begun life as a servant to the Regent Morton), with a posse of city officers, to enforce the peace. On their appearance in the school-yard the boys became simply outrageous, and mocked them as “buttery carles,” daring any one to approach at his peril. “To the point likely to be first attacked,” says Steven, in his history of the school, “they were observed to throng in a highly excited state, and each seemed to vie with his fellow in threatening instant death to the man who should forcibly attempt to displace them. William Sinclair, son of the Chancellor of Caithness, had taken a conspicuous share in this barring out, and he now appeared foremost, encouraging his confederates,” and stood at a window overlooking one of the entrances which the Bailie ordered the officers to force, by using a long beam as a battering ram, and he had nearly accomplished his perilous purpose, when a ball in the forehead from Sinclair’s pistol slew him on the spot, and he fell on his back.

Panic-stricken, the boys surrendered. Some effected their escape, and others, including Sinclair and the sons of Murray of Springdale, and Pringle of Whitebank, were thrown into prison. Macmor-

ran's family were too rich to be bribed, and clamoured that they would have blood for blood. On the other hand, "friends threatened death to all the people of Edinburgh if they did the child any harm, saying they were not wise who meddled with scholars, especially *gentlemen's sons*," and Lord Sinclair, as chief of the family to which the young culprit belonged, moved boldly in his behalf, and procured the intercession of King James with the magistrates, and in the end all the accused got free, including the slayer of the Bailie, who lived to become Sir William Sinclair of Mey, in 1631, and the husband of Catherine Ross, of Balnagowan, and from them the present Earls of Caithness are descended.

When the brother of the Queen Consort, the Duke of Holstein, visited Edinburgh in March, 1543, and as Moyses tells us, "was received and welcomed very gladly by Her Majesty, and used every way like a prince," after sundry entertainments at Holyrood, Ravensheugh, and elsewhere, a grand banquet was given him in the house of the late Bailie Macmorran by the city of Edinburgh. The King and Queen were present, "with great solemnity and merriness," according to Birrel. On the 3rd of June the Duke embarked at Leith, under a salute of sixty pieces of cannon from the bulwarks, and departed with his gifts, to wit—1,000 five-pound pieces and 1,000 crowns, a hat and string valued at 12,000 pounds (Scots?), and many rich chains and jewels.

The Bailie's initials, I. M., are on the pediments that ornament his house, which after passing through several generations of his surname, became the residence of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik. "By him," says Wilson, "it was sold to Sir Roderick Mackenzie, of Preston Hall, appointed a senator of the College of Justice in 1702, who resided in the upper part of the house at the same time that Sir John Mackenzie Lord Royston, third son of the celebrated Earl of Cromarty, one of the wittiest and most gifted men of his time, occupied the low flat. Here, in all probability, his witty and eccentric daughter Anne was born and brought up. This lady, who married Sir William Dick of Prestonfield, carried her humorous pranks to an excess scarcely conceivable in our decorous days ;

sallying out occasionally in search of adventures, like some of the maids of honour of Charles II.'s Court, dressed in male attire, with her maid for a squire. She seems to have possessed more wit than discretion." Riddell's Close was of old an eminently aristocratic quarter.

Lower down the street Fisher's Close adjoined it, and therein stood, till 1835, the residence of the ducal house of Buccleuch, which was demolished in that year to make way for Victoria Terrace. On the east side of an open court, beyond the Roman Eagle Hall—a beautiful specimen of an ancient saloon—stood the mansion of William Little of Craigmillar (bearing the date 1578), whose brother Clement was the founder of the university library, for in 1580, when commissary of the city, he bequeathed "to Edinburgh and the Kirk of God," all his books, 300 volumes in number. These were chiefly theological works, and were transferred by the town council to the university. Clement Little was not without having a share in the troubles of those days, and on the 28th of April, 1572, with others, he was proclaimed at the market cross, and deprived of his office, for rebellion against Queen Mary ; but the proclamation failed to be put in force. His son was Provost of the city in 1591. Clement and William Little were buried in the Greyfriars' churchyard, where a great-grandson of the latter erected a tomb to their memory in 1683.\* Little's Close appears as Lord Cullen's in Edgar's map of 1742, so there had also resided that famous lawyer and judge, Sir Francis Grant of Cullen, who joined the Revolution party in 1688, who distinguished himself in the Convention of 1689 by his speech in favour of conferring the crown of Scotland on William and Mary of Orange, and thus swayed the destinies of the nation. He was raised to the bench in 1709. His friend Wodrow has recorded the closing scene of his active life in this old alley, on the 16th of March, 1726. "Brother," said the old revolutionist, to one who informed him that his illness was mortal, "you have brought me the best news ever I heard !" "And," adds old Robert Wodrow, "that day when he died *was without a cloud*."

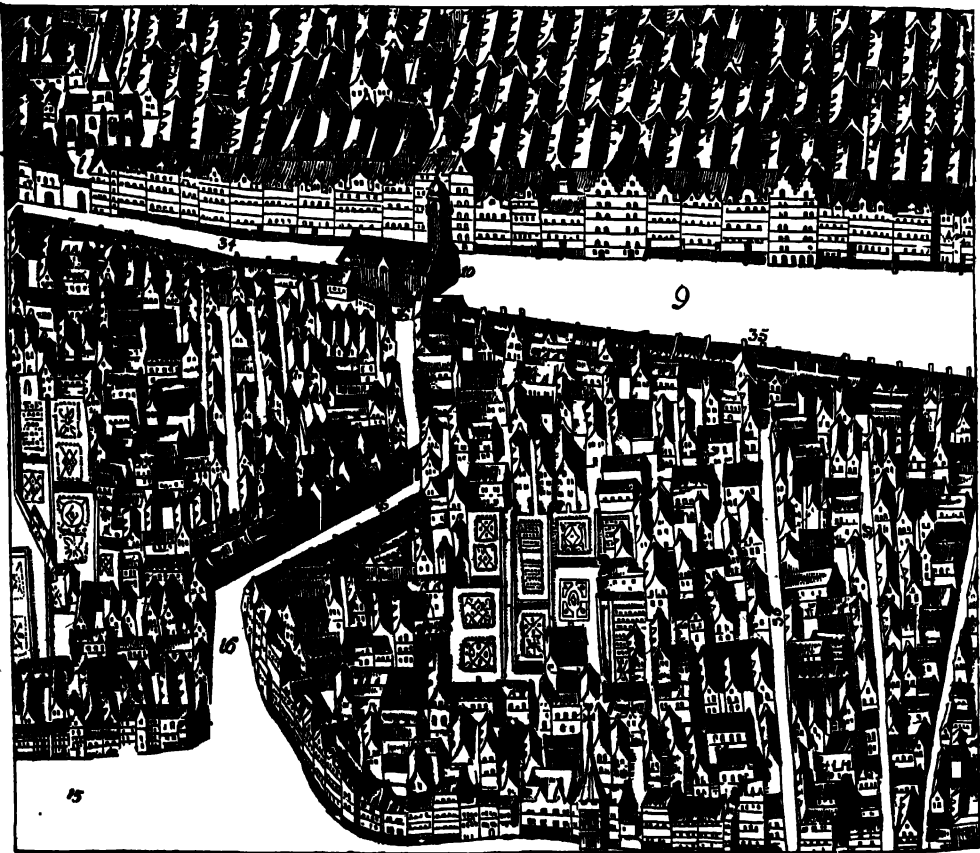
\* Moncrieff's "Theatre of Mortality." Edin., 1704.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE LAWNMARKET (*continued*).

*The Story of Deacon Brodie—His Career of Guilt—Hanged on his own Gibbet—Mauchine's Close; Robert Gourlay's House and the other Old Houses therein—The Bank of Scotland, 1695—Assassination of Sir George Lockhart—Taken Red Hand—Punishment of Chiesly.*

FROM such a character as Sir Francis Grant of Cullen, a single-minded and upright man, the transition is great indeed to the occupant who gave his name to the next close—a name it still William Brodie, Deacon of the Wrights and Masons of Edinburgh, was the son of Convener Francis Brodie, who had an extensive business as a cabinet maker in the Lawnmarket; and in 1781



PLAN OF EDINBURGH, FROM THE CASTLE TO ST. GILES'S. (*From Gordon of Rothiemay's Map.*)

9, The High Street from the Castle; 10, The Weighhouse; 15, Horse Market Street; 16, Straight (or West) Bow; 24, Currer's Close; 25, Liberton's Wynd; 26, Foster's Wynd; 4, The Kirk in the Castle Hill.

retains—a notorious character, who had a kind of dual existence, for he stood high in repute as a pious, wealthy, and substantial citizen, until the daring robbery of the Excise Office in 1788 brought to light a long-continued system of secret house-breaking and of suspected murder, unsurpassed in the annals of cunning and audacity.

the former was elected a Deacon Councillor of the city. He had unfortunately imbibed a taste for gambling, and became expert in making that taste a source of revenue; thus he did not scruple to have recourse to loaded dice. It became a ruling passion with him, and he was in the habit of resorting almost nightly to a low gambling club, kept

by a man named Clark, in the Fleshmarket Close. He had the tact and art to keep his secret profligacy unknown, and was so successful in blinding his fellow-citizens that he continued a highly reputable member of the Town Council until within a short period of the crime for which he was executed, and, according to "Kay's Portraits," it is a singular fact, that little more than a month previously he

there were committed a series of startling robberies, and no clue could be had to the perpetrators. Houses and shops were entered, and articles of value vanished as if by magic. In one instance a lady was unable to go to church from indisposition; and was at home alone, when a man entered with crape over his face, and taking her keys, opened her bureau and took away her money, while she re-



BAILIE MACMORRAN'S HOUSE.

sat as a juryman in a criminal case in that very court where he himself soon after received sentence of death.

For years he had been secretly licentious and dissipated, but it was not until 1786 that he began an actual career of infamous crime, with his fellow-culprit, George Smith, a native of Berkshire, and two others, named Brown and Ainslie. He was in easy circumstances, with a flourishing business, and his conduct in becoming a leader of miscreants seems unaccountable, yet so it was. In and around the city during the winter of 1787

remained panic-stricken; but as he retired she thought, "surely that was Deacon Brodie!" But the idea seemed so utterly inconceivable, that she preserved silence on the subject till subsequent events transpired. As these mysterious outrages continued, all Edinburgh became at last alarmed, and in all of them Brodie was either actively or passively concerned, till he conceived the—to him—fatal idea of robbing the Excise office in Chessel's Court, an undertaking wholly planned by himself. He visited the office openly with a friend, studied the details of the cashier's room, and observing the key of the

outer door hanging from a nail, contrived to take an impression of it with putty, made a model therefrom, and tried it on the lock by way of experiment, but went no further then.

On the 5th of March, Brodie, Smith, Ainslie, and Brown, met in the evening about eight to make the grand attempt. The Deacon was attired in black, with a brace of pistols; he had with him several keys and a double picklock. He seemed in the wildest spirits, and as they set forth he sang the well-known ditty from the "Beggar's Opera"—

"Let us take the road,

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!

The hour of attack  
approaches;

To your arms brave  
boys, and load.

"See the ball I hold;  
Let chemists toil  
like asses—

Our fire their fire  
surpasses,  
And turns our lead to  
gold!"

The office was shut at night, but no watchman came till ten. Ainslie kept watch in Chessel's Court, Brodie inside the outer door, when he opened it, while Smith and Brown entered the cashier's room. All save the first carried pistols, and Brodie had a whistle by which he was to sound an alarm if necessary. In forcing the second or inner door, Brown and Smith had to use a crowbar, and the coulters of a plough which they had previously stolen served the purpose. Their faces were craped; they had with them a dark lantern, and burst open every desk and press in the room. While thus engaged, Mr. James Bonar, the deputy-solicitor, returned unexpectedly to the office at half-past eight, and detection seemed imminent indeed! "The outer door he found shut, and on opening it a man in black (Brodie) hurriedly passed him, a circumstance to which, not having the slightest suspicion, he paid no attention. He went to his room up-stairs, where he remained only a few minutes, and then returned, shutting the outer door behind him. Perceiving this, Ainslie became

alarmed, gave a signal and retreated. Smith and Brown did not observe the call, but thinking themselves in danger when they heard Mr. Bonar coming down-stairs, they cocked their pistols, determined not to be taken."

Eventually they got clear off with their booty, which proved to be only sixteen pounds odd, when they had expected thousands! They all separated—Brown and Ainslie betook themselves to the New Town, Brodie hurried home to the Lawnmarket, changed his dress, and proceeded to the house of his mistress, Jean Watt, in Liberton's Wynd, and on an evening soon after the miserable spoil

was divided in equal proportions. By this time the town was alarmed, and the police on the alert. Browr (*alias* Humphry Moore), who proved the greatest villain of the whole, was at that time under sentence of transportation for some crime committed in his native country, England, and having seen an advertisement offering reward and pardon to any person who should discover a recent robbery at the shop of Inglis and



ROOM IN BAILIE MACMORRAN'S HOUSE.

Horner, one of the many transactions in which Brodie had been engaged of late with Smith and others, he resolved to turn king's evidence, and on the very evening he had secured his share of the late transaction he went to the Procurator Fiscal, and gave information, but omitted to mention the name of Brodie, from whom he expected to procure money for secrecy. He conducted the police to the base of the Craigs, where they found concealed under a large stone a great number of keys intended for future operations in all directions. In consequence of this, Ainslie, Smith and his wife and servant, were all arrested. Then Brodie fled, and Brown revealed the whole affair.

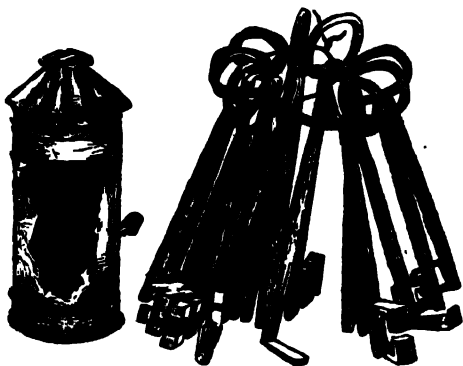
Mr. Williamson, king's messenger for Scotland, traced the Deacon from point to point till he reached Dover, where after an eighteen days' pursuit he

disappeared; but by a sort of fatuity, often evinced by persons similarly situated, he gave clues to his own discovery. He remained in London till the 23rd of March. He took his passage on board the Leith smack *Endeavour* for that port, disguised as an old man in bad health, and under the name of John Dixon; but on getting out of the Thames, according to some previous arrangement, he was landed at Flushing, and from thence reached Ostend. On board the smack he was rash enough to give in charge of a Mr. Geddes letters addressed to three persons in Edinburgh, one of whom was his favourite mistress in Cant's Close. Geddes, full of suspicion, on reaching Leith gave the documents to the authorities. Mr. Williamson was once more on his track, and discovered him in Amsterdam, through the treachery of an Irishman named Daly, when he was on the eve of his departure for America; and on the 27th of August, 1788, he was arraigned with Smith in the High Court of Justiciary, when he had as counsel the Hon. Henry Erskine, known then as "Plead for all, or the poor man's lawyer," and two other advocates of eminence, who made an attempt to prove an *alibi* on the part of Brodie, by means of Jean Watt and her servant, but the jury, with one voice, found both guilty, and they were sentenced to be hanged at the west end of the Luckenbooths on the 1st October, 1788. Smith was deeply affected; Brodie cool, determined, and indifferent. His self-possession never forsook him, and he spoke of his approaching end with levity, as "a leap in the dark," and betrayed emotion only when he was visited, for the last time, by his daughter Cecil, a pretty child of ten years of age. He came on the scaffold in a full suit of black, with his hair dressed and powdered. Smith was attired in white linen, trimmed with black. "Having put on white night-caps," says a print of the time, "Brodie pointed to Smith to ascend the steps that led to the drop, and in an easy manner, clapping him on the shoulder, said, 'George Smith, you are first in hand.' Upon this Smith, whose behaviour was highly penitent and resigned, slowly ascended the steps, followed by Brodie, who mounted with briskness and agility, and examined the dreadful apparatus with attention, particularly

the halter destined for himself;" and well might he do so with terrible interest, as he was to be the first to know the excellence of an improvement he had formerly made on that identical gibbet—the substitution of what is called the *drop*, for the ancient practice of the double ladder. The ropes proving too short, Brodie stepped down to the platform and entered into easy conversation with his friends.

This occurred no less than three times, while the great bell of St. Giles's was tolling slowly, and the crowd of spectators was vast. Brodie died without either confessing or denying his guilt; but the conduct and bearing of Smith were very different. In consequence of the firmness and levity of the former, a curious story became quickly current, to the effect that in the Tolbooth he had been visited

by Dr. Pierre Degrauer, a French quack, who undertook to restore him to life after he had hung the usual time, and that, on the day before the execution, he had marked the arms and temples of Brodie, to indicate where he would apply the lancet. Moreover, it was said that having to lengthen the rope thrice proved that they had bargained secretly with the executioner for a short fall. When cut down the



LANTERN AND KEYS OF DEACON BRODIE.  
(From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.)

body was instantly given to two of his own workmen, who placed it on a cart, and drove at a furious rate round the back of the Castle, with the idea that the rough jolting might produce resuscitation! It was then taken to one of his workshops in the Lawnmarket, where Degrauer was in attendance; but all attempts at bleeding failed; the Deacon was gone, and nothing remained but to lay him where he now lies, in the north-east corner of the Chapel-of-ease burying-ground. His dark lantern and sets of false keys, presented by the Clerk of Justiciary to the Society of Antiquaries, are still preserved in the city.

He had at one time been Deacon Convener or chief of all the trades in the city, an office of the highest respectability. His house in Brodie's Close is still to be found in nearly its original state; the first door up a turnpike stair; and this door, remarkable for its elaborate workmanship, is said to have been the work of his ingenious hand. The apartments are all decorated; and the principal one,

which is of great height, contains a large painting over the stone fireplace of the Adoration of the Wise Men.

A few steps from this was the old Bank Close (so-called from the Bank of Scotland having been in it), a blind alley, composed wholly of solid, handsome, and massive houses, some of which were of great antiquity, and of old named Hope's Close, from the celebrated Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate in the time of Charles I., prior to whom it had borne the name of Mauchline's Close, about the year 1511.

Here, on the site of the present Melbourne Place, stood a famous old mansion, almost unique even in Edinburgh, named Robert Gourlay's House, with the legend, above its door, "*O Lord in the is al my traist 1569*"; and it is somewhat singular that the owner of this house was a man neither of rank nor of wealth, but simply a messenger-at-arms belonging to the Abbey of Holyrood, an office bestowed upon him by the Commendator, Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. In 1574 Robert Gourlay was an elder of the kirk, and in that year had to do his public penance therein "*for transporting wheat out of the countrie*." In 1581, when the Regent Morton was about to suffer death, he was placed in Gourlay's house for two days under a guard; and there it was that those remarkable conferences took place between him and certain clergymen, in which, while protesting his innocence of the murder of Darnley, he admitted his foreknowledge of it. Among many popular errors, is one that he invented the "maiden" by which he suffered; for it is now known to have been the common Scottish guillotine, since Thomas Scott was beheaded by it on the 3rd of April, 1566.

On the 7th of January, 1582, Moyses tells us in his *Memoirs*, "there came a French ambassador through England, named La Motte (Fenelon), he was lodged in Gourlay's house near Tolbooth, and

had an audience of his Majesty; with him there also came another ambassador from England, named Mr. Davidson, who got an audience also that same day in the king's chamber of presence." This was probably a kinsman of De la Motte, the French ambassador, who was slain at Flodden. He left Edinburgh on the 10th of February.

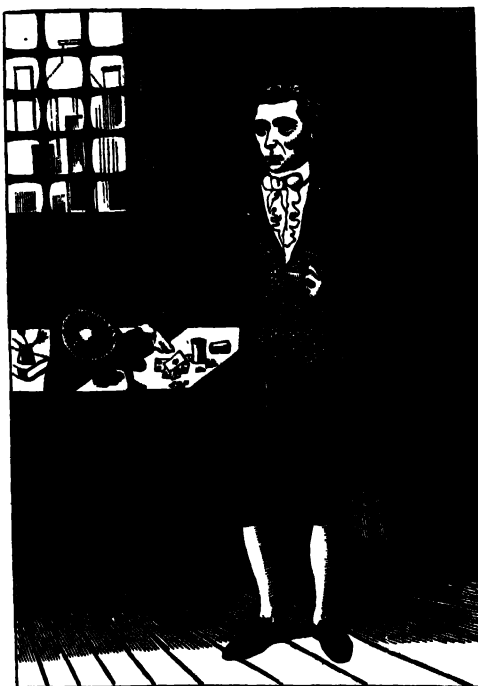
Herein resided Sir William Drury during the siege of the Castle in 1573, and thither, on its surrender, was brought its gallant defender before death, with his brother Sir James Kirkaldy and others; and it was here that in later years the great Argyle is said to

have passed his last hours in peaceful sleep before his execution. So Robert Gourlay's old house had a terrible history. By this time the house had passed into the possession of Sir Thomas Hope. Hence it has been conjectured that Argyle's last sleep took place in the Laigh Council Room, whither, Wodrow says, he was brought before execution.

John Gourlay, son of Robert, erected a house at the foot of this ancient close. It bore the date 1588, with the motto, *Spes altera vita*. Herein was the Bank of Scotland first established in 1695, and there its business was conducted till 1805, when it was removed to their new office, that stupendous edifice at the

head of the entrance to the Earthen Mound. Later it was used as the University printing-office; and therein, so lately as 1824, was in use, as a proof press, the identical old wooden press which accompanied the Highland army, in 1745, for the publication of gazettes and manifestoes.

Robert Gourlay's house passed from the possession of Sir Thomas Hope and Lord Aberuchill into that of Sir George Lockhart (the great legal and political rival of Sir George Mackenzie), Lord President of the Session in 1685, and doomed to fall a victim to private revenge. Chiesly of Dalry, an unsuccessful litigant, enraged at the president for assigning a small alimont of £93 out of his estate—a fine one south-westward of the city—to his wife, from whom



DEACON BRODIE. (After Kay.)



we must suppose he was separated, swore to have vengeance. He was perhaps not quite sane; but anyway, he was a man of violent and ungovernable passions. Six months before the event we are about to relate he told Sir James Stewart, an advocate, when in London, that he was "determined to go to Scotland before Candlemas and kill the president!" "The very imagination of such a thing," said Sir James, "is a sin before God."

bed with illness, but sprang up on hearing the pistol-shot; and on learning what had occurred, rushed forth in her night-dress and assisted to convey in the victim, who was laid on two chairs, and instantly expired. The ball had passed out at the left breast. Chiesly was instantly seized. "I am not wont to do things by halves," said he, grimly and boastfully; "and now I have taught the president how to do justice!" He was put to the



THE FIRST INTERVIEW IN 1786: DEACON BRODIE AND GEORGE SMITH. (After Kay.)

"Leave God and me alone," was the fierce response, "we have many things to reckon betwixt us, and we will reckon this too!" The Lord President was warned of his open threats, but unfortunately took no heed of them. On Easter Sunday, the 31st of March, 1689, the assassin loaded his pistols, and went to the choir of St. Giles's church, from whence he dogged him home to the Old Bank Close, and though accompanied by Lord Castlehill and Mr. Daniel Lockhart, shot him in the back just as he was about to enter his house—the old one whose history we have traced. Lady Lockhart—aunt of the famous Duke of Wharton—was confined to her

torture to discover if he had any accomplices; and as he had been taken *red hand*, he was on Monday sentenced to death by Sir Magnus Price, Provost of the city, without much formality, according to Father Hay, and on a hurdle he was dragged to the Cross, where his right hand was struck off when alive; then he was hanged in chains at Drumsheugh, says another account; between the city and Leith at the Gallowlee, according to a third, with the pistol tied to his neck. His right hand was nailed on the West Port. The manor house of Dalry, latterly the property of Kirkpatrick, of Allialand, was after this alleged to be haunted, and no servant theret

would venture, after dark, alone into the back kitchen, as a tradition existed that his body—which his relations had unchained and carried off, sword in hand, under cloud of night—was buried somewhere near that apartment. "On repairing

writes of a skeleton, found a century after, "when removing the hearth-stone of a cottage in Dalry Park, with the remains of a *pistol* near the situation of the neck. No doubt was entertained that these were the remains of Chiesly, huddled into this



SIR GEORGE LOCKHART OF CARNWATH.  
(From the Portrait in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.)

the garden-wall at a later period," says Dr. Wilson, "an old stone seat which stood in a recess of the wall had to be removed, and underneath was found a skeleton entire, except the bones of the right hand—without doubt the remains of the assassin, that had secretly been brought thither from the Gallowlee." But Dr. Chambers also

place of concealment, probably in the course of the night in which they had been abstracted from the gallows." This pistol is still preserved.

In this close "the great house pertaining to the Earl of Eglintoun," with its coach-house and stables, is advertised for sale in the *Evening Courant* of April, 1735.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE LAWNMARKET (*concluded*).

Gosford's Close—The Town House of the Abbot of Cambuskenneth—Tennant's House—Mansion of the Hays—Liberton's Wynd—Johanne Dowie's Tavern—Burns and His Songs—The Place of Execution—Birthplace of "The Man of Feeling"—The Mirror Club—Ferrester's Wynd—The Heather Stacks in the Houses—Peter Williamson—Baik's Wynd—Habits of the Lawnmarket Woollen Traders—"Lawnmarket Gazette"—Melbourne Place—The County Hall—The Signet and Advocates' Libraries.

BELOW the scene of this tragedy opened Gosford's Close (in the direct line of the King's Bridge), wherein for ages stood a highly-decorated edifice, belonging to the Augustinian abbey of Cambuskenneth, near Stirling. It would seem to have

been of considerable size, and from the mass of sculptured fragments, all beautiful Gothic carvings, found in the later houses of the close, must have been a considerable feature in the city. "The building was in all likelihood," we are told, "the

town mansion of the abbot, with a beautiful chapel attached to it, and may serve to remind us how little idea we can form of the beauty of the Scottish capital before the Reformation, adorned as it was with so many churches and conventual buildings, the very sites of which are now unknown. Over the doorway of an ancient stone land in Gosford's Close, which stood immediately east of the Old Bank Close, there existed a curious sculptured lintel containing a representation of the crucifixion, and which may with every probability be regarded as another relic of the abbot's house that once occupied its site."

This lintel is still preserved, and the house which it adorned belonged to Mungo Tennant, a wealthy citizen, whose seal is appended to a reversion of the half of the lands of Leny, in 1540. It also bears his arms, with the then common legend—*Soli. Deo. Honor. et. Gloria.*

In the lower storey of this house was a strongly-arched cellar, in the floor of which was a concealed trap-door, admitting to another lower down, hewn out of the living rock. Tradition averred it was a chamber for torture, but it has more shrewdly been supposed to have been connected with the smugglers, to whom the North Loch afforded by boat such facilities for evading the duties at the city gates, and running in wines and brandies. This vault is believed to be still remaining untouched beneath the central roadway of the new bridge. On the first floor of this mansion the fifth Earl of Loudon, a gallant general officer, and his daughter, Lady Flora (latterly countess in her own right) afterwards Marchioness of Hastings, resided when in town. Here, too, was the mansion of Hume Rigg of Morton, who died in it in 1788. It is thus described in a note to Kay's works:—"The dining and drawing-rooms were spacious; indeed, more so than those of any private modern house we have seen. The lobbies were all variegated marble, and a splendid mahogany staircase led to the upper storey. There was a large green behind, with a statue in the middle, and a summer-house at the bottom; but so confined was the entry to this elegant mansion that it was impossible to get even a sedan chair near to the door." On the 20th January, 1773, at four A.M., there was a tempest, says a print of the time, "and a stack of chimneys on an old house at the foot of Gosford's Close, possessed by Hugh Mossman, writer, was blown down, and breaking through the roof in that part of the house where he and his spouse lay, they both perished in the ruins. . . . In the storey below, Miss Mally Rigg, sister to Rigg of Morton, also perished."

In 1773 the Ladies Catherine and Anne Hay, daughters of John Marquis of Tweeddale, lived there, and in that year their brother George, the fifth Marquis, resided there too, in the third floor of the front "land" or tenement. "Indeed," says Wilson, "the whole neighbourhood was the favourite resort of the most fashionable and distinguished among the resident citizens, and a perfect nest of advocates and lords of session." In the year 1794 the hall and museum of the Society of Antiquaries were at the bottom of this ancient thoroughfare.

Next it was Liberton's Wynd, the avenue of which is still partially open, and which was removed to make way for the new bridge and other buildings. Like many others still extant, or demolished, this alley, called a wynd as being broader than a close, had the fronts of its stone mansions so added to and encumbered by quaint projecting out-shot Doric gables of timber, that they nearly met overhead, excluding the narrow strip of sky, and, save at noon, all trace of sunshine. Yet herein stood Johnnie Dowie's tavern, one of the most famous in the annals of Convivialia, and a view of which, by Geikie, is preserved by Hone in his "Year Book." Johnnie Dowie was the sleekest and kindest of landlords; nothing could equal the benignity of his smile when he brought "ben" a bottle of his famous old Edinburgh ale to a well-known and friendly customer. The formality with which he drew the cork, the air with which he filled the long, slender glasses, and the regularity with which he drank the healths of all present in the first, with his *douce* civility at withdrawing, were as long remembered by his many customers as his "Nor' Loch trouts and Welsh rabbits," after he had gone to his last home, in 1817, leaving a fortune to his son, who was a major in the army. With a laudable attachment to the old costume he always wore a cocked hat, buckles at the knees and shoes, as well as a cross-handled cane, over which he stooped in his gait. Here, in the space so small and dark, that even cabmen would avoid it now, there came, in the habit of the times, Robert Ferguson the poet, David Herd the earliest collector of Scottish songs, "antiquarian Paton," and others forgotten now, but who were men of local note in their own day as lords of session and leading advocates. Here David Martin, a well-known portrait painter, instituted a Club, which was quaintly named after their host, the "Dowie College," and there his far more celebrated pupil Sir Henry Raeburn often accompanied him in his earlier years; and, more than all, it was the favourite resort of Robert Burns,

where he spent many a jovial hour with Willie Nicol and Allan Masterton. "Three blyther lads" never gladdened the old place; and so associated did it become with Burns, that, according to a writer in the "Year Book," "his name was assumed as its distinguishing and alluring cognomen. Until it was finally closed, it was visited nightly by many a party of jolly fellows. . . . Few strangers omitted to call in to gaze upon the 'coffin' of the bard—this was a small, dark room, which would barely accommodate, even by squeezing, half a dozen, but in which Burns used to sit.

The moment the clock of St. Giles's struck midnight not another cork would Johnnie Dowie draw. His unvarying reply to a fresh order was, "Gentlemen, it is past twelve, and time to go home." In the same corner where Burns sat Christopher North has alluded to his own pleasant meetings with Tom Campbell. A string of eleven verses in honour of his tavern were circulated among his customers by Dowie, who openly ascribed them to Burns. Two of these will suffice, as what was at least a good imitation of the poet's style:—

"O Dowie's ale! thou art the thing  
That gars us crack and gars us sing,  
Cast by our cares, our wants a' fling  
Frae us wi' anger;  
Thou e'en mak'st passion tak the wing,  
Or thou wilt hang her.

"How blest is he wha has a groat,  
To spare upon the cheering pot;  
He may look blythe as ony Scot  
That e'er was born;  
Gie's a' the like, but wi' a coat,  
And guide frae scorn."

"Now these men are all gone," wrote one, who, alas! has followed them; "their very habits are becoming matters of history, while, as for their evening haunt, the place which knew it once knows it no more, the new access to the Lawnmarket, by George IV. bridge, passing over the area where it stood."

Liberton's Wynd is mentioned so far back as in a charter by James III., in 1477, and in a more subsequent time it was the last permanent place of execution, after the demolition of the old Tolbooth. Here at its head have scores of unhappy wretches looked their last

upon the morning sun—the infamous Burke, whom we shall meet again, among them. The socket of the gallows-tree was removed, like many other objects of greater interest, in 1834.

Before quitting this ancient alley we must not omit to note that therein, in the house of his father Dr. Josiah Mackenzie (who died in 1800) was born in August, 1745, Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," one of the most illustrious names connected with polite literature in Scotland. He was one of the most active members of the Mirror Club, which met sometimes at Cleribough's in Writers' Court; sometimes in Somers's opposite the Guard-house in the High Street; sometimes in Stewart's oyster-house, in the old



ROBERT GOURLAY'S HOUSE.

Here he composed one or two of his best songs, and here were preserved to the last the identical seats and table which had accommodated him." In his edition of Scottish songs published in 1829, five years before the demolition of the tavern, Chambers notes that in the ale-house was sung that sweetest of all Burns's love songs:—

"O, poorthith cauld, and restless love,  
Ye wreck my peace between ye;  
Yet poorthith a' I could forgie,  
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

"Oh, why should fate sic pleasure have,  
Life's dearest bonds untwining?  
Or why see sweet a flower as love  
Depend on fortune's shining?"

Fleshmarket Close ; but oftener, perhaps, in Lucky Dunbar's, a house which was situated in an alley that led between Liberton's Wynd and Forrester's Wynd. This Club commenced its publication of the *Mirror* in January, 1729, and terminated it in May, 1780. It was a folio sheet, published weekly at three-halfpence. The *Lounger*, to which Lord Craig contributed largely, was commenced, by the staff of the *Mirror*, on the 6th of February, 1785, and continued weekly till the 6th of January, 1787.

paid to their morals, behaviour, and every branch of education."

In this quarter Turk's Close, Carthrae's, Forrester's, and Beith's Wynds, all stood on the slope between Liberton's Wynd and St. Giles's Church ; but every stone of these had been swept away many years before the great breach made by the new bridge was projected. Forrester's Wynd occurs so often in local annals that it must have been a place of some consideration.



JOHN DOWIE'S TAVERN. (From the Engraving in Houe's "Year Book").

Among the members of this literary Club were Mr. Alexander Abercrombie, afterwards Lord Abercrombie ; Lord Bannatyne ; Mr. George Home, Clerk of Session ; Gordon of Newhall ; and a Mr. George Ogilvie ; among their correspondents were Lord Hailes, Mr. Baron Hume, Dr. Beattie, and many other eminent literary men of the time ; but of the 101 papers of the *Lounger*, fifty-seven are the production of Henry Mackenzie, including his general review of Burns's poems, already referred to.

In Liberton's Wynd, we find from the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 1783, that the Misses Preston, daughters of the late minister of Markinch, had a boarding school for young ladies, whose parents "may depend that the greatest attention will be

"The Diurnal of Occurrents" records, that in 1566, John Sinclair, Bishop of Brechin, Dean of Restalrig, and Lord President of the College of Justice, died in Forrester's Wynd, in the house of James Mossman, probably the same man who was a goldsmith in Edinburgh at that time, and whose father, also James Mossman, enclosed with the present four arches the crown of Scotland, by order of James V., when Henry VIII. closed the crown of England. In consequence of the houses being set on fire by the Castle guns under Kirkaldy, in 1572, it was ordered that all the thatched houses between Beith's Wynd and St. Giles's should be unroofed, and that all stacks of heather should be carried away from the streets

and burned, and "that ilk man in Edinburgh have his lumes (vents) full of watter in the nycht, under pain of deid!" ("Diurnal.") This gives us a graphic idea of the city in the sixteenth century, and of the High Street in particular, "with the majority of the buildings on either side covered with thatch, encumbered by piles of heather and other fuel accumulated before each door for the use of the inhabitants, and from amid these, we may add the stately ecclesiastical edifices, and the substantial mansions of the nobility, towering with all the more imposing effect, in contrast to their homely neighbourhood."

Concerning these heather stacks we have the following episode in "Moses' Memoirs :"—"On the 2nd December, 1584, a baxter's boy called Robert Henderson (no doubt by the instigation of Satan) desperately put some powder and a candle to his father's heather-stack, standing in a close opposite the Tron, and burnt the same with his father's house, to the imminent hazard of burning the whole town, for which, being apprehended most marvellously, after his escaping out of town, *he was next day burnt quick* at the cross of Edinburgh as an example."

There was still extant in 1850 a small fragment of Forrester's Wynd, a beaded doorway in a ruined wall, with the legend above it—

"O.F. OUR INHERITANCE, 1623."

"In all the old houses in Edinburgh," says Arnot, "it is remarkable that the superstition of the time had guarded each with certain cabalistic characters or talismans engraved upon its front. These were generally composed of some texts of Scripture, of the name of God, or perhaps an emblematical representation of the crucifixion."

Forrester's Wynd probably took its name from Sir Adam Forrester of Corstorphine, who was twice chief magistrate of the city in the 14th century.

After the "Jenny Geddes" riot in St. Giles's, Guthrie, in his "Memoirs," tells us of a mob, consisting of some hundreds of women, whose place of rendezvous in 1637 was Forrester's Wynd, and who attacked Sydeserf, Bishop of Galloway, when on his way to the Privy Council, accompanied by Francis Stewart, son of the Earl of Bothwell, "with such violence, that probably he had been torn in pieces, if it had not been that the said Francis, with the help of two pretty men that attended him, rescued him out of their barbarous hands, and hurled him in at the door, holding back the pursuers until those that were within shut the door. Thereafter, the Provost and Bailies being assembled in their council, those women beleaguered

them, and threatened to burn the house about their ears, unless they did presently nominate two commissioners for the town," &c. Their cries were: "God defend all those who will defend God's cause! God confound the service-book and all maintainers thereof!"

From advertisements, it would appear that a character who made some noise in his time, Peter Williamson, "from the other world," as he called himself, had a printer's shop at the head of this wynd in 1772. The victim of a system of kidnapping encouraged by the magistrates of Aberdeen, he had been carried off in his boyhood to America, and after almost unheard-of perils and adventures, related in his autobiography, published in 1758, he returned to Scotland, and obtained some small damages from the then magistrates of his native city, and settled in Edinburgh as a printer and publisher. In 1776 he started *The Scots Spy*, published every Friday, of which copies are now extremely rare. He had the merit of establishing the first penny post in Edinburgh, and also published a "Directory," from his new shop in the Luckenbooths, in 1784. He would appear for these services to have received a small pension from Government when it assumed his institution of the penny post. He died in January, 1799.

The other venerable alley referred to, Beith's Wynd, when greatly dilapidated by time, was nearly destroyed by two fires, which occurred in 1786 and 1788. The former, on the 12th December, broke out near Henderson's stairs, and raged with great violence for many hours, but by the assistance of the Town Guard and others it was suppressed, yet not before many families were burnt out. The Parliament House and the Advocates' Library were both in imminent peril, and the danger appeared so great, that the Court of Session did not sit that day, and preparations were made for the speedy removal of all records. At the head of Beith's Wynd, in 1745, dwelt Andrew Maclure, a writing-master, one of that corps of civic volunteers who marched to oppose the Highlanders, but which mysteriously melted away ere it left the West Port. It was noted of the gallant Andrew, that having made up his mind to die, he had affixed a sheet of paper to his breast, whereon was written, in large text-hand, "This is the body of Andrew Maclure; let it be decently interred," a notice that was long a source of joke among the Jacobite wits.

With this wynd, our account of the alleys in connection with the Lawnmarket ends. We have elsewhere referred to the once well-known Club formed by the dwellers in the latter, chiefly woolen

traders. They have been described as being "a dram-drinking, news-mongering, facetious set of citizens, who met every morn about seven o'clock, and after proceeding to the post-office to ascertain the news (when the mail arrived), generally adjourned to a public-house and refreshed themselves with a libation of brandy." Unfounded articles of intelligence that were spread abroad in those days were usually named "Lawnmarket Gazettes," in allusion to their roguish or wagghish originators.

At all periods the Lawnmarket was a residence for men of note, and the frequent residence of English and other foreign ambassadors; and so long as Edinburgh continued to be the seat of the Parliament, its vicinity to the House made it a favourite and convenient resort for the members of the Estates.

On the ground between Robert Gourlay's house and Beith's Wynd we now find some of those portions of the new city which have been engrafted on the old. In Melbourne Place, at the north end of George IV. Bridge, are situated many important offices, such as, amongst others, those of the Royal Medical Society, and the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures, built in an undefined style of architecture, new to Edinburgh. Opposite, with its back to the bridge, where a part of the line of Liberton's Wynd exists, is built the County Hall, presenting fronts to the Lawnmarket and to St. Giles's. The last of these possesses no common beauty, as it has a very lofty portico of finely-fluted columns, overshadowing a flight of steps leading to the main entrance, which is modelled after the choragic monument of Thrasylus, while the ground plan and style of ornament is an imitation of the Temple of Erechtheium at Athens. It was erected in 1817, and contains several spacious and lofty court-rooms, with apartments for the Sheriff and other functionaries employed in the business of the county. The hall contains a fine statue of Lord Chief Baron Dundas, by Chantrey.

Adjoining it and stretching eastward is the library of the Writers to the Signet. It is of Grecian architecture, and possesses two long pillared halls of beautiful proportions, the upper having Corinthian columns, and a dome wherein are painted the Muses. It is 132 feet long by about 40 broad, and was used by George IV. as a drawing-room, on the day of the royal banquet in the Parliament House. Formed by funds drawn solely from contributions by Writers to H.M. Signet, it is under a body of curators. The library contains more than 60,000 volumes, and is remarkably rich in British and Irish history.

Southward of it and lying parallel with it, nearer the Cowgate, is the Advocates' Library, two long halls, with oriel windows on the north side. This library, one of the five in the United Kingdom entitled to a copy of every work printed in it, was founded by Sir George Mackenzie, Dean of Faculty in 1682, and contains some 200,000 volumes, forming the most valuable collection of the kind in Scotland. The volumes of Scottish poetry alone exceed 400. Among some thousand MSS. are those of Wodrow, Sir James Balfour, Sir Robert Sibbald, and others. In one of the lower compartments may be seen Greenshield's statue of Sir Walter Scott, and the original volume of Waverley; two volumes of original letters written by Mary Queen of Scots and Charles I.; the Confession of Faith signed by James VI. and the Scottish nobles in 1589-90; a valuable cabinet from the old Scottish mint in the Cowgate; the pennon borne by Sir William Keith at Flodden; and many other objects of the deepest interest. The office of librarian has been held by many distinguished men of letters; among them were Thomas Ruddiman, in 1702; David Hume, his successor, in 1752; Adam Ferguson; and David Irving, LL.D.

A somewhat minor edifice in the vicinity forms the library of the Solicitors before the Supreme Court.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE TOLBOOTH.

*Memorials of the Heart of Midlothian, or Old Tolbooth—Sir Walter Scott's Description—The Early Tolbooth—The "Robin Hood" Disturbances—Noted Prisoners—Entries from the Records—Lord Burleigh's Attempt at Escape—The Porteous Mob—The Scurvy of Katherine Nairne and of James Hay—The Town Guard—The Royal Bedchamber.*

THE genius of Scott has shed a strange halo around the memory of the grim and massive Tolbooth prison, so much so that the creations of his imagination, such as Jeanie and Effie Deans, take the place of real persons of flesh and blood, and such

is the power of genius, that with the name of the Heart of Midlothian we couple the fierce fury of the Porteous mob. "Antique in form, gloomy and haggard in aspect, its black stanchioned windows, opening through its dingy walls like the apertures

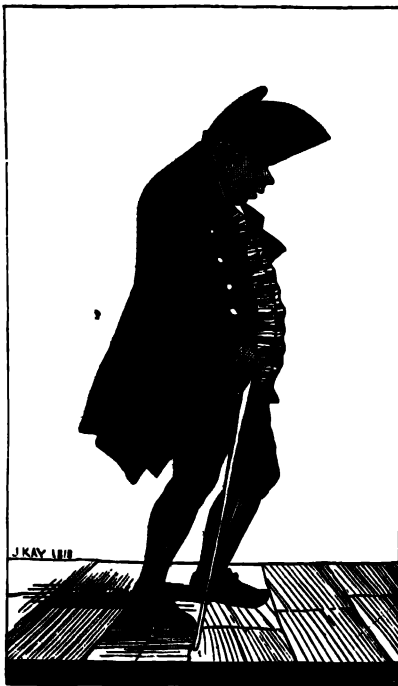
of a hearse, it was calculated to impress all beholders with a sense of what was meant in Scottish law by the *squalor carceris*."

Situated in the very heart of the ancient city, it stood at the north-west corner of the parish church of St. Giles, and so close to it as to leave only a narrow footway between the projecting buttresses, while its tall and gloomy mass extended so far into the High Street, as to leave the thoroughfare at that part only 14 feet in breadth. "Reuben Butler," says Scott, writing ere its demolition had been decreed, "stood now before the Gothic entrance of the ancient prison, which, as is well known to all men, rears its front in the very middle of the High Street, forming, as it were, the termination to a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow, crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old church upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage (well known by the name of the Krames), a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests—bearing about the same proportion to the building—every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger, enchanted by the rich display of hobby-horses, babies, and Dutch toys, arranged in artful and gay confusion, yet half scared by the cross looks of the withered pantaloon by whom these wares are superintended. But in the times we write of the hosiery, glovers, hatters, mercers, milliners, and all

who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in this narrow alley."

By the year 1561 the Tolbooth, or *Pretorium burgi de Edinburgh*, as it is named in the early Acts of the Scottish Parliament, had become ruinous, and on the 6th of February Queen Mary wrote a letter to the magistrates, charging the Provost to take it down at once, and meanwhile to provide accommodation elsewhere for the Lords of Session. Since the storm of the Reformation the Scottish revenues had been greatly impaired; money

and materials were alike scarce; hence the magistrates were anxious, if possible, to preserve the old building; accordingly a new one was erected, entirely apart from it, adjoining the south-west corner of St. Giles's church, and the eastern portion of the old Tolbooth bore incontestable evidence of being the work of an age long anterior to the date of Queen Mary's letter, and the line of demarcation between the east and west ends of the edifice is still apparent in all views of it. The more ancient portion, which had on its first floor a large and deeply-embayed square window, having rich Gothic niches on each side, is supposed to have been at one time the house of the Provost of St. Giles's church, or some such appendage to the latter, while the prebends and



JOHN DOWIE. (After Kay.)

other members of the colleges were accommodated in edifices on the south side of the church, removed in 1632 to make way for the present Parliament House. Thus it is supposed to have been built about 1466, when James III. erected St. Giles's into a collegiate church, and the chapter-house thereof being of sufficient dimensions, would naturally lead to the meeting-place of parliaments, though many were held in Edinburgh long before the time of James III., especially in the old hall of the Castle, now degraded into a military hospital.

The first Parliament of James II. was held in the latter in 1437; in 1438 the second Parliament was held at Stirling, but in the November of the same year another in *prætorio burgi de Edinburgh*,





EDINBURGH, FROM ST. CUTHBERTS TO ST. GILES'S. (From the very rare Plan by Hollar, 1694.)  
 1, The Castle; 2, The Weigh-house; 3, St. Giles's Church; 4, The Parliament House and Courts of Justice; 5, The University; 6, St. Margaret's Chapel; 7, West Port; 8, St. Catherine's Church.

i.e., the Tolbooth; others were held there in 1449 and 1459. In the latter the Scottish word "Tolbooth," meaning a tax-house, occurs for the first time; "Hence," says Wilson, "a much older, and probably larger erection must therefore have existed on the site of the western portion of the Tolbooth, the ruinous state of which led to the royal command for its demolition in 1561—not a century after the date we are disposed to assign to the oldest portion of the building that remained till 1817, and which, though decayed and time-worn, was so far from being ruinous even then, that it proved a work of great labour to demolish its solid masonry." In the "Diurnal of Occurrents," it is recorded that in 1571 "the tour of the *auld Tolbuth* was tane down."

The ornamental north gable of the Tolbooth was never seen without a human head stuck thereon in "the good old times." In 1581 "the prick on the highest stone" bore the head of the Regent Morton, in 1650 the head of the gallant Montrose, till eleven years subsequently it was replaced by that of his enemy Argyle.

In 1561 the Tolbooth figures in one of those tulzies or rows so common in the Edinburgh of those days; but in this particular instance we see a distinct foreshadowing of the Porteous mob of the eighteenth century, by the magistrates forbidding a "Robin Hood." This was the darling May game of Scotland as well as England, and, under the pretence of frolic, gave an unusual degree of licence; but the Scottish Calvinistic clergy, with John Knox at their head, and backed by the authority of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who had of late been chosen exclusively from that party, found it impossible to control the rage of the populace when deprived of the privilege of having a Robin Hood, with the Abbot of Unreason and the Queen of the May. Thus it came to pass, that in May, 1561, when a man in Edinburgh was chosen as "Robin Hood and Lord of Inobedience," most probably because he was a frolicsome, witty, and popular fellow, and passed through the city with a great number of followers, noisily, and armed, with a banner displayed, to the Castle Hill, the magistrates caught one of his companions, "a cordiner's servant," named James Gillon, whom they condemned to be hanged on the 21st of July.

On that day, as he was to be conveyed to the gibbet, it was set up with the ladder against it in the usual fashion, when the craftsmen rushed into the streets, clad in their armour, with spears, axes, and hand-guns. They seized the Provost by main force of arms, together with two Bailies, David Symmer and Adam Fullarton,

and thrusting them into Alexander Guthrie's writing booth, left them there under a guard. The rest marched to the cross, broke the gibbet to pieces, and beating in the doors of the Tolbooth with sledge-hammers, under the eyes of the magistrates, who were warded close by, they brought forth the prisoner, whom they conveyed in triumph down the street to the Netherbow Port. Finding the latter closed, they passed up the street again. By this time the magistrates had taken shelter in the Tolbooth, from whence one of them fired a pistol and wounded one of the mob. "That being done," says the Diurnal of Occurrents, "there was *naething but tak and slay!* that is, the one part shooting forth and casting stones, the other part shooting hagbuts in again, and sae the craftsmen's servants held them (conducted themselves) continually frae three hours afternoon, while (till) aucht at even, and never ane man of the toun steirit to defend their provost and bailies."

The former, who was Thomas MacCalzean, of Clifton Hall, contrived to open a communication with the constable of the Castle, who came with an armed party to act as umpire; and through that officer it was arranged "that the provost and bailies should discharge all manner of actions whilk they had against the said crafts-childer in ony time bygone;" and this being done and proclaimed, the armed trades peacefully disbanded, and the magistrates were permitted to leave the Tolbooth.

In 1579 the sixth Parliament of James VI. met there. The Estates rode through the streets; "the crown was borne before his Majesty by Archibald Earl of Angus, the sceptre by Colin Earl of Argyle, Chancellor, and the sword of honour, by Robert Earl of Lennox." Moyses adds, when the Parliament was dissolved, twelve days after, the king again rode thither in state. In 1581 Morton was tried and convicted in the hall for the murder of Darnley; the King's Advocate on that occasion was Robert Crichton of Ellick, father of the "Admirable Crichton."

Calderwood records some curious instances of the king's imbecility among his fierce and turbulent courtiers. On January 7th, 1590, when he was coming down the High Street from the Tolbooth, where he had been administering justice, two of his attendants, Lodovick Duke of Lennox (hereditary High Admiral and Great Chamberlain), and Alexander Lord Home, meeting the Laird of Logie, with whom they had a quarrel, though he was valet of the royal chamber, attacked him sword in hand, to the alarm of James, who retired into an adjacent close; and six days after, when he

was sitting in the Tolbooth hearing the case of the Laird of Craigmillar, who was suing a divorce against his wife, the Earl of Bothwell forcibly dragged out one of the most important witnesses, and carrying him to his castle of Crichton, eleven miles distant, threatened to hang him if he uttered a word.

On the charge of being a "Papist," among many other prisoners in the Tolbooth in 1628, was the Countess of Abercorn, where her health became broken by confinement, and the misery of a prison which, if it was loathsome in the reign of George III., must have been something terrible in the days of Charles I. In 1621 she obtained a licence to go to the baths of Bristol, but failing to leave the city, was lodged for six months in the Canongate gaol. After she had been under restraint in various places for three years, she was permitted to remain in the earl's house at Paisley, in March 1631, on condition that she "reset no Jesuits," and to return if required under a penalty of 5,000 merks.

Taken *seriatim*, the records of the Tolbooth contain volumes of entries made in the following brief fashion:—

"1662, June 10.—John Kincaid put in ward by warrant of the Lords of the Privy Council, for 'pricking of persons suspected of witchcraft *unwarrantably*.' Liberated on finding caution not to do so again.

"—June 10.—Robert Binning for falsehood; hanged with the false papers about his neck.

"—Aug. 13.—Robert Reid for murder. His head struck from his body at the mercat cross.

"—Dec. 4.—James Ridpath, tinker; to be ghastly from Castle-hill to Netherbow, burned on the cheek with the Toun's common mark, and banished the kingdom, for the crime of double adultery.

"1663, March 13.—Alexander Kennedy; hanged for raising false bonds and writts.

"—March 21.—Aucht Qwakers; liberated, certifying if again troubling the place, the next prison shall be the Correction House.

"—July 8.—Katherine Reid; hanged for theft.

"—July 8.—Sir Archibald Johnston of Wariston; treason. Hanged, his head cut off and placed on the Netherbow.

"—July 18.—Bessie Brebner; hanged for murder.

"—Aug. 25.—The Provost of Kirkcudbright; banished for keeping his house during a tumult.

"—Oct. 5.—William Dodds; beheaded for murder."

And so on in grim monotony, till we come to

the last five entries in the old record, which is quite incomplete.

"1728, Oct. 25.—John Gibson; forging a declaration, 18th January, 1727. His lug nailed to the Tron, and dismissed.

"1751, March 18.—Helen Torrance and Jean Waldie were executed this day, for stealing a child, eight or nine years of age, and selling its body to the surgeons for dissection. Alive on Tuesday when carried off, and dead on Friday, with an incision in the belly, but sewn up again.

"1756, May 4.—Sir William Dalrymple of Cousland; for shooting at Capt. Hen. Dalrymple of Fordell, with a pistol at the Cross of Edinburgh. Liberated on 14th May, on bail for 6,000 merks, to answer any complaint.

"1752, Jan. 10.—Norman Ross; hanged and hung in chains between Leith and Edinburgh, for assassinating Lady Bailie, sister to Home of Wedderburn.

"1757, Feb. 4.—James Rose, Excise Officer at Muthill; banished to America for forging receipts for arrears."

It was a peculiarity of the Tolbooth, that through clanship, or some other influence, nearly every criminal of rank confined in it achieved an escape.

Robert fourth Lord Burleigh, a half insane peer, who was one of the commissioners for executing the office of Lord Register in 1689, and who married a daughter of the Earl of Melville about the time of the Union, assassinated a schoolmaster who had married a girl to whom he had paid improper addresses, was committed to the Tolbooth, and sentenced to death; and of his first attempt to escape the following story is told. He was carried out of the prison in a large trunk, to be conveyed to Leith, on the back of a powerful porter, who was to put him on board a vessel about to sail for the Continent. It chanced that when slinging the trunk on his back, the porter did so with Lord Burleigh's head *downmost*, thus it had to sustain the weight of his whole body. The posture was agony, the way long and rough, but life was dear. Unconscious of his actual burden, the porter reached the Netherbow Port, where an acquaintance asked him "whither he was going?" "To Leith," was the reply. "Is the work good enough to afford a glass before going farther?" was the next question. The porter said it was; and tossed down the trunk with such violence that it elicited a scream from Lord Burleigh, who instantly fainted.

Scared and astounded, the porter wrenched open the trunk, when its luckless inmate was found cramped, doubled-up, and senseless. A crowd

collected; the City Guard came promptly on the spot, and when the prisoner recovered from his swoon he was safe in his old quarters, which did not hold him long, however, as it would appear from the old folio of Douglas Peerage that he escaped in his sister's clothes. Yet as Lord Bursleigh died in 1713, Douglas in this matter seems to confound him with his son, the Master.

Of all the thousands who must have been prisoners there, recorded and unrecorded, on every conceiv-

The malt-tax, the dismissal of the Duke of Roxburgh from his office as Scottish Secretary of State, and the imposition of an intolerable taxation, the first result of the Union, and the endeavours of the revenue officers to repress smuggling, all embittered the blood of the people. The latter officials were either all Englishmen, "or Scotsmen, chosen, as was alleged, on account of their treachery to Scottish interests, and received but little support even from local authorities. If in their occasional



INTERIOR OF THE SIGNET LIBRARY. (From a View published in 1829)

able charge, the stories of none have created more excitement than those of Captain Porteous, of Katherine Nairne, and another prisoner named Hay; and singular to say, the names of none of them appear in the mutilated record just quoted. Porteous has been called the real hero of the Tolbooth. "The mob that thundered at its ancient portals on the eventful night of the 7th of September, 1736, and dashed through its blazing embers to drag forth the victim of their indignant revenge, has cast into shade all former acts of *Lynch Law*, for which the Edinburgh populace were once so notorious." But the real secret and mainspring of the whole tragedy was jealousy of the treatment of Scotland by the ministry in London.

collisions with smugglers they shed blood, they were at once prosecuted, and an outcry was raised that Englishmen should not be allowed to slaughter Scotsmen with impunity." At length these quarrels led to and culminated in the Porteous mob.

The seaport towns with which the coast of Fife is so thickly studded were at this time much infested by Scottish bands of daring smugglers, many of whom had been buccaneers in the Antilles and Gulf of Florida, and thus were constantly at war with the revenue officials. One of these contrabandistas, named Wilson, in revenge for various seizures and fines, determined to rob the collector of Customs at Pittenweem, and in this, with the aid of a lad named Robertson and two others, he fully succeeded. They were all apprehended, and tried;

Wilson and Robertson were sentenced to death, without the slightest hope of a pardon. While the criminals were lying in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, by the aid of two horse-stealers, who were confined in a cell immediately above them, they succeeded in cutting the iron stanchels of a window, singing psalms the while to drown all sound. One of the horse-stealers succeeded in getting through the aperture, and the other might have escaped in the same way but for the obstinacy of Wilson, who insisted on making the next attempt. Being a bulky man he stuck fast between the bars, the gudeman of the Tolbooth was speedily made aware of the attempt, and took sure means to preclude a repetition of it. The character of Wilson the smuggler was not without some noble qualities, and he felt poignant regret for the selfish obstinacy by which he had prevented the escape of young Robertson; thus he formed the secret resolution of saving his comrade's life, at any risk of his own. On

the Sunday before the execution, according to the custom of the period, the criminals were taken to that part of St. Giles's named the Tolbooth kirk, to hear the sermon preached for their especial benefit, but under custody of four soldiers of the City Guard, armed with their bayonets. On the dismissal of the congregation, Wilson, who was an active and powerful man, suddenly seized two of the soldiers, one with each hand, a third with his back, and calling to Robertson, "Run, Robert, run!" now, with animation, the latter broke the third soldier down, and followed by

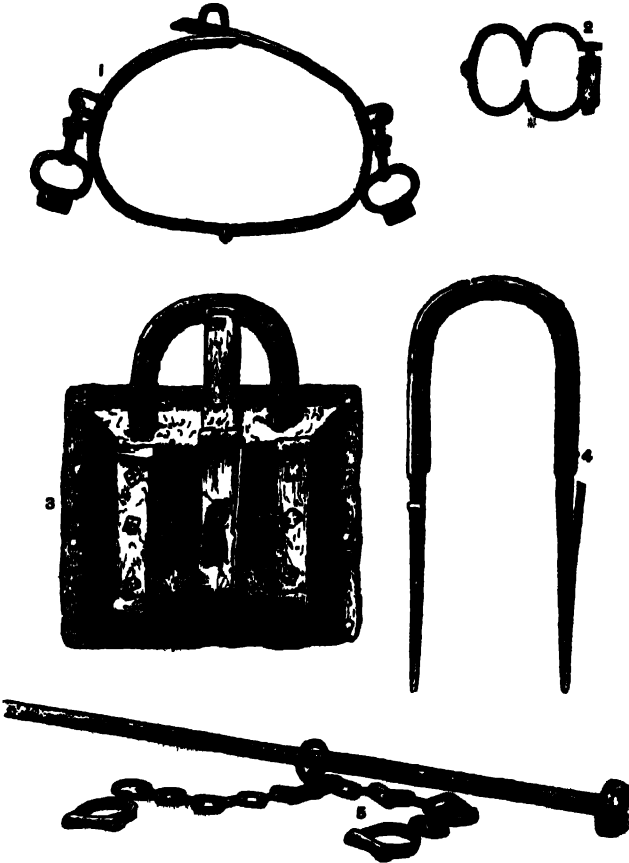
escape, which no one for a moment thought of marring.

The success of this daring achievement, though it doubly sealed his own fate, removed a load of remorse from the mind of Wilson, and excited so much sympathy in his behalf, that it was commonly rumoured an attempt would be made to rescue him at the place of execution. When the day for that

came—the 24th April, 1736—it was found that the magistrates had taken ample precautions to enforce the law. Around the scaffold was a strong body of the City Guard, while a detachment of the Welch Fusiliers—which young Elliot of Stobo, the future Lord Heathfield, had just joined as a volunteer—was under arms in the principal street. Vast multitudes had assembled, but their behaviour was subdued and orderly until the terrible sentence had been executed, and the body of Wilson swung from the lofty gibbet in the Gethermarket. Then a yell of rage and execration burst from the people,

who broke through all restraint, and assailed the City Guard with every missile they could find. The body of Andrew Wilson was cut down, and an attempt made to carry it off. It was taken to Pathhead, the burial register of which records that "The corpse of Andrew Wilson, being due to Andrew Wilson, baker and husband of the said soldier (Qui contra Gentes Britannicos se habuit in die 24th April, 1736)" and was buried in the parish church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, on the 25th April, 1736.

RELICS FROM THE TOLBOOTH NOW IN THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.  
1, Girdle. 2, Peter lock. 3, Padlock. 4, Staple. 5, Iron Goad.



Robertson fled for shelter to a house in the market, and the mob carried all before them. Porteous, the commander of the Guard, a military officer, who had seen some service in the Scots Brigade in Holland; but he was a proud man, of profligate character, who, it has been alleged, rendered himself odious to the people by the severity with which he punished the excesses of the poor, compared with his leniency to the wealthy. His fierce pride was roused to boiling heat. He had resented the escape of Robertson as an imputation upon the City Guard; and also resented, as an insult, the presence of the Welsh Fusiliers in the city, where no drums were permitted to be beaten save his own and those of the 25th or Edinburgh Regiment, and he was therefore well inclined to vent his wrath on Wilson, as the cause of all these affronts. It would seem that on the morning of the execution, he appeared, by those who saw him, to be possessed by an evil spirit. It is alleged that he treated Wilson with brutal severity before leaving the prison; and when the riot began, after the execution, and the City Guard was slowly returning up the steep West Bow, and facing about from time to time under showers of missiles, which broke some bones and dashed the drums to pieces, it is said that he not only ordered his soldiers to "level their pieces and be d—d!" but snatched a musket from one and shot a ring-leader dead (Charles Husband, the man who cut down Wilson); then a ragged volley followed, and six or seven more fell killed or wounded.

An Edinburgh crowd never has been easily intimidated; the blood of the people was fairly up now, and they closed in upon the soldiers with louder imprecations and heavier volleys of stones. A second time the Guard faced about and fired, filling the steep narrow street, with smoke, and producing the most fatal results; and as all who were killed or wounded belonged to the better class of citizens—some of whom were viewing the tumult from their own windows—public indignation became irrepressible. Captain John Porteous was therefore brought to trial for murder, and sentenced to die in the usual manner on the 8th of September, 1736. His defence was that his men fired without orders; that his own fusil when shown to the magistrates was clean; and that the fact of their landing ball ammunition amounted "to no less than an order to fire when it became necessary."

George II. was then on the Continent, and Queen Caroline, who was at a court of a country of which she had never seen the language, took a more favourable view of the trial of Porteous than the Edinburgh magistrates, and from the House of

a six weeks' reprieve, preparatory to granting a full pardon, was sent down. "The tidings that a reprieve had been obtained by Porteous created great indignation among the citizens of the capital; they regarded the royal intervention in his behalf as a proof that the unjust English Government were disposed to treat the slaughter of Scotsmen by a military officer as a very venial offence, and a resolution was formed that Porteous should not escape the punishment which his crime deserved."

On the night of the 7th September, according to a carefully-arranged plan, a small party of citizens, apparently of the lower class, preceded by a drum, appeared in the suburb called Portsburgh. At the sound of the drum the fast-swelling mob assembled from all quarters; the West Port was seized, nailed, and barricaded. Marching rapidly along the Cowgate, with numbers increasing at every step, and all more or less well-armed, they poured into the High Street, and seized the Nether Bow Port, to cut off all communication with the Welsh Fusiliers, then quartered in the Canongate. While a strong band held this important post, the City Guardsmen were seized and disarmed in detail; their armoury was captured, and all their muskets, bayonets, halberds, and Lochaber axes, distributed to the crowd, which with cheers of triumph now assailed the Tolbooth, while strong bands held the street to the eastward and westward, to frighten all who might come either from the Castle or Canongate. Thus no one would dare convey a written order to the officers commanding in these quarters from the magistrates, and Colonel Moyle, of the 23rd, very properly declined to move upon the verbal message of Mr. Lindsay, M.P. for the city.

Meanwhile the din of sledge-hammers, bars, and axes, resounded on the ponderous outer gate of the Tolbooth. Its vast strength defied all efforts, till a voice cried, "Try it with fire!" Tar-barrels and other combustibles were brought; the red flames shot upward, and the gate was gradually reduced to cinders, and through these and smoke the mob rushed in with shouts of triumph. The keys of the cells were torn from the trembling warder. The apartment in which Porteous was confined was searched in vain, as it seemed at first, till the unhappy creature was found to have crept up the chimney. This he had done at the risk of suffocation, but his upward progress was stopped by an iron grating, which is often placed across the vents of such edifices for the sake of security, and to this he clung by his fingers, with a tenacity bordering on despair, and the fear of a dreadful death—a death in what form, and at whose hands he knew not. He was dragged down, and though

some proposed to slay him on the spot, was told by others to prepare for that death elsewhere which justice had awarded him; but amid all their fury, the rioters conducted themselves generally with grim and mature deliberation. Porteous was allowed to entrust his money and papers with a person who was in prison for debt, and one of the rioters kindly and humanely offered him the last consolation religion can afford. The dreadful procession, seen by thousands of eyes from the crowded windows, was then begun, and amid the gleam of links and torches, that tipped with fire the blades of hundreds of weapons, the crowd poured down the West Bow to the Grassmarket. So coolly and deliberately did they proceed, that when one of Porteous' slippers dropped from his foot, as he was borne sobbing and praying along, they halted, and replaced it. In the Bow the shop of a dealer in cordage (over whose door there hung a grotesque figure, still preserved) was broken open, a rope taken therefrom, and a guinea left in its stead. On reaching the place of execution, still marked by an arrangement of the stones, they were at a loss for a gibbet, till they discovered a dyer's pole in its immediate vicinity. They tied the rope round the neck of their victim, and slinging it over the cross-beam, swung him up, and speedily put an end to his sufferings and his life; then the roar of voices that swept over the vast place and re-echoed up the Castle rocks, announced that all was over! But ere this was achieved Porteous had been twice let down and strung up again, while many struck him with their Lochaber axes, and tried to cut off his ears.

Among those who witnessed this scene, and never forgot it, was the learned Lord Monboddo, who had that morning come for the first time to Edinburgh. "When about retiring to rest (according to 'Kay's Portraits') his curiosity was excited by the noise and tumult in the streets, and in place of going to bed, he slipped to the door, half-dressed, with a night-cap on his head. He speedily got entangled in the crowd of passers-by, and was hurried along with them to the Grassmarket, where he became an involuntary witness of the last act of the tragedy. This scene made so deep an impression on his lordship, that it not only deprived him of sleep for the remainder of the night, but induced him to think of leaving the city altogether, as a place unfit for a civilised being to live in. His lordship frequently related this incident in after life, and on these occasions described with much force the effect it had upon him." Lord Monboddo died in 1799.

As soon as the rioters had satiated their ven-

geance, they tossed away their weapons, and quickly dispersed; and when the morning of the 8th September stole in nothing remained of the event but the fire-blackened cinders of the Tolbooth door, the muskets and Lochaber axes scattered in the streets, and the dead body of Porteous swinging in the breeze from the dyer's pole. According to the *Caledonian Mercury* of 9th September, 1736, the body of Porteous was interred on the second day in the Greyfriars. The Government was exasperated, and resolved to inflict summary vengeance on the city. Alexander Wilson, the Lord Provost, was arrested, but admitted to bail after three weeks' incarceration. A Bill was introduced into Parliament materially affecting the city, but the clauses for the further imprisonment of the innocent Provost, abolishing the City Guard, and dismantling the gates, were left out when amended by the Commons, and in place of these a small fine of £2,000 in favour of Captain Porteous' widow was imposed upon Edinburgh. Thus terminated this extraordinary conspiracy, which to this day remains a mystery. Large rewards were offered in vain for the ringleaders, many of whom had been disguised as females. One of them is said to have been the Earl of Haddington, clad in his cook-maid's dress. The Act of Parliament enjoined the proclamation for the discovery of the rioters should be read from the parish pulpits on Sunday, but many clergymen refused to do so, and there was no power to compel them; and the people remembered with much bitterness that a certain Captain Lind, of the Town Guard, who had given evidence in Edinburgh tending to incriminate the magistrates, was rewarded by a commission in Lord Tyraway's South British Fusiliers, now 7th Foot.

The next prisoner in the Tolbooth who created an intensity of interest in the minds of contemporaries was Katherine Nairn, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir Robert Nairn, Bart., a lady allied by blood and marriage to many families of the best position. Her crime was a double one—that of poisoning her husband, Ogilvie of Eastmilne, and of having an intrigue with his youngest brother Patrick, a Lieutenant of the Old Gordon Highlanders, disbanded, as we elsewhere stated, in 1765. The victim, to whom she had been married in her nineteenth year, was a man of property, but far advanced in life, and her marriage appears to have been one of those unequal matches by which the happiness of a girl is sacrificed to worldly policy. On her arrival at Leith in an open boat in 1766, her whole bearing betrayed so much levity, and was so different from what was expected by a somewhat plying crowd, that

her indignation was roused, and she was roughly treated from rough treatment; but in her case, as in some others, the strong walls of the old Tolbooth proved a barrier to retaining a culprit of courage and high spirit. The final passing of the fatal sentence was delayed by the Lords on account of the lady's pregnancy. Mrs. Shields, the midwife who attended her accouchement (and who was a public practitioner in the city so lately as 1805), "had the address to achieve a jail delivery also." For three or four days previous to the concerted escape she pretended to be afflicted with a maddening tooth-ache, and went in and out of the Tolbooth with her head and face muffled in shawls and flannels, and groaning as if life were a burden to her. At length, when the warders and sentinels had become fully used to see her thus, Katherine Nairn came down one evening in her stead, with her head enveloped, with the usual groans, and holding her hands upon her face, as if in agony. The warder of the inner door, as she passed out, gave her a slap on the back, calling her a "howling old Jezebel," and adding a "hope that she would trouble him no more."

In her confusion, and perhaps ignorance of the city, she knocked at the door of Lord Alys, in James's Court, mistaking his house for that of her father's agent. The footboy who opened the door had a candle in his hand; and having been in court during the time of her recent trial, immediately recognised her, and raised the hue and cry. She then fled down a neighbouring close, and achieved concealment for a time in the immediate vicinity of the Tolbooth, in a cellar about half-way down the old back stairs of the Parliament Close belonging to the house of her uncle, W. Nairn, advocate (afterwards Lord Dunsinane), from whence she was conducted to Dover in a post-chaise by one of that gentleman's clerks, who was kept in constant dread of discovery by the extreme severity of her conduct. From Dover, disguised in the uniform of an officer, she sailed towards the Continent, and afterwards America, where she is said to have married again, and died as an advanced age, with the story of her adventures generally around her bed.

In the Tolbooth, in 1770, Mungo Campbell committed suicide when under sentence of death for shooting the Earl of Eglinton. But his body was dragged through the streets by the mob, who threw it from the summit of Salisbury Craigs into the chasm known as the Cat Nick.

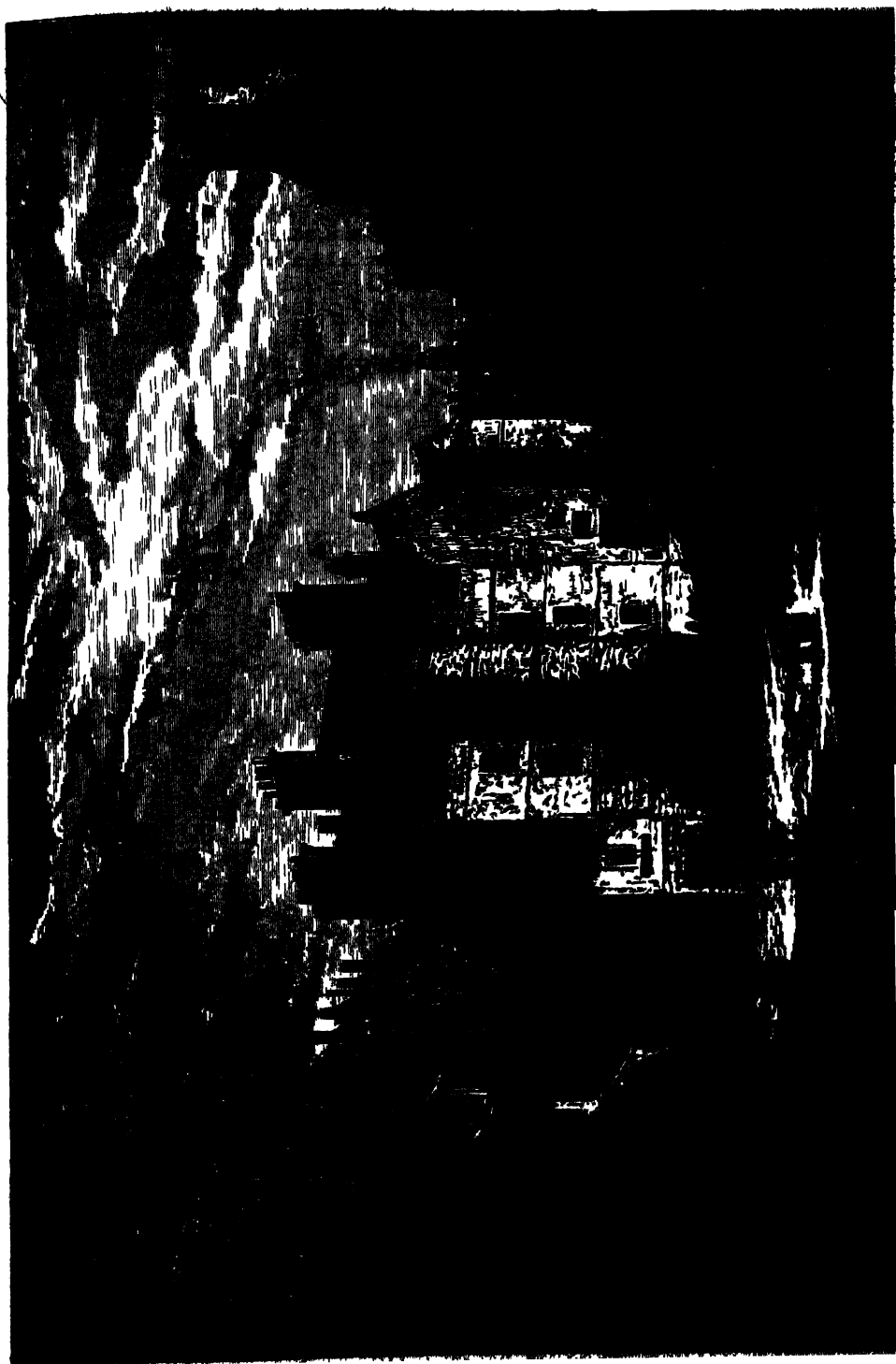
In 1782 the Tolbooth was visited by the philanthropist John Howard, and again, five years subsequently, when he expressed his horror of it, and hoped to have found a better one in its place; and in 1783 there occurred one of the last remarkable escapes therefrom. James Hay, a lad of eighteen, son of a stabler in the Grassmarket, was a prisoner in November, under sentence of death for robbery, and a few days before that appointed for his execution, the father visited the condemned cell, apparently to condole with his unhappy son. When night was closing in and visitors were compelled to retire, old Hay invited the keeper of the inner door to partake of some liquor he had brought with him. He did so, and became rather tipsy about the time for finally locking the gates—ten o'clock. Hay expressed some regret to part just at a moment when they were beginning to enjoy their liquor, and proposed that his companion should run out and procure a bottle of good rum from a neighbouring tavern. The turnkey consented, and staggered down the turnpike stair, neglecting to lock the inner door behind him. As had been concerted, young James Hay followed close behind him; but the outer warder closed the outer door when the panting prisoner was about to spring into the street! At that dread moment old Hay put his head to the great window of the hall, and gave the authoritative order then in use, "Turn your hand!" the usual drawing cry which hourly brought the outer warder to unlock the external gate. Mechanically the man obeyed; the young culprit sprang out, and while his father and the turnkey were jovially discussing the rum, he fled like a hunted hare down Beith's steep wynd, that lay opposite the Tolbooth, and, according to a preconcerted plan, scaled the walls of the Greyfriars churchyard near the lower gate, a feat impossible to one less agile; but so well had every stage of the business been arranged, that a large stone ball



LORD MONBODDO. (After Kay)

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THE TOLLBOOTH. (After the Painting by A. Knapton.)

was given to facilitate the act. James Hay was provided with a key that opened the iron gates of the gloomy-domed mausoleum of George Mackenzie, a place still full of terror, as it is supposed to be haunted by the evil spirit of the persecutor, and there he hid himself, while the following advertisement appeared in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of the 24th November, 1783:—

**"ESCAPED FROM THE TOLBOOTH OF EDINBURGH,**

"James Hay, indicted for highway robbery, aged about 18 years, by trade a glazier, 5 feet 10 inches high, slender made, pale complexion, long visage, brown hair cut short, pitted a little in the face with the small-pox, speaks slow with a *laser* in his tone, and has a mole on one of his cheeks. The magistrates offer a reward of *Twenty Guineas* to any person who will apprehend and secure the said James Hay, to be paid by the City Chamberlain, on the said James Hay being re-committed to the Tolbooth of this city."

But James Hay had been a "Heriotier," brought up in the famous hospital which adjoins the ancient and gloomy burying-ground; thus, he contrived to make known his circumstances to some of his boyish friends, and besought them to assist him in his distress, as it was impossible for his father to do so. A very clannish spirit animated "the Auld Heriotiers" of those days, and not to succour one of the community, however undeserving he might be of aid, would have been deemed by them as a crime of the foulest nature; thus, Hay's school-fellows supplied his wants from their own meals, conveying him food in his erie lurking-place, by scaling the old smoke-blackened and ivied walls, at the risk of severe punishment, and of seeing sights "uncanny," for six weeks, till the hue and cry abated, when he ventured to leave the tomb in the night, and escaped abroad or to England, beyond reach of the law.

"The principal entrance to the Tolbooth," to quote one familiar with the old edifice, "was at the bottom of the turret next the church. The gateway was of good carved stonework, and occupied by a door of ponderous massiveness and strength, having, besides the lock, a flap padlock, which, however, was generally kept unlocked during the day. In front of the door there always paraded a private of the Town Guard, with his rusty-red clothes and Lochaber axe or musket. The door adjacent to the principal gateway was in the final days of the Tolbooth 'Michael Kettins' shoe-shop;" but had formerly been a thief's hole. After further describing the interior of the edifice, the writer continues: "The door opened the hall, which being open to all prisoners, was, from the first end, was usually filled with a crowd of shabby-looking but very

merry loungers. A small rail here served as an additional security, no prisoner being permitted to come within its pale. Here, also, a sentinel of the Town Guard was always walking with a bayonet or a ramrod in his hand. The hall being also the chapel of the gaol, contained an old pulpit of singular fashion—such a pulpit as one could have imagined Knox to have preached from, and which indeed he is traditionally said to have actually done. At the right hand side of the pulpit was a door, leading up the large turnpike (stair) to the apartments occupied by the criminals, one of which was of plate-iron. The door was always shut, except when food was taken up to the prisoners. On the west end of the hall hung a board, whereon was inscribed the following emphatic lines:—

'A prison is a house of care,  
A place where none can thrive;  
A touchstone true to try a friend,  
A grave for men alive.  
  
Sometimes a place of right,  
Sometimes a place of wrong,  
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves,  
And honest men among.'

The floor immediately above the hall was occupied by one room for felons, having a bar along part of the floor, to which condemned criminals were chained, and a square box of plate-iron in the centre was called 'the cage' which was said to have been constructed for the purpose of confining some extraordinary culprit who had broken half the jails in the kingdom. Above this room was another of the same size appropriated to felons." At the western end was the platform where public executions took place.

Doomed to destruction, this gloomy and massive edifice, of many stirring memories, was swept away in 1817, and the materials of it were used for the construction of the great sewers and drains in the vicinity of Fettes Row, emphatically styled "the grave of the old Tolbooth." The arched doorway, door, and massive lock, Sir Walter Scott engrafted on a part of his mansion at Abbotsford; and in 1829 he found that "a tom-tit was pleased to build her nest within the lock of the Tolbooth—a strong temptation," he adds, in the edition of his works issued in the following year, "to have committed a sonnet."

The City Guard-house formed long a "pendicle"—to use a Scottish term—of the old Tolbooth. Scott has described this edifice as "a long, low, ugly building, which, to a fanciful imagination, might have suggested the idea of a long black snail crawling up the middle of the High Street, and defiling its beautiful applanade." It stood in front of the Black Turnpike, and during the

impartial rule of the Cromwellian period, formed the scene of many an act of stern discipline, when drunkards were compelled to ride the wooden horse, with muskets tied to their feet, and "a drinking cup," as Nicoll names it, on their head. "The chronicles of this place of petty durance, could they now be recovered, would furnish many an amusing scrap of antiquated scandal, interspersed at rare intervals with the graver deeds of such disciplinarians as the Protector, or the famous sack of the Porteous mob. There such fair offenders as the witty and eccentric Miss Mackenzie, daughter of Lord Royston, found at times a night's lodging, when she and her maid sallied out as *preux chevaliers* in search of adventures. Occasionally even a grave judge or learned lawyer, surprised out of his official decorum by the temptation of a jovial club, was astonished, on awaking, to find himself within its impartial walls, among such strange bed-fellows as the chances of the night had offered to its vigilant guardians." A slated building of one storey in height, it consisted of four apartments. In the western end was the captain's room; 'here was also a "Burghers' room," for special prisoners; in the centre was a common hall; and at the east end was an apartment devoted to the use of the Tron-men, or city sweeps. Under the captain's room was the black-hole, in which coals and refractory prisoners were kept. In 1785 this unsightly edifice was razed to the ground, and the soldiers of the Guard, after occupying the new Assembly Rooms, had their head-quarters finally assigned them on the ground floor of the old Tolbooth.

It is impossible to quit our memorials of the latter without a special reference to the famous old City Guard, with which it was inseparably connected.

In the alarm caused by the defeat at Flodden, all male inhabitants of the city were required to be in arms and readiness, while twenty-four men were selected as a permanent or standing watch, and in them originated the City Guard, which, however, was not completely constituted until 1648, when the Town Council appointed a body of sixty men to be raised, whereof the captain was, says Arnot, "to have the monthly pay of £11 2s. 3d. sterling, two lieutenants of £3 each, two sergeants of £1 5s., three corporals of £1, and the private men 15s. each per month."

No regular fund being provided to defray this expense, after a time the old method of "watching and warding," every fourth citizen to be on duty in arms each night, was resumed; but then, he adds, on whom this service was incumbent, became so re-

laxed in discipline, that the Privy Council informed the magistrates that if they did not provide an efficient guard to preserve order in the city, the regular troops of the Scottish army would be quartered in it.

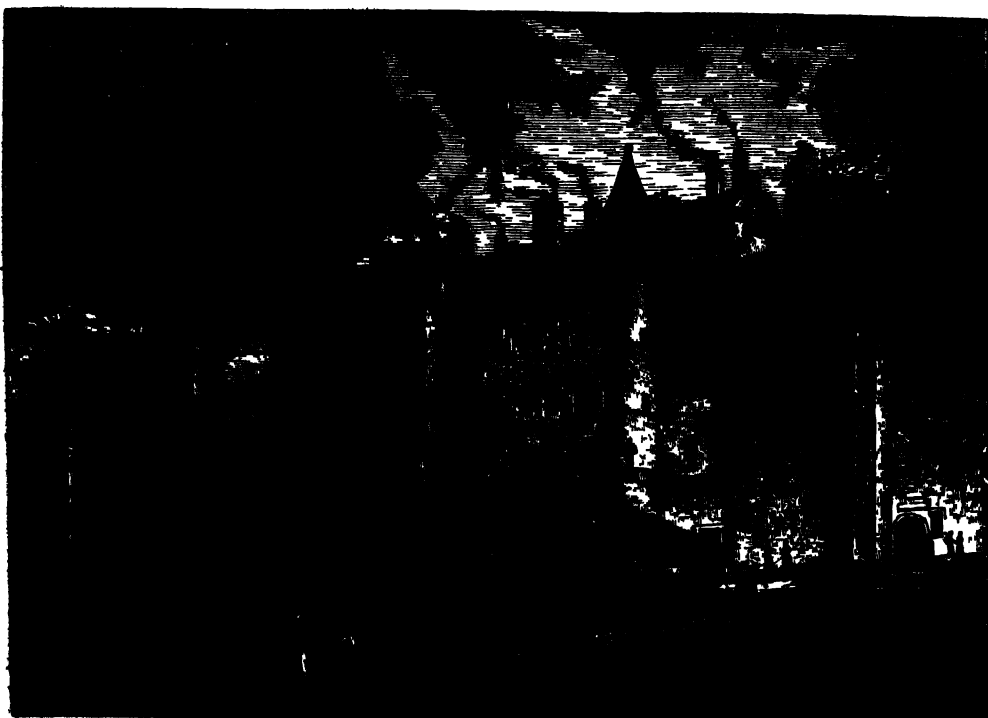
Upon this threat forty armed men were raised as a guard in 1679, and in consequence of an event which occurred in 1682, this number was increased to 108 men. The event referred to was a riot, caused by an attempt to carry off a number of lads who had been placed in the Tolbooth for trivial offences, to serve the Prince of Orange as soldiers. As they were being marched to Leith, under escort, a crowd led by women attacked the latter. By order of Major Keith, commanding, the soldiers fired upon the people; seven men and two women were shot, and twenty-two fell wounded. One of the women being with child, it was cut from her and baptised in the street. The excitement of this affair caused the augmentation of the guard, for whose maintenance a regular tax was levied, while Patrick Grahame, a younger son of Inchbraikie—the same officer whom Macaulay so persistently confounds with Claverhouse—was appointed captain, with the concurrence of the Duke of York and Albany. Their pay was 6d. daily, the drummers' 1s., and the sergeants' 1s. 6d. In 1685 Patrick Grahame, "captain of His Majesty's company of Foot, within the town of Edinburgh (the City Guard), was empowered to import 300 ells of English cloth of a scarlet colour, with wrappings and other necessaries, for the clothing of the corps, this being in regard that the manufactories are not able to furnish His Majesty's (Scottish) forces with cloth and other necessaries."

After the time of the Revolution the number of the corps was very fluctuating, and for a period, after 1750, it consisted usually of only seventy-five men, a force most unequal to the duty to be done. "The Lord Provost is commander of this useful corps," wrote Arnot, in 1779. "The men are properly disciplined, and fire remarkably well. Within these two years some disorderly soldiers in one of the marching regiments, having conceived an umbrage at the Town Guard, attacked them. They were double in number to the party of the Town Guard, who, in the scuffle, severely wounded some of their assailants, and made the whole prisoners." By day they were armed with muskets and bayonets; at night with Lochaber axes. They were mostly Highlanders, all old soldiers, many of whom had served in the Scots brigades in Holland. In the city they took precedence of all troops of the line. At a monthly inspection of the corps in 1780, the Lord Provost found a soldier in the ranks who had

...the Porteous mob, in 1736, on which he was rewarded, with a pension for life. (*Edinburgh Review*, No. 2619.)

On Tuesday (19th of May, 1789) the three companies of the City Guard were reviewed by the magistrates on the Calton Hill. The men now composing this corps have all been in the army (except a few), and the captains having all served in the line last war, a remarkable improvement and dexterity were observed in their manœuvres and exactness of firing. The magistrates compli-

Highland bard Duncan Macintyre, usually called *Donacha Bhan*. This man, really an exquisite poet to those understanding his language, became the object of interest to many educated persons in Perthshire, his native county. The Earl of Breadalbane sent to let him know that he wished to befriend him, and was anxious to procure him some situation that might put him comparatively at his ease. Poor Duncan returned his thanks, and asked his lordship to get him into the Edinburgh Town Guard—pay 6d. a day!" *Donacha*

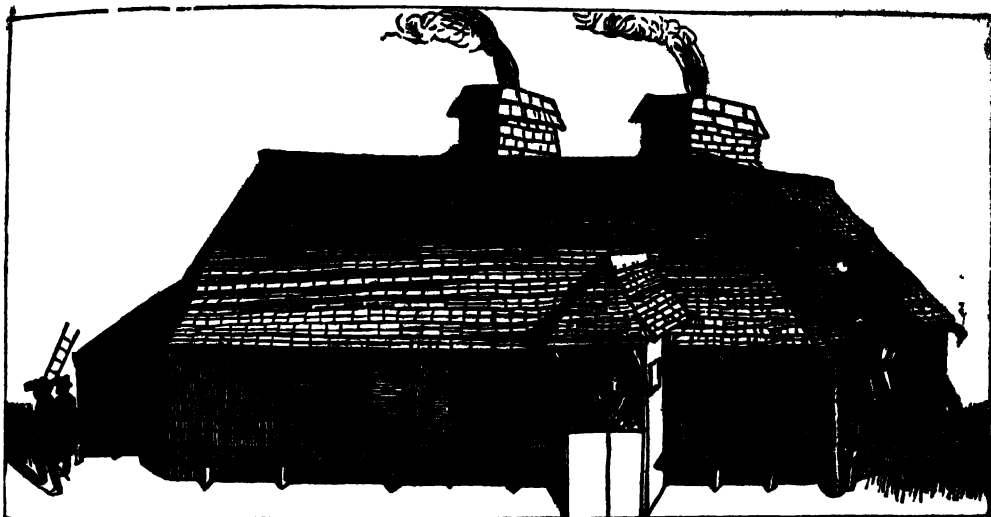


THE GUARD-HOUSE AND BLACK TURNPIKE. (From an Etching by James Sherr of Rubislaw.)

mented the commanding officer, and gave a handsome donation to the men for their behaviour. The magistrates have ordered the night sentinels to be furnished with rattles, similar to those of the watchmen in London, in case of fire or riot, for the purpose of early assistance from the main guard." (*Ibid.*, 1789.) All the officers wore bullion epaulettes and gilded gorgets.

"The guard! the guard!" was the common street cry for succour. "A humble Highlander expressed it in getting a berth when he was sent to the Edinburgh Guard. 'Of this feeling,' said the poet, 'we have a remarkable illustration in an ancient ballad I was told regarding the

Bhan died in 1812, in the 89th year of his age, and was laid in the Greyfriars' churchyard. When the old Guard paraded in the Parliament Close, on the day after the battle of Falkirk, more than one musket in the ranks was found to be foul, a significant sign that they had been used against the red-coats the day before. Writing, in 1817, of these veterans, Scott says, "A spectre may, indeed, here and there be seen of an old grey-headed and grey-bearded Highlander, with war-worn features, but bent double by age, dressed in an old-fashioned cocked hat, bound with white tape instead of silver lace, and in coat, waistcoat, and breeches of woollen coloured red, bearing in his withered hand an ancient



THE CITY GUARD-HOUSE. (After Lay.)

weapon called a Lochaber axe. Such a phantom and the modern police took its place. The last of former days still creeps, I have been informed, | duty performed by these old soldiers was to march



THREE CAPTAINS OF THE CITY GUARD. (After Kay.)

George Fickler, died 1791; George Robertson, died 1787; Robert Piffers, died 1768.

round the statue of Charles II. in the Parliament Square, as if the image of a Stuart were the last refuge for any memorial of our ancient manners."

In that year the Guard was finally disbanded,

to Hallow Fair, on which occasion their drums and files played slowly and sadly—

"The last time I pass o'er the main,"

Schott mentions this, but he little knew that 1800

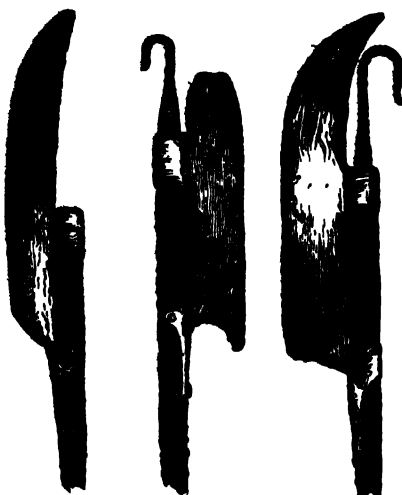
of the corps would make their last actual appearance in public at the laying of the foundation of the monument, on the 15th of August, 1840.

The last captain of the Guard was James Burnet, whose only military experience had been gained in the 1st Regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers, and previous to appointment he had been a grocer at the head of the Flesh-market Close. He died at Seton, on the 24th of August, 1814.

One other memorial of the Tolbooth is the quarter of it which is named "The Puir Fark," on the north side, derived its cognomen from being the place where the ancient fraternity of *Blue Gowns*, or King's Faithful Bedesmen, received the royal bounty presented to them on each king's birthday, in a leathern purse, after having attended service in St. Giles's church. The origin of this fraternity is of great antiquity. Bedesmen to pray for the souls of the Scottish kings,

their ancestors and successors, were attached to most royal foundations, and they are mentioned in the chartulary of Moray, about 1226. The number of these Bedesmen was increased by one every

royal birthday, as a penny was added to the pension of each, an arrangement doubtless devised to stimulate their prayers for the life of the reigning monarch. For many years previous to the destruction of the Tolbooth the distribution of a roll of bread, a tankard of ale, a blue gown, and a curiously-made leathern purse, was transferred to the Canon-gate kirk aisle. With the usual parsimony of the Imperial Government in most matters connected with Scotland—matters of more import than this—the badges, gowns, and pensions, have all been discontinued, and the



LOCHABER AXES OF THE CITY GUARD.  
(From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.)

poor Bedesmen are now among the things that were, while a precisely similar charity is retained to this day at Windsor.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CHURCH OF ST. GILES.

St. Giles's Church—The Patron Saint—Its Origin and early Norman style—The Renovation of 1809—History of the Structure—Procession of the Saint's Relics—The Preston Relic—The Chapel of the Duke of Albany—Funeral of the Regent Murray—The "Gude Regent's Aisle"—The Assembly Aisle—Dispute between James VI. and the Church Party—Departure of James VI.—Haddo's Hole—The Naper Tomb—The Spire and Lantern—Clock and Bells—The Frames—Restoration of 1878.

THE church of St. Giles, or Sanctus Egidius, as he is termed in Latin, was the first parochial one erected in the city, and its history can be satisfactorily deduced from the early part of the 12th century, when it superseded, or was engrafted on an edifice of much smaller size and older date, one founded about 100 years after the death of its patron saint, the abbot and confessor St. Giles, who was born in Athens, of noble—some say royal—parentage, and who, while young, sold his patrimony and left his native country, to the end that he might serve God in retirement. In the year 646 he resided at Provence, in the south of France, and subsequently retired near Arles; but afterwards, desiring more perfect solitude, he withdrew into a desert near Nîmes, in the diocese of Nîmes, having with him only one companion, Wulstanus, who

lived with him on the fruits of the earth and the milk of a hind. As Flavius Wamba, King of the Goths, was one day hunting in the neighbourhood of Nîmes, his hounds pursued her to the hermitage of the saint, where she took refuge. This hind has been ever associated with St. Giles, and its figure is to this day the sinister supporter of the city arms. ("Caledonia," ii., p. 773.) St. Giles died in 721, on the 1st of September, which was always held as his festival in Edinburgh; and to some disciple of the Benedictine establishment in the south of France we doubtless owe the dedication of the parish church there. He owes his memory in the English capital to Matilda of Scotland, queen of Henry I., who founded there St. Giles's hospital for lepers in 1117. Hence, the large parish which now lies in the heart of London took its name

from the Greek recluse; and the master and brethren of that hospital used to present a bowl of ale to every felon as he passed their gate to Newgate.

Among the places enumerated by Simon Dunelmensis, of Durham, as belonging to the see of Lindisfarn in 854, when Earnulph, who removed it to Chester-le-Street, was bishop, he includes that of Edinburgh. From this it must be distinctly inferred that a church of some kind existed on the long slope that led to Dun Edin, but no authentic record of it occurs till the reign of King Alexander II., when Baldred deacon of Lothian, and John perpetual vicar of the church of St. Giles at Edinburgh, attached their seals to copies of certain Papal bulls and charters of the church of Megginche, a dependency of the church of Holyrood; and (according to the *Liber Cartarum Sanctae Crucis*) on the Sunday before the feast of St. Thomas, in the year 1293, Donoca, daughter of John, son of Herveus, resigned certain lands to the monastery of Holyrood, in full consistory, held in the church of St. Giles. In an Act passed in 1349, in the reign of Robert I., the church is again mentioned, when William the bishop of St. Andrews confirmed numerous gifts bestowed upon the abbey and its dependencies. In 1359 King David II., by a charter under his great seal, confirmed to the chaplain officiating at the altar of St. Catherine in the church of St. Giles all the lands of Upper Merchiston, the gift of Roger Hog, burgess of Edinburgh. It is more than probable that the first church on the site was of wood. St. Paul's Cathedral, at London, was burned down in 961, and built up again within the year. Of what must the materials have been? asks Maitland. Burned again in 1187, it was rebuilt on arches of stone—"a wonderful work," say the authors of the day.

A portion of the church of St. Giles was arched with stone in 1380, as would appear from a contract noted by Maitland, who has also preserved the terms of another contract, made in 1387, between the provost and community of Edinburgh on one hand, and two masons on the other, for the construction of five separate vaulted chapels along the south side of the church, the architectural features of which prove its existence at a period long before any of these dates, and when Edinburgh was merely a cluster of thatched huts.

The edifice, as it now stands, is a building including the work of many different and remote periods. By all men of taste and letters in Edinburgh it has been a general subject of regret that the restoration in 1829 was conducted in a manner so barbarous and irreverent, that many of its

ancient features and its ancient tombs were swept away. The first stone church was probably of Norman architecture. A beautiful Norman doorway, which stood below the third window from the west, was wantonly destroyed towards the end of the eighteenth century. "This fragment," says Wilson, "sufficiently enables us to picture the little parish church of St. Giles in the reign of David I. Built in the massive style of the early Norman period, it would consist simply of a nave and chancel, united by a rich Norman chancel arch, altogether occupying only a portion of the centre of the present nave. Small circular-headed windows, decorated with zig-zag mouldings, would admit the light to its sombre interior; while its west front was in all probability surmounted by a simple belfry, from whence the bell would summon the natives of the hamlet to matins and vespers, and with slow measured sounds toll their knell, as they were laid in the neighbouring churchyard. This ancient church was never entirely demolished. Its solid masonry was probably very partially affected by the ravages of the invading forces of Edward II. in 1322, when Holyrood was spoiled, or by those of his son in 1335, when the whole country was wasted with fire and sword. The town was again subjected to the like violence, probably with results little more lasting, by the conflagration of 1385, when the English army under Richard II. occupied the town for five days, and then laid it and the abbey of Holyrood in ashes. The Norman architecture disappeared piecemeal, as chapels and aisles were added to the original fabric by the piety of private donors, or by the zeal of its own clergy to adapt it to the wants of the rising town. In all the changes that it underwent for above seven centuries, the original north door, with its beautifully recessed Norman arches and grotesque decorations, always commanded the veneration of the innovators, and remained as a precious relic of the past, until the tasteless improvers of the eighteenth century demolished it without a cause, and probably for no better reason than to evade the cost of its repair!"

In the year 1462 great additions and repairs appear to have been in progress, for the Town Council then passed a law that all persons selling corn before it was entered should forfeit one chaldar to church work. In the year 1466 it was erected into a collegiate church by James III., the foundation consisting (according to Keith and others) of a provost, curate, sixteen prebendaries, sacristan, headle, minister of the choir, and four choristers. Various sums of money, lands, clothes, &c., were appropriated for the support of the new

and Maidland gives us a roll of the church and altars therein.

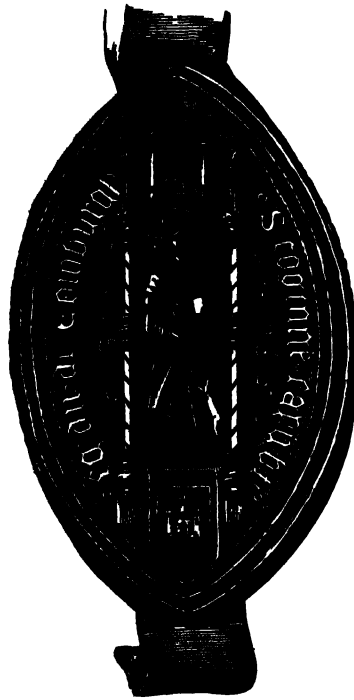
A charter of Council dated twelve years before the Reformation commemorates the gratitude of the burgh to one who had brought from France a statue of St. Giles, and, modernised, it runs thus :—  
 "We do command to all men by these present letters, that the provost, bailies, counsellors and community of the burgh of Edynburgh, to be bound and obliged to William Prestounne of Gourton, son and heir to some while William Prestounne of Gourton, and to the friends and surname of them, that for so much that William Prestounne the father, whom God assoile, made diligent labour, by a high and mighty prince, the King of France (Charles VII.), and many other lords of France, for getting the arm-bone of St. Giles, the which bone he freely left to our mother kirk of St. Giles of Edinburgh, without making any condition. We, considering the great labour and costs that he made for getting thereof, promise that within six or seven years, in all the possible and goodly haste we may, that we shall build an aisle forth from our Ladye aisle, where the said William lies, the said aisle to be begun within a year, in which aisle there shall be brass for his lair in bost (*i.e.* for his grave in embossed) work, and above the brass a writ, specifying the bringing of that Rylik by him into Scotland, with his arms, and his arms to be put in hewn work, in three other parts of the aisle, with book and chalice and all other furniture belonging thereto. Also, that we shall assign the chaplain of whilome Sir William of Prestounne, to sing at the altar from that time forth. . . . Item, that as often as the said Rylik is borne in the year, that the surname and nearest of blood of the said William shall bear the said Rylik, before all others, &c. In witness of which things we have set to our common seal at Edinburgh the 11th day of the month of January, in the year of our Lord 1454."<sup>\*</sup>

The other arm of St. Giles is preserved in the

church of his name in the Scottish quarter of Bruges, and on the 1st of September is yearly borne through the streets, preceded by all the drums in the garrison.

To this hour the arms of Preston still remain in the roof of the aisle, as executed by the engagement in the charter quoted; and the Prestons continued annually to exercise their right of bearing the arm of the patron saint of the city until the eventful year 1558, when the clergy issued forth for the last time in solemn procession on the day of his feast, the 1st September, bearing with them a statue of St. Giles—"a marmouset idol," Knox calls it—borrowed from the Grey Friars, because the great image of the saint, which was as large as life, had been stolen from its place, and after being "drowned" in the North Loch as an encourager of idolatry, was burned as a heretic by some earnest Reformers. Only two years before this event the Dean of Guild had paid 6s. for painting the image, and 12d. for polishing the silver arm containing the relic. To give dignity to this last procession the queen regent attended it in person; but the moment she left it the spirit of the mob broke forth. Some pressed close to the image, as if to join in its support, while endeavouring to shake it down; but this proved impossible, so firmly was it secured to its supporters; and the struggle, rivalry, and triumph of the mob were delightful to Knox, who described the event with the inevitable glee in which he indulged on such occasions.

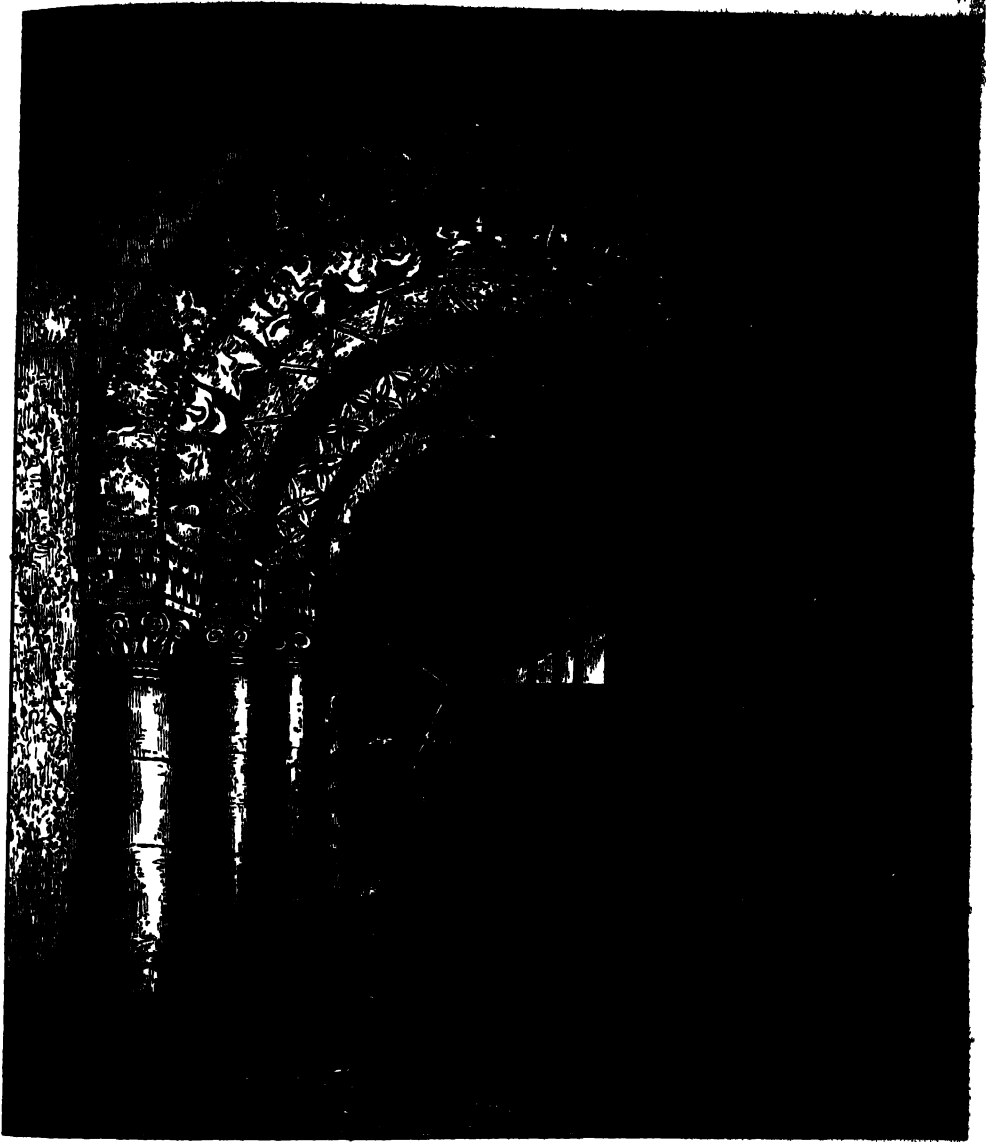
Only four years after all this the saint's silver-work, ring and jewels, and all the rich vestments wherewith his image and his arm-bone were wont to be decorated on high festivals, were sold by the authority of the magistrates, and the proceeds employed in the repair of the church.



SEAL OF ST. GILES† (*After Henry Laing*).

† Under a canopy supported by spiral columns a full-length figure of St. Giles with the nimbus, holding the crozier in his right hand, and in his left a book and a torch. A child, the usual attendant on St. Giles, is playfully leaping up to his hand. On the pedestal is a shield bearing the castle triple-towered, St. Giles's castle was named an *Edinburgh*. (*Appended to a charter by the Provost (Walter Forbes) and Chapter of St. Giles of the maner and glorie in favour of the municipality and community of Edinburgh, A.D. 1498.*)





THE NORMAN DOORWAY, ST. GILES'S, WHICH WAS DESTROYED TOWARDS THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (*From a Drawing by Armour about 1799.*)

In his "Monarchie," finished in 1553, the pungent Sir David Lindesay of the Mount writes thus of the processionists :—

"Fy on you fostereris of idolatrie!  
That till now *de ad stak* does sik reverence  
In presens of the pepill publicklye;  
Fair ye nocht God, to commit sik offence,  
I counsell you do yit your diligence,  
To gar suppress sik greit abusoun;  
Do ye nocht so, I dreid your reotouness,  
Sall be nocht else, bot close confusion."

The Lady aisle, where Preston's grave lay and the altar stood, was part of what forms now the south aisle of the choir called the High Church, and on that altar many of the earliest recorded gifts were bestowed.

The constant additions made to St. Giles's church, from the exchequer of the city, or by contributions of wealthy burgesses, cannot but be regarded as a singular evidence of the great

the nation displayed in its endless wars, showing how the general and particular vied with each other in the construction of ecclesiastical edifices, the most of the invaders—few of whom ever equalled James III. in wanton ferocity—had re-crossed the Tweed. Among these we may specially mention the chapel of Robert Duke of Albany, now the most beautiful and interesting portion of this sadly defaced and misused old edifice. The ornamental sculptures of this portion are of a peculiarly striking character—heraldic devices forming the most prominent features on the capital of the great clustered pillar. On the south side are the arms of Robert Duke of Albany, son of King Robert II., and on the north are those of Archibald fourth Earl of Douglas, Duke of Touraine and Marshal of France, who was slain at the battle of Verneuil by the English. In 1401 David Duke of Rothesay, the luckless son of Robert II., was made a prisoner by his uncle, the designing Duke of Albany, with the full consent of the aged king his father, who had grown weary of the daily complaints that were made against the prince. In the "Fair Maid of Perth," Scott has depicted with thrilling effect the actual death of David, by the slow process of starvation, notwithstanding the intervention of a maiden and nurse, who met a very different fate from that he assigns to them in the novel, while in his history he expresses a doubt whether they ever supplied the wants of the prince in any way. According to the "Black Book" of Scone, the Earl of Douglas was with Albany when the prince was trepanned to Falkland, and having probably been exasperated against the latter, who was his own brother-in-law (having married his sister Marjorie Douglas), for his licentious course of life, must have joined in the projected assassination. "Such are the two Scottish nobles whose armorial bearings still grace the capital of the pillar in the old chapel. It is the only other case in which they are found acting in concert besides the dark deed already referred to; and it seems no unreasonable inference to draw from such a coincidence, that this chapel had been founded and endowed by them as an expiatory offering for that deed of blood, and its chaplain probably appointed to say masses for their victim's soul" (Wilson).

The comparative wealth of the Scottish Church in those days and for long after was considerable, and an idea may be formed of it from the amount of the tenth of the benefices paid by the three counties as a tax to Rome, and in the Acts of Parliament of James III. in 1471, and of James IV. in 1503. The amount is from a "Codex Membra-

naceus," in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum:—

De terra Scotiæ .....	£3,947 19 8
„ Hiberniæ .....	1,647 16 3
„ Angliæ et Walliæ .....	20,872 2 4½

Thus we see that the Scottish Church paid more than double what was paid by Ireland, and a fifth of the amount that was paid by England.

The transepts of St. Giles, as they existed before the so-called repairs of 1829, afforded distinct evidence of the gradual progress of the edifice. Beyond the Preston aisle the roof differed from the older portion, exhibiting undoubted evidence of being the work of a subsequent time; and from its associations with the eminent men of other days it is perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole fabric. Here it was that Walter Chapman, of Ewirland, a burgess of Edinburgh, famous as the introducer of the printing-press into Scotland, and who was nobly patronised by the heroic king who fell at Flodden, founded and endowed a chaplaincy at the altar of St. John the Evangelist, "in honour of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. John the Apostle and Evangelist, and all the saints, for the healthful estate and prosperity of the most excellent lord the King of Scotland, and of his most serene consort Margaret Queen of Scotland, and of their children; and also for the health of my soul, and of Agnes Cockburne, my present wife, and of the soul of Mariot Kerkettill, my former spouse," &c.

"This charter," says a historian, "is dated 1st August, 1513, an era of peculiar interest. Scotland was then rejoicing in all the prosperity and happiness consequent on the wise and beneficent reign of James IV. Learning was visited with the highest favour of the Court, and literature was rapidly extending its influence under the zealous co-operation of Dunbar, Douglas, Kennedy, and others, with the royal master-printer. Only one month thereafter Scotland lay at the mercy of her southern rival. Her king was slain; the chief of her nobles and warriors had perished on Flodden Field, and adversity and ignorance again replaced the advantages that had followed in the train of the gallant James's rule. Thenceforth, the altars of St. Giles received few and rare additions to their endowments."

From the preface to "Gologras and Gawane," we learn that in 1528 Walter Chapman the printer founded a chaplaincy at the altar of Jesus Christ, in St. Giles, and endowed it with a teneament in the Cowgate; and there is good reason for believing that the pious old printer lies buried in the south transept of the church, close by the spot where

the Regent Murray, the Regent Morton, and his great rival, John Stewart Earl of Athole, are buried; and adjoining the aisle where the sorely mangled remains of the great Marquis of Montrose were so royally interred on the 7th of January, 1661.

The Regent's tomb, now fully restored, stands on the west side of the south transept, and on many accounts is an object of peculiar interest. Erected to the memory of one who played so conspicuous a part in one of the most momentous periods of Scottish history, it is well calculated to rouse many a stirring association. All readers of history know how the Regent fell under the bullet of Bothwellhaugh, at Linlithgow, in avenging the wrongs inflicted on his wife, the heiress of Woodhouselee. As the "Cadyow Ballad" has it—

"Mid pennoned spears a stately  
grove,  
Proud Murray's plumage  
floated high,  
Scarce could his trampling  
charger move,  
So close the minions crowd-  
ded nigh.

"From the raised vizor's shade,  
his eye,  
Dark rolling, glanced the  
ranks along;  
And his steel truncheon waved  
on high,  
Seemed marshalling the iron  
throng.

"But yet his saddened brow  
confessed,  
A passing shade of doubt  
and awe;  
Some fiend was whispering in  
his breast,

Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—  
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!  
And Murray's plumed helmet sings—  
Rings on the ground to rise no more!"

When his remains were committed to the tomb in which they still lie, the thousands who crowded the church were moved to tears by the burning eloquence of Knox. "Vpoun the xiiij day of the moneth of Februar, 1570," says the "Diurnal of Occurrents" "my lord Regent's corpis, being brocht in ane bote be sey, fra Stirling to Leith, quhair it was kept in Johne Wairdlaw his hous, and thereafter cary it to the Palace of Holyroodhous, was transportit fra the said Palace to the College Kirk

of Sanctgeill, in this manner; that is to say, William Kirkaldie of Grange, Knycht, raid fra the said palace in dule weid, bearing ane quherin was contenit ane Reid Lyon; after him followit Colvill of Cleishe, Maister (of the) Houshold to the said Regent, with ane quherin was contenit my lords regentis armes and bage." The Earls of Mar, Athole, Glencairn, the Lords Ruthven, Methven, and Lindsay, the Master of Graham, and many other nobles, bore the body through the church to the grave, where it "was

buryit in Sanct Anthoine's yle. On the front of the restored tomb is the ancient brass plate, bearing an inscription composed by George Buchanan:—

*"Jacobo Stwarto, Moravia Comiti, Scotia Prævoti;  
Viro, Aetatis suæ, longè opti-  
mo. ab inimicis,  
Omnis memoria delirivmis, an-  
imadus extincto,  
Cui pater communi, patria  
maerens passit."*

Opposite, on the north side of the west transept, was the tomb in which the Earl of Athole, Chancellor of Scotland, who died suddenly at Stirling, not without suspicion of poison, was interred with great solemnity on the 4th of July, 1579. A cross was used on this occasion, and as flambeaux were borne, according to Calderwood, the funeral probably occurred at night; these paraphernalia led to the usual

interference of the General Assembly, and a riot ensued.

The portion of the church which contained these monuments was entered by a door adjoining the Parliament Close, and, as it was never shut, "the gude regent's aisle," as it was named, became a common place for appointments and loungers. Thus French Paris—Queen Mary's servant—in his confession respecting the murder of King Henry, stated that during the commotions which took place before that dark deed was resolved on, he one day "took his mantle and sword and went to promener (walk) in the high church." Probably in consequence of the restoration which was undertaken for the memory of the Regent, his death



JOHN KNOX'S PULPIT, ST GILES'S.  
(From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum).

was a place frequently assigned in bills for the payment of money.

The transept, called at times the Assembly aisle, was the scene of Jenny Geddes' famous onslaught with her *foldstool*, on the reader of the liturgy in 1593. The erection of Edinburgh into an episcopal see in 1633, under Bishop William Forbes (who died the same year), and the appointment of

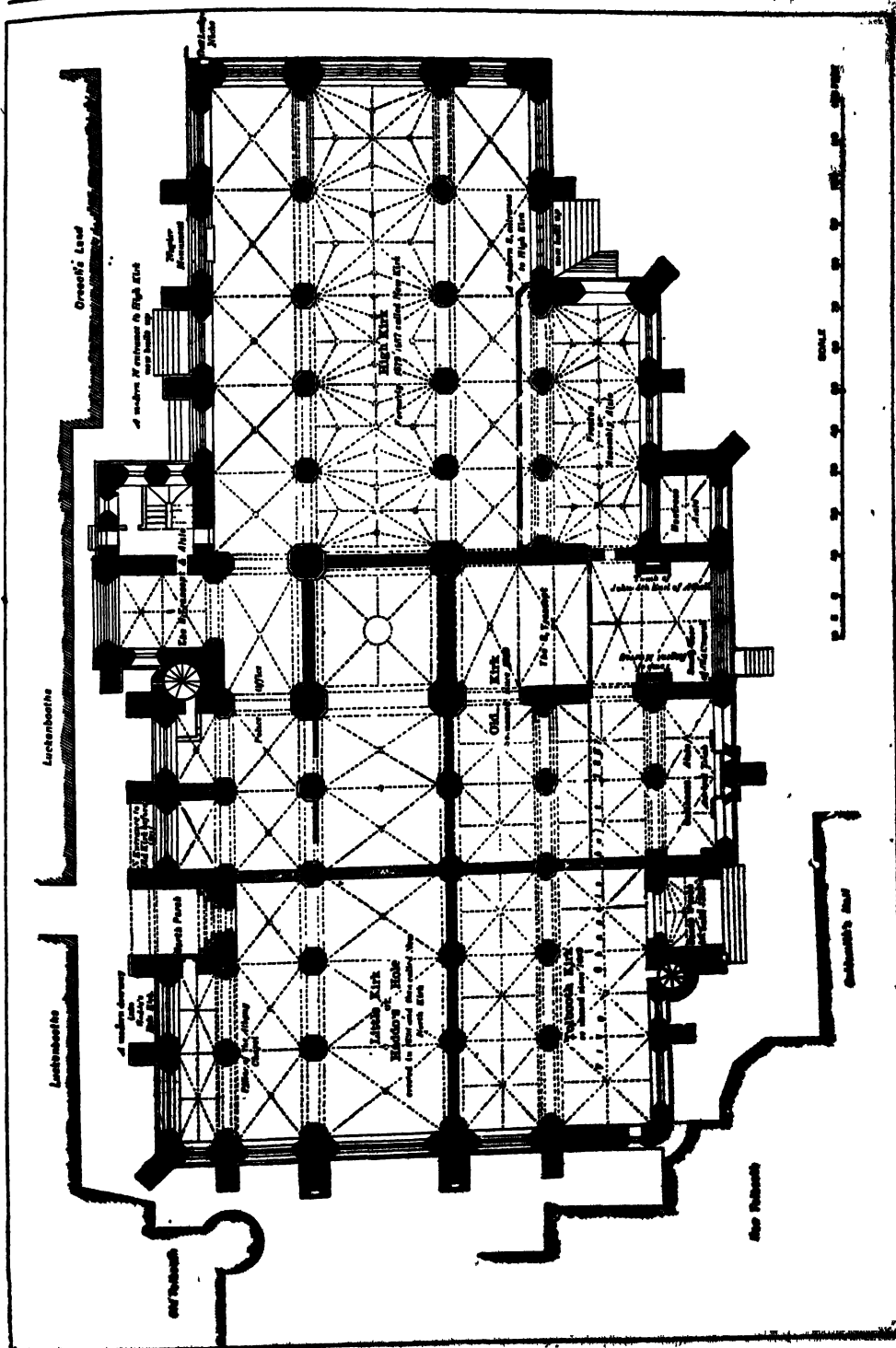
In 1596 St. Giles's was the scene of a tumultuous dispute between James VI. and the leaders of the Church party. The king was sitting in that part of it which the Reformers named the Tolbooth Kirk, together with the Octavians, as they were styled, a body of eight statesmen into whose hands he had committed all his financial affairs and patronage. The disturbance from which the king felt



THE LANTERN AND TOWER OF ST. GILES'S CHURCH.

St. Giles's as the cathedral of the diocese, led—in its temporary restoration internally—to something like what it had been of old; but ere the orders of Charles I. for the demolition of its hideous galleries and subdivisions could be carried out, all Scotland was in arms, and the entire system of Church polity for which these changes were designed, had come to a violent and a terrible end. This transept was peculiarly rich in lettered gravestones, all of which were swept away by the ruthless invaders of 1746, and some of these were used as pavement round the Fountain Well.

himself to be in peril, arose from an address by Balcanquhal, a popular preacher, who called on the Protestant barons and his other chance auditors to meet the ministers in "the little kirk," where they, amidst great uproar, came to a resolution to urge upon James the necessity for changing his policy and dismissing his present councillors. The progress of the deputation towards the place where the king was to be found brought with it the noisy mob who had created the tumult, and when the bold expressions of the deputation were seconded by the rush of a rude crowd—armed, of course—



PLAN OF ST. GILES'S CHURCH, PRIOR TO THE ALTERATIONS IN 1869.

When the great entrance, the king became alarmed, and fled to the Tolbooth, amid shouts of "Save yourself!" "Armour! Armour!" When the deputation returned to the portion of the church absurdly named the Little Kirk, they found a multitude listening to the harangue of a clergyman named Michael Cranston, on the text of "Haman and Mordecai." The auditors, on hearing that the king had retired without any explanation, now rushed forth, and with shouts of "Bring out the wicked Haman!" endeavoured to batter down the doors of the Tolbooth, from which James was glad to make his escape to Holyrood, swearing he would uproot Edinburgh, and salt its site!

This disturbance, which Tytler details in his History, was one which had no definite or decided purpose—one of the few in Scottish annals where there was a frenzied excitement without any distinct aim.

When James succeeded to the crown of England, in 1603, he attended service in St. Giles's, and heard a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Hall, upon the great mercy of heaven in having thus accomplished his peaceful accession to a kingdom so long hostile to his own, without stroke of sword or shedding one drop of blood. He exhorted the monarch to show his gratitude by attention to the cause of religion, and his care of the new subjects committed to his charge.

The king now rose, and addressed the people from whom he was about to part in a very warm and affectionate strain. He bade them a long adieu with much tenderness, promised to keep them and their best interests in fond memory during his absence, "and often to visit them and communicate to them marks of his bounty when in foreign parts, as ample as any which he had been used to bestow when present with them. A mixture of approbation and weeping," says Scott in his History, "followed this speech; and the good-natured king wept plentifully himself at taking leave of his native subjects."

The north transept of the church long bore the queer name of Haddo's Hoie, because a famous cavalier, Sir John Gordon of Haddo—who defended his castle of Kelly against the Covenanters, and loyally served King Charles I.—was imprisoned there for some time before his execution at the guillotine in 1644.

On the north side of the choir the monument of the Napier family forms a conspicuous and interesting feature to passers-by. This tomb—long called by tradition that of the great inventor of logarithms—is supposed to indicate the site of St. Salvator's altar, to the chaplain of which Archibald Napier of Merchiston, in 1499, "mortified" an annual rent of 20 merks out of a tenement near the church of the Holy Trinity. The tomb is surmounted by the arms of the Napiers of Merchiston, and of Wright's House, and bears the following inscription, showing plainly that it is a family burial-place:—

*"S. E. P. Fam. de Neperorum interius hic situm est."*

The species of spire or lantern formed by groined ribs of stone, which forms the most remarkable feature in the venerable church, seems to be peculiar to Scotland, as it does not occur in ancient times farther south than Newcastle; but its date is as recent as 1648, when it was rebuilt, and closely modelled on the ancient one, which had become ruinous and decayed.

Of the four bells which hung in the tower in the olden time, one which bore the name of St. Mary was taken down at the Reformation, and (with the four great brazen pillars of the

high altar) was ordered to be cast into cannon for the town walls, instead of which they were sold for £220. Maitland further records that two of the remaining bells were re-cast at Campvere in 1621; one of these was again re-cast at London in 1846.

In 1585 the Town Council purchased the clock belonging to the abbey church of Lindores in Fifeshire, and placed it in the tower of St. Giles's, "previous to which time," says Wilson, "the citizens probably regulated time chiefly by the bells for matins and vespers, and the other daily services of the Roman Catholic Church."

In 1681 we first find mention of the musical bells in the spire. Fountainhall records, with reference to the legacy left to the city by Thomas Moodie, the Council propose "to buy with it a peal of bells, to hang in St. Giles's steeple, to ring musically, and to build a Tolbooth above the West Port of Edinburgh, and put Thomas Moodie's name and arms thereon."

When the precincts of St. Giles's church were secularised, the edifice became degraded, about



JENNY GEDDES' STOOL.  
(From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.)

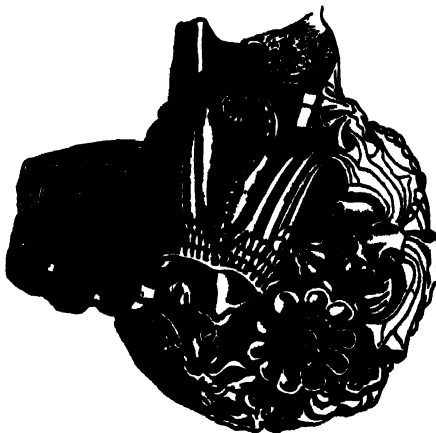
1628, by numerous wooden booths being stuck up all around it, chiefly between the buttresses, some of which were actually cut away for this ignoble purpose, while the lower tracery of the windows was destroyed by their lean-to roofs, just as we may see still in the instance of many churches in Belgium. These wretched edifices were called the Krames, yet, as if to show that some reverence was still paid to the sanctity of the place, the Town Council decreed, "that no tradesman should be admitted to these shops except bookbinders, mortmakers (i.e. watchmakers), jewellers, and goldsmiths." "Bookbinders," says Robert Chambers, "must be in this instance meant to signify booksellers, the latter term being then unknown in Scotland;" but within the memory of many still living, these booths, which were swept away in 1829, were occupied by dealers in toys, sweetstuff, old clothes, and shoes. In the centre of this narrow alley the Earl of Errol, as Lord High Constable of Scotland, used to sit on a chair during the riding of the Parliament, receiving the members as they alighted.

At the entrance to these krames there formerly existed a flight of steps, known by the name of "Our Lady's Steps," from a statue of the Virgin which once occupied a Gothic niche in the north-east angle of the church. Another account says they were named from the infamous Lady March, wife of the Earl of Arran, the profligate chancellor of James VI., from whom the nine o'clock bell was also named "The Lady Bell," as it was rung an hour later to suit herself. An old gentlewoman mentioned in the "Traditions of Edinburgh," who died in 1802, was wont to own that she had, in her youth, seen both the statue and the steps; but it is extremely unlikely that the former would escape the iconoclasts of 1559, who left the church almost a ruin.

But time has accomplished a change that John Knox and "Jenny Geddes" could little foresee!

Sanction was given in the early part of 1880 by the municipal authorities for extensive alterations, to be conducted in a spirit and taste unknown to the barbarous "improvers" of 1559. At the head of the restoration committee was placed Dr. William Chambers, the well-known publisher and author. According to the plans submitted by him, the last of the temporary "editions" were to be removed, the rich-shaped pillars embedded therein to be uncovered and restored, the galleries and pews to be swept away, and the church to assume its old cruciform aspect. "By these operations," the Montrose aisle will be uncovered, and form an interesting historical object. Provision is made for the Knights of the Thistle erecting their stalls, as is done by the Knights of the Garter in

St. George's, Windsor, and by the Knights of St. Patrick in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. There has been no chapel for the Knights of the Thistle since the one in Holyrood, now in ruins, ceased to be used; and the committee hope that the knights will favourably consider the proposal now being made, according to which they may have their stalls erected in the ancient cathedral of the capital of Scotland.\* And the strains of the organ now resound through the church. "Shade of John

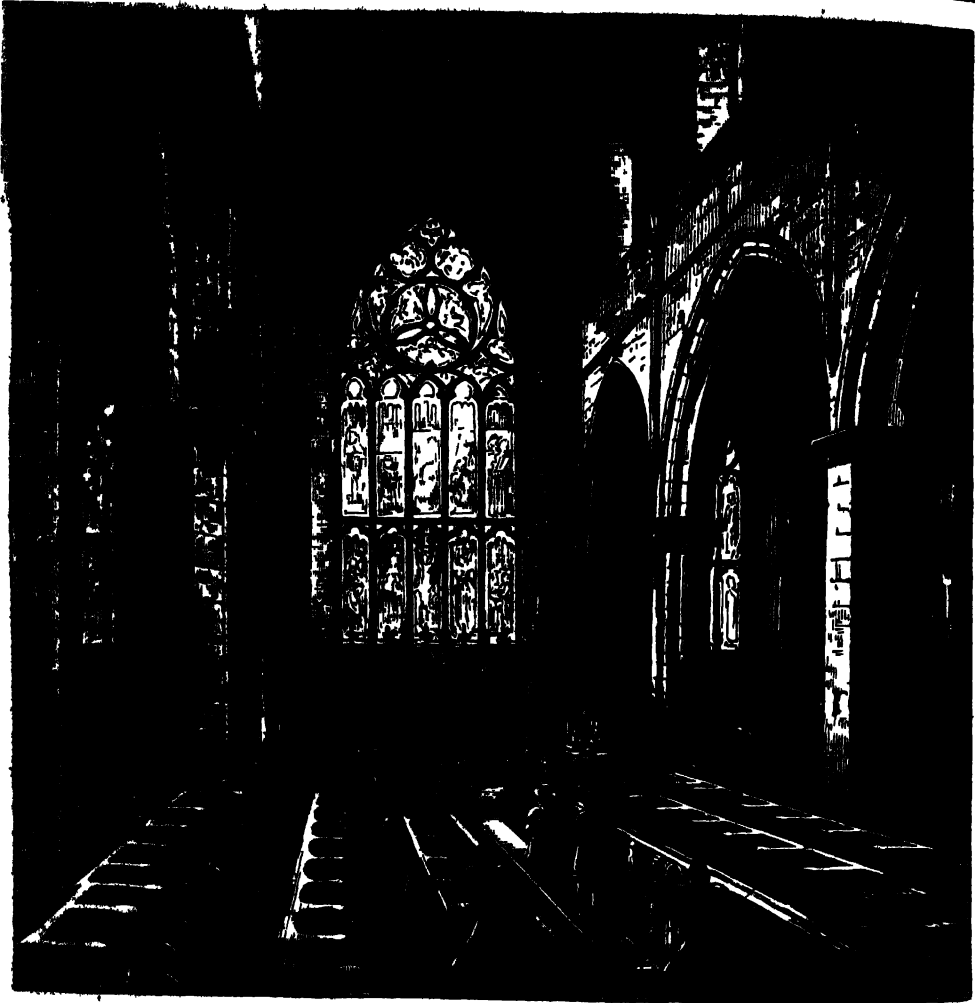


CARVED CENTRE GROIN STONE OR BOSS.  
(From Chapel of St. Eloi, St. Giles's.)

Knox, that St. Giles's should ever boast a 'kist o' whistles!"

The restoration, thus inaugurated, has reached a degree of completeness which would have simply satisfied the aspirations of William Chambers, had he lived to see the results of his unwearied and devoted labours on behalf of the time-honoured church. The building as it now stands is an ornament to the Scottish metropolis of which the citizens do well to be exceedingly proud, but they must not forget how much they owe to the public spirit and enterprise of the Provost-publisher whose name must always be associated with the modern church.

\* Dismissing double-headed winged dragons clustering round a central rose with the back of the altar lamp.



INTERIOR OF THE HIGH CHURCH, ST. GILES'S.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST. GILES'S.

St. Giles's Churchyard—The Mahon Dais—The Clam-shell Turnpike—The Grave of Knox—The City Cross—The Summons of Plots—Executions: Kirkaldy, Gilderoy, and others—The Caddies—The Dyvours Stone—The Luckenbooths—The Auld Kirk Style—Dyce's Lodging—Lord Castleton's Wig—Allen Ramsey's Library and "Greuch's Land"—The Edinburgh Halfpenny.

Down the southern slope of the hill on which St. Giles's church stands, its burying-ground—covered with trees, perchance, anterior to the little parish edifice we have described as existing in the time of David I.—sloped to the line of the Cowgate, where it was terminated by a wall and chapel dedicated to the holy cross—built, says Arnott, "in memory of Christ's crucifixion"—and not demolished till the end

of the sixteenth century. In July, 1800, a relic of this chapel was found near the head of Forrester's Wynd, in former days the western boundary of the churchyard. This relic—a curiously sculptured group—like a design from Holbein's "Dance of Death," was defaced and broken by the workmen. Amid the musicians, who brought up the rear, was an angel, playing on the national bagpipe—a



conceit which appears among the sculpture at Roslin chapel. So late as 1620 "James Lennox is elected chaplain of the chapelry of the holy rood, in the burgh kirk-yard of St. Giles." Hence it is supposed that the nether kirk-yard remained in use long after the upper had been abandoned as a place of sepulture.

All this was holy ground in those days, for in "Keith's Catalogue" we are told that near the head of Bell's Wynd (on the eastern side) there

that are extant, was written of an "old land" formerly belonging to George Craik, Bishop of Dunkeld, who held that see between the years 1527 and 1543, and was Lord Rector of the Privy Seal under King James V.

Overlooked, then, by the great cruciform church of St. Giles, and these minor ecclesiastical buildings, the first burying-ground of Edinburgh lay on the steep slope with its face to the sun. The last home of generations of citizens, under what is now



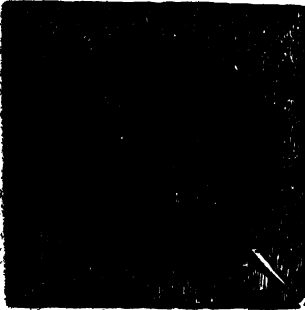
ST GILES'S CHURCH, 1878.

were a hospital and chapel known by the name of the "Maison Dieu." "We know not," says Arnot, "at what time or by whom it was founded, but at the Reformation it shared the common fate of Popish establishments in this country. It was converted into private property. This building is still (1779) entire, and goes by the name of the Clam-shell Turnpike, from the figure of an escalop shell cut in stone above the door."

Fire and modern reform have effected dire changes here since Arnot wrote. Newer buildings occupy the site; but still, immediately above the entrance that led of old to Bell's Wynd, a modern stone lintel bears an escalop shell in memory of the elder edifice, which, in the earliest titles of it

the pavement of a noisy street, "there sleep the great, the good, the peaceful and the turbulent, the faithful and the false, all blent together in their quaint old coffins and flannel shrouds, with money in their dead hands, and crosses or chalices on their breasts; old citizens who remembered the long-haired King David passing forth with barking hound and twanging horn on that Rood-day to harvest which so nearly cost him his life; and how the fair Queen Margaret daily fed the poor at the castle gate 'with the tenderness of a mother,' those who had seen Randolph's passion under the steep, the iron-belted rock, Count Guy of Flanders' Flemish lances sent on the Douglas's hill, William Wallace mounting his banner on the

...gate-burn ere he marched to storm  
...lie citizens who have fought for their  
...at Flodden, Pinkie, and a hundred other  
...; and there lies one whose name is still  
...in the land, and "who never feared the  
...of man"—John Knox. He expired at his old  
...near the Nether Bow, on the 24th of No-  
...vember, 1572, in his sixty-seventh year, and his  
...body was attended to the grave by a great mul-  
...titude of people, including the chief of the nobles  
...and the Regent Morton, whose simple *loge* over  
...his grave is so well known. It cannot but excite  
...surprise that no effort was made by the Scottish  
...people to preserve distinctly the remains of the  
...great Reformer from desecration, but some of that  
...spirit of irreverence for the past which he incul-



GRAVE OF JOHN KNOX.

cated thus recoiled upon himself, and posterity  
...knows not his exact resting-place. If the tradition  
...mentioned by Chambers, says Wilson, be correct, that  
..."his burial-place was a few feet from the front of the  
...old pedestal of King Charles's statue, the recent  
...change in the position of the latter must have  
...placed it directly over his grave—perhaps as strange  
...a monument to the great apostle of Presbyterianism  
...as fancy could devise!" Be all this as it may,  
...there is close by the statue a small stone let into  
...the pavement inscribed simply

"I. K., 1572."

An ancient oak pulpit, octagonal and panelled,  
...brought from St. Giles's church, and said to have  
...been the same in which he was wont to preach, is  
...still preserved in the Royal Institution on the  
...Bartholomew.

Close by St. Giles's church, where radii in the  
...cannon mark its site, stood the ancient cross  
...of the city, so lustrely swept away by the  
...ignominy and terrible magistracy of 1756. Scott,  
...and other writers of that age, never ceased to deplore its  
...destruction, and many attempts have been vainly

made to collect the fragments and reconstruct it.  
In "Marmion," as the poet has it:—

"Dunedin's cross, a pillared stone,  
Rose on a turret octagon;  
But now is razed that monument,  
Whence royal edicts rang,  
And the voice of Scotland's law went forth,  
In glorious trumpet clang.  
Oh, be his tomb as lead to lead  
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—  
A minstrel's malison is said."

A battlemented octagon tower, furnished with four  
angular turrets, it was sixteen feet in diameter, and  
fifteen feet high. From this rose the centre pillar,  
also octagon, twenty feet in height, surmounted by  
a beautiful Gothic capital, terminated by a crowned  
unicorn. Calderwood tells us that prior to King  
James's visit to Scotland the old cross was taken  
down from the place where it had stood within the  
memory of man, and the shaft transported to  
the new one, by the aid of certain mariners  
from Leith. Rebuilt thus in 1617, nearly on the  
site of an older cross, it was of a mixed style of  
architecture, and in its reconstruction, with a better  
taste than later years have shown, the chief orna-  
ments of the ancient edifice had been preserved;  
the heads in basso-relievo, which surmounted  
seven of the arches, have been referred by our  
most eminent antiquaries to the remote period of  
the Lower Empire. Four of those heads, which  
were long preserved by Mr. Ross at Deanhaugh,  
were procured by Sir Walter Scott, and are still  
preserved at Abbotsford, together with the great  
stone font or basin which flowed with wine on  
holidays. The central pillar, long preserved at  
Lord Somerville's house, Drum, near Edinburgh,  
now stands near the Napier tomb, within a railing,  
on the north side of the choir of St. Giles's, where  
it was placed in 1866. A crowned unicorn sur-  
mounts it, bearing a pennon blazoned with a silver  
St. Andrew's cross on one side, and on the other  
the city crest—an anchor.

From the side of that venerable shaft royal pro-  
clamations, solemn denunciations of excommunica-  
tion and outlawry, involving ruin and death, went  
forth for ages, and strange and terrible have been the  
scenes, the cruelties, the executions, and absurdities,  
it has witnessed. From its battlements, by tradition,  
mimic heralds of the unseen world cited the gallant  
James and all our Scottish chivalry to appear in  
the domains of Pluto immediately before the  
march of the army to Flodden, as recorded at  
great length in the "Chronicles of Pinocchio,"  
and rendered more pleasantly, yet literally, into  
verse by Scott.

"Then on its battlements they saw  
A vision passing Nature's law,  
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;  
Figures that seemed to rise and die,  
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
While nought confirmed could ear or eye  
Dream of sound or mien.  
Yet darkly did it seem as there,  
Heralds and pursuivants prepare,  
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,  
A summons to proclaim;  
But indistinct the pageant proud,  
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
When filings the moon upon her shroud  
A wavering tinge of flame;  
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud  
From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
*The awful summons came!*"

Then, according to Pitscottie, followed the ghastly roll of all who were doomed to fall at Flodden, including the name of Mr. Richard Lawson, who heard it.

"I appeal from that summons and sentence," he exclaimed, courageously, "and take me to the mercy of God and Christ Jesus His Son."

"Verily," adds Pitscottie, "the author of this, that caused write the manner of this summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town at the time of the said summons, and thereafter when the field was stricken, he swore to me *there was no man escaped* that was called in this summons, but that man alone who made his protestation and appealed from the said summons, *but all the lave* perished in the field with the king."

Under the shadow of that cross have been transacted many deeds of real horror, more than we can enumerate here—but a few may suffice. There, in 1563, Sir James Tarbat, a Roman Catholic priest, was pilloried in his vestments, with a chalice bound to his hands, and, as Knox has it, was served by the mob with "his Easter eggs," till he was pelted to death. There died Sir William Kirkaldy, hanged "with his face to the sun" (as Knox curiously predicted before his own death), for the execution took place at four in the afternoon, when the sun was in the west (Calderwood); and there, in time to come, died his enemy Morton. There died Montrose and many of his cavalier comrades, amid every ignominy that could be inflicted upon them; and the two Argyles, father and son. An incredible number of real and imaginary criminals have rendered up their lives on that fatal spot, and among the not least interesting of the former we may mention Gilderoy, or "the red-haired lad," whose real name was Patrick Macgregor, and who, with ten other caterans, accused of cattle-lifting and many

wild pranks on the shores of Loch Lomond, were brought to Edinburgh, were drawn backward over a hurdle to the cross, on the 27th of July, 1666, and there hanged—Gilderoy and John Forbes hanging on a higher gallows than the rest, and, further, having their heads and hands struck off, to be affixed to the city gates. Gilderoy, we need scarcely add, has obtained a high ballad figure. There is a broadside of the time, containing a lament to him written by his mistress, in rude verse, not altogether without some pathos; one verse runs thus:—

"My love he was as brave a man  
As ever Scotland bred,  
Descended from a highland clan,  
A catheran to his trade.  
No woman then or woman-kind  
Had ever greater joy,  
Than we two when we lived alone,  
I and my Gilderoy!"

Here culprits underwent scourging, branding, ear-nailing, and nose-pinching, with tongue-boring and other punishments deemed minor. As a specimen of these exhibitions we shall take the following from the diary of Nicoll *verbatim*:—

"Last September, 1652. Two Englisches, for drinking the King's health, were taken and bound at Edinburgh croce, quhair either of thame receivit thretty-nine quhipes on their naiked bakes and shouleris; thairafter their lugs were naillit to the gallows. The ane had his lug cuttit from the ruitt with a razor, the uther being also naillit to the gibbet had his mouth *skobbit*, and his tong being drawn out the full length, was bound together betwix twa sticks, *hard togadder*, with an skamzie-thrick, for the space of half one hour thereby." Punishments of this cruel kind were characteristic of the times, and were not peculiar to the Scottish capital alone.

In later and more peaceful times the city cross was the 'Change, the great resort of the citizens for a double purpose. They met there to discuss the topics of the day and see their acquaintances, without the labour of forenoon calls down steep closes and up steeper turnpike stairs; and these gatherings usually took place between the hours of one and two. And during the reigns of the two first Georges it was customary at this place, as the very centre and cynosure of the city, for the magistrates to drink the king's health on a stage, "loyalty being a virtue which always becomes peculiarly ostentatious when it is under any suspicion of weakness."

The cross, the foot or basin of which was, with wine on festive occasions, was the peculiar subject-point of those now extinct *lammer*—the great meetings or *assemblies*. "A rugged, belittled, and looking as they were, but allowed to be something."

gent, and also faithful to any duty en-  
trusted to them. A stranger coming temporarily to  
Edinburgh got a caddie attached to his  
person, to conduct him from one part of the town  
to another, and to run errands for him; in short, to  
do wholly at his bidding. A caddie *did* literally  
know everything of Edinburgh, even to that kind  
of knowledge which we now expect only in a street  
directory; and it was equally true that he could  
hardly be asked to go anywhere, or upon any

It is difficult now to understand the gross per-  
version of taste and the barbarous absence of  
all veneration that prevailed in the Scotland of the  
eighteenth century, and how such a memorial as  
the inoffensive cross of Edinburgh was doomed  
to destruction; but doomed it was, and on the  
night before its demolition began there came a bac-  
chanalian company, probably Jacobites, and with a  
crown bowl of punch upon its battlements, solemnly  
drank "the *dredgie* of the auld mercat cross."



THE CITY CROSS

mission, that he would not go. On the other hand,  
the stranger would probably be astonished to find  
that, in a few hours, his caddie was acquainted with  
every particular concerning *himself*, where he was  
from, what was his purpose in Edinburgh, his family  
connections, tastes, and dispositions. Of course for  
every particle of scandal floating about Edinburgh  
the caddie was a ready book of reference. We some-  
times wonder how our ancestors did without news-  
papers. We do not reflect on the living vehicle of  
news which then existed; the privileged beggar for  
every gossip, for every tale the caddie."

But now, the *City Guard*, the *City Guard*, the  
the *City Guard*, the *City Guard*, the *City Guard*, the  
the *City Guard*, the *City Guard*, the *City Guard*, the

On one side of the cross there stood, of old,  
the *Dyvoors stane*, whereon might be seen seated  
a row of those unfortunates, who, for misfortune  
or roguery, were, by act of the Council, compelled  
to appear each market day at noon in the bank-  
rupt's garb—in a yellow bonnet and coat, one half  
yellow and the other brown, under pain of three  
months' imprisonment. The origin of this singular  
mode of protecting public credit was an Act of  
Sederunt of the Court of Session in 1604, wherein  
the seat is described as "ane pillery of hewn stone,  
near to the mercat croce," and from 10 A.M. till  
one hour after dinner was the time for the *Dyvoors*  
sitting thereon.

The *Lackenbooths*, an extinct range of peo-

turesque and heavily-eaved buildings, stood in the thoroughfare of the High Street, parallel to St. Giles's church, from which they were separated by a close and gloomy lane for foot passengers alone, and the appellation was shared by the opposite portion of the main street itself. This singular obstruction, for such it was, existed from

among whom we may mention the well-known family of Messrs. M'Laren and Sons.

It was pierced in the middle by a passage, called the Auld Kirk Style, which led to the old north door of St Giles's, and there it was that in 1706 the Lairds of Lochmavar and Drumlanrig slew Sir Thomas MacLellan of Bombie (ancestor of the



CREECH'S LAND. (From an Engraving in his "Fugitive Places")

the reign of James III. till 1817, and the name is supposed to have been conferred on the shops in that situation as being *close booths*, to distinguish them from the open ones, which then lined the great street on both sides, *lucken* signifying close, thus implying a certain superiority to the ancient traders in these booths; and it was considered remarkable that amid all the changes of the old town there is still in this locality an unusual proportion of mercers, clothiers, and drapers, of very old standing,

Lords Kirkcudbright), with whom they were at feud—an act for which neither of them was ever questioned or punished.

Prior to the year 1811 there remained unchanged in the Luckenbooths two lofty houses of great strength and antiquity, one of which contained the town residence of Sir John Byron, Bart., of Costes, an estate now covered by the west wall of new Edinburgh. He was a gentleman who made a great figure in the city during the reign of

...but no memories of him now remain, save the alley called Byres' Close, and his tomb on the west wall of the Greyfriars' churchyard, the inscription on which, though nearly obliterated, tells us that he was treasurer, baillie, and dean of guild of Edinburgh, and died in 1629, in his sixtieth year.

The fourth floor of the tall Byres' Lodging was occupied in succession by the Lords Coupar and Lindores, by Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, and finally by Lord Coalstoun, father of Christian Brown, Countess of the Earl of Dalhousie, a general who distinguished himself at Waterloo and elsewhere. Before removing to a more spacious mansion on the Castle Hill, Lord Coalstoun lived here in 1757, and during that time an amusing accident occurred to him, which has been the origin of more than one excellent caricature.

"It was at that time the custom," says the gossip author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," "for advocates, and no less than judges, to dress themselves in gown, wig, and cravat, at their own houses, and to walk in a sort of state, with their cocked hats in their hands, to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and when dressed would occasionally lean over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles's bell sounded a quarter to nine, enjoying the morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day, or the convivialities of the preceding evening, with a neighbouring advocate on the opposite side of the alley. It so happened that one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls who lived on the second floor above were amusing themselves with a kitten, which they had swung over the window by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting desperate with its exertions. In this crisis his lordship popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, when down came the exasperated animal in full career upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing-place their kitten had found, than in their terror and surprise, they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined claws! His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head was much increased when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means visible to him, by which its motions might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the

awe of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror of the girls above, together with the fierce relentless energy on the part of puss between, formed altogether a scene to which language could not easily do justice. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned, but the perpetrators did afterwards get many injunctions from their parents, never again to fish over the window, with such a bait, for honest men's wigs."

At the east end of the Luckenbooths, and facing the line of the High Street, commanding not only a view of that stately and stirring thoroughfare, but also the picturesque vista of the Canongate and far beyond it, Aberlady Bay, Gosford House, and the hills of East Lothian, towered "Creech's Land"—as the tenement was named, according to the old Scottish custom—long the peculiar haunt of the *literati* during the last century. In the first flat had been the shop of Allan Ramsay, where in 1725 he established the first circulating library ever known in Scotland; and for the Mercury's Head, which had been the sign of his first shop opposite Niddry's Wynd; he now substituted the heads of Drummond of Hawthornden and Ben Jonson. Of this establishment Wodrow writes:—"Profaneness is come to a great height! all the villainous, profane, and obscene books of plays printed at London by Curle and others, are got down from London by Allan Ramsay, and let out for an easy price to young boys, servant women of the better sort, and gentlemen, and vice and obscenity dreadfully propagated."

It was the library thus stigmatised by sour old Wodrow, that, according to his own statement, Sir Walter Scott read with such avidity in his younger years. The collection latterly contained upwards of 30,000 volumes, as is stated by a note in "Kay's Portraits."

In 1748, says Kincaid, a very remarkable and lawless attempt was made by the united London booksellers and stationers to curb the increase of literature in Edinburgh! They had conceived an idea, which they wished passed into law: "That authors or their assignees had a perpetual exclusive right to their works; and if these could not be known, the right was in the person who first published the book, whatever manner of way they became possessed of it."

The first step was taken in 1748—twenty-three years after Ramsay started his library—when an action appeared before the Court of Session against certain booksellers in Edinburgh and Glasgow, which was decreed against the plaintiffs.\* Ten

years after, a second plan was concerted in England, by a cozenage trial, which might be adduced as a precedent. The court thought proper to take the opinion of the twelve judges in England, who permitted the matter to drop without giving any; but a third attempt was made to restrain a certain Scotsman from trading as a bookseller in London. For twelve years this man was harassed by successive injunctions in Chancery, for printing books which were not protected by the 8th of Queen Anne, cap. 19, and the Court of Queen's Bench decided against the Scotsman (*Miller v. Taylor*), and then the London trade applied once more to the Court of Session to have it made law in Scotland. This prosecution was brought by Hinton, a bookseller, against the well-known Alexander Donaldson, then in London, to restrain him from publishing Starkhouse's "History of the Bible." He was subjected to great annoyance, yet he supported himself against nearly the entire trade in London, and obtained a decree which was of the greatest importance to the booksellers in Scotland.

Ramsay's shop became the rendezvous of all the wits of the day. Gay, the poet, who was quite installed in the household of the Duchess of Queensberry—the witty daughter of the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester—accompanied his fair patroness to Edinburgh, and resided for some time in Queensberry House in the Canongate. He was a frequent lounge at the shop of Ramsay, and is said to have derived great amusement from the anecdotes the latter gave of the leading citizens, as they assembled at the cross, where from his windows they could be seen daily with powdered wigs, ruffles, and rapiers. The late William Tytler, of Woodhouselee, who had frequently seen Gay there, described him as "a pleasant little man in a tyewig;" and, according to the *Scots Magazine* for 1802, he recollected overhearing him request Ramsay to explain many Scottish words and national customs, that he might relate them to Pope, who was already a great admirer of "The Gentle Shepherd."

How picturesque is the grouping in the following paragraph, by one who has passed away, of the crowd then visible from the shop of Allan Ramsay:—"Gentlemen and ladies paraded along in the stately attire of the period; tradesmen chatted in groups, often bareheaded, at their shop doors; caddies whisked about bearing messages or attending to the affairs of strangers; children filled the kennel with their noisy sports. Add to this the corduroy men from Gilmerton bawling coals or yellow sand, and spending as much breath in a minute as would have served poor asthmatic Hugo

Arnot for a month; fishwomen crying their call haddies from Newhaven; whimsicals and idlers, each with his or her crowd of tormentors; whoymen, with their bags; Town Guardsmen with their antique Lochaber axes; barbers with their hair-dressing materials, and so forth." Added to these might be the blue-bonneted shepherd in his grey plaid; the wandering piper; the kilted drover, armed to the teeth, as was then the fashion; and the passing sedan, with liveried bearers.

Johnson, in his "Lives," makes no reference to the Scottish visit of Gay, who died in 1732, but merely says that for his monetary hardships he received a recompense "in the affectionate attention of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, into whose house he was taken, and with whom he passed the remaining part of his life."

Ramsay gave up his shop and library in 1752, transferring them to his successor, who opened an establishment below with an entrance direct from the street. This was Mr. James MacEwan, from whom the business passed into the hands of Mr. Alexander Kincaid, an eminent publisher in his time, who took a great lead in civic affairs, and died in office as Lord Provost of Edinburgh on the 21st of January, 1777. Escorted by the trained bands, and every community in the city, and preceded by "the City Guard in funeral order, the officers' scarfs covered with crape, the drums with black cloth, beating a dead march," his funeral, as it issued into the High Street, was one of the finest pageants witnessed in Edinburgh since the Union. During his time the old bookseller's shop acquired an additional interest from being the daily lounge of Smollett, who was residing with his sister in the Canongate in 1776. Thus it is that he tells us, in "Humphry Clinker," that "all the people of business in Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market cross, a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in Lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood."

The attractions of the old shop increased when it passed with the business into the hands of the celebrated William Creech, son of the minister of Newbattle. Educated at the grammar school of Dalkeith and the University of Edinburgh, he had many mental endowments, an inexhaustible fund of amusing anecdote, and great conversational powers, which through life caused him to be courted by the most eminent men of the time; and his smiling face, his well-powdered head, his quaint black suit, with satin breeches, were long

after he had passed away; but he had acquired generous habits, with a miserly tendency for money, which not only precluded all reluctance to the deserving, but actually marred with the keenest discharge of business transactions. In 1774 he entered into partnership with Mr. [unclear], who left the business two years after, and

came from his establishment. He published the works of Cullen, Gregory, Adam Smith, Burns, Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, Blair, Beattie, Campbell (the opponent of Hume), Lords Woodhouselee and Kames, and by the last-named he was particularly regarded with esteem and friendship; and it was on the occasion of his having gone



WILLIAM CREECH. (From the Portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn.)

the whole devolving upon Mr. Creech, he conducted it for forty-four years with singular enterprise and success. For all that time his quaint shop at the east-end of the Luckenbooths was the resort of the clergy, the professors, and also all public and eminent men in the Scottish metropolis; and his breakfast-room was a permanent literary lounge, which was known by the name of "Creech's Levee."

During the whole of the period mentioned [unclear] all the really valuable literature of the time

to London for some time in 1787 that Burns wrote his well-known poem of "Willie's Awa:"—

"Oh, Willie was a witty wight,  
And had o' things an' unco aight,  
Auld Reekie aye he kept tight,  
And trig and braw;  
But now they'll back her like a fight—  
Willie's awa!"

We have already referred to the club in which originated the *Mirror* and *Lounger*. These



periodicals were issued by Creech; and the first number of the former, when it appeared on Saturday, 23rd of January, 1779, created quite a sensation among the "blue-stocking" coteries of the city.

In "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," "Mr. Creech, then prince of the Edinburgh trade," is rather dubiously written of. "This bibliopole was a very indifferent master of his trade, and wanted entirely the wit to take due advantage of the goods the gods provided. He was himself a great literary character, and he was always a great man in the magistracy of the city; and perhaps he would have thought it beneath him to be a mere ordinary money-making bookseller. Not that he had any aversion to money-making; on the contrary, he was prodigiously fond of money, and carried his love of it in many things to a ridiculous extent. But he had been trained in all the timid prejudices of the old Edinburgh school of booksellers; and not daring to make money in a bold and magnificent way, neither did he dare to run the risk of losing any part of what he had made. Had he possessed either the shrewdness or the spirit of some of his successors, there is no question he might have set on foot a fine race of rivalry among the literary men about him—a race of which the ultimate gains would undoubtedly have been greatest to himself. . . . He never had the sense to perceive that his true game lay in making high sweepstakes, and the consequence was that nobody would take the trouble either of training or running for his courses."

The successors referred to are evidently Constable and the Blackwoods, as the writer continues thus:—

"What a singular contrast does the present state of Edinburgh in regard to these matters, when compared to what I have been endeavouring to describe as existing in the days of the Creeches! Instead of Scottish authors sending their works to be published by London booksellers, ~~there~~ is nothing more common now-a-days than to hear of English authors sending down their books to Edinburgh to be published in a city than which Memphis or Palmyra would scarcely have appeared a more absurd place of publication to any English author thirty years ago."

Creech died unmarried on the 14th of January, 1815, in his seventieth year, only two years before the interesting old Land which bore his name for nearly half a century was demolished; but a view of it is attached to his "Fugitive Pieces," which he published in 1791. These were essays and sketches of character and manners in Edinburgh, which he had occasionally contributed to the newspapers.

The *laigh-shop* of Creech's Land was last occupied by the Messrs. Hutchison, extensive traders, who, in the bad state of the copper coinage, when the halfpennies of George III. would not pass current in Scotland, produced a coinage of Edinburgh halfpennies in 1791 that were long universally received. On one side were the city arms and crest, boldly struck, surrounded by thistles, with the legend, *Edinburgh Halfpenny*; on the other, St. Andrew with his cross, and the national motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, which is freely and spiritedly rendered, "Ye daurna meddle wi' me." Since then they have gradually disappeared, and now are only to be found in numismatic collections.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

*Site of the Parliament House—The Parliament Hall—Its fine Roof—Proportions—Its External Aspect of Old—Pictures and Statues—The Great South Window—The Side Window—Scots Prisoners of War—General Monk Feasted—A Scene with Gen. Dalrymple—The Fire of 1700—Riding of the Parliament—The Union—Its dire Effects and ultimate good Results—Trial of Covenanters.*

No building in Edinburgh possesses perhaps more interest historically than the Parliament House, and yet its antiquity is not great, as it was finished only in 1639 for the meetings of the Estates, and was used for that purpose exclusively till the Union in 1707.

Previous to its erection in St. Giles's churchyard, the national Parliaments, the Courts of Justice, and the Town Council of Edinburgh, held their meetings in the old Tolbooth, and the circumstance

of such assemblies taking place constantly in its vicinity must have led to the gradual abandonment of the old churchyard of St. Giles's as a place of sepulture, for when the readiest access to the Tolbooth was up the steep slope from the chapel of the holy rood in the Cowgate, among the gummy tumuli and old tombstones, and the burial-place became the lounge of lackeys, grooms, and armed servants, waiting for their masters during the sittings of the House, all the sacred and

character of the place must have been preserved. "Queen Mary granted the gardens of the Greyfriars' monastery to the citizens in the year 1566, to be used as a cemetery, and from that period the old burial-place seems to have been gradually forsaken, until the neglected sepulchres of the dead were at length paved over, and the citizens forgot that their Exchange was built over their fathers' graves." Yet within six years after Queen Mary's grant, Knox was interred in the old burial-ground. "Before the generation had passed away that witnessed and joined in his funeral service," says the author of "Memorials of Edinburgh," "the churchyard in which they laid him had been converted into a public thoroughfare! We fear this want of veneration must be regarded as a national characteristic which Knox assisted to call into existence, and to which we owe much of the reckless demolition of those time-honoured monuments of the past which it is now thought a weakness to deplore."

As a churchyard in name it last figures in 1596 as the scene of a tumult in which John Earl of Mar, John Bothwell, Lord Holyroodhouse, the Lord Lindsay, and others, met in their armour, and occasioned some trouble ere they could be pacified. It was the scene of all manner of rows, when club-law prevailed; where exasperated litigants, sick of "the law's delays," ended the matter by appeal to sword and dagger; and craftsmen and apprentices quarrelled with the bailies and deacons. It has been traditionally said that many of the tombstones were removed to the Greyfriars' churchyard; if such was the case no inscriptions remain to prove this.

The Parliament Hall, which was finished in 1639, at the expense of the citizens, costing £11,600 of the money of that time, occupies a considerable portion of the old churchyard, and possesses a kind of simple grandeur belonging to an anterior age. Its noblest feature is the roof, sixty feet in height, which rests on ornamental brackets consisting of boldly sculptured heads, and is formed of dark oak tie-and-hammer beams with cross braces, producing a general effect suggestive of the date of Westminster, or of Crosby Hall. Modern corridors that branch out from it are in harmony with the old hall, and lead to the various court rooms and the extensive libraries of the Faculty of Advocates and the Society of Writers to the Signet. The hall measures 122 feet in length by 49 in breadth, and was hung of old with tapestry and portraits of the kings of Scotland, some by Sir Godfrey Kneller. These were beheaded in 1707, by Queen Anne, on the Earl of Mar,

and are now said to be among the miscellaneous collections at Holyrood. Begun in 1632, the hall with its adjacent buildings took seven years to erect; but subsequently the external portions of the edifice were almost totally renewed. Howell, in his "Familiar Letters," writing from Edinburgh in 1639, says, "there is a fair Parliament House built here lately," and regretting that Charles I. did not inaugurate it in person, he adds that "they did ill who advised him otherwise." The time had come when old Scottish raids were nearly past, and when revolutions had their first impulse, not in the battle-field, but in deliberative assemblies; thus the Parliament that transferred its meetings from the old Tolbooth to the new House in 1639 had to vote "the sinews of war" for an army against England, under Sir Alexander Leslie, and was no less unprecedented in its constitution and powers than the place in which it assembled was a new edifice. Outside of a wooden partition in the hall was an oak pulpit, where a sermon was preached at the opening of Parliament; and behind was a small gallery, where the public heard the debates of the House.

To thousands who never saw or could have seen it the external aspect of the old Parliament House has been rendered familiar by Gordon's engravings, and more particularly by the view of it on the bank notes of Sir William Forbes and Co. Tradition names Inigo Jones as the architect, but of this there is not a vestige of proof. It was highly picturesque, and possessed an individuality that should have preserved it from the iconoclastic "improvers" of 1829. "There was a quaint stateliness about its irregular pinnacles and towers," we are told, "and the rude elaborateness of its decorations, that seemed to link it with the courtiers of Holyrood in the times of the Charleses, and its last gala days under the Duke of York's vice-regency. Nothing can possibly be conceived more meaningless and utterly absurd than the thing that superseded it"—a square of semi-classic buildings, supported by a narrow arcade, and surmounted by stone sphinxes.

Above the old main entrance, which faced the east, and is now completely blocked up and hidden, were the royal arms of Scotland, beautifully sculptured, supported on the right by Mercy holding a crown wreathed with laurel, and on the left by Justice, with a palm branch and balance, with the inscription, *Stans his felicia regna*, and underneath the national arms, the motto, *Unus quodvis*. Over the smaller doorway, which forms the present access to the lofty lobby of the House, were the arms of the city, between sculptured

obelisks, with the motto *Dominus custodit introitum nostrum*. The destruction of all this was utterly unwarrantable.

The tapestries with which the hall was hung were all removed about the end of the last century, and now its pictures, statues, and decorations of Scotland's elder and latter days replace them.

Of the statues of the distinguished Scottish statesmen and lawyers, the most noticeable are a colossal one of Henry first Viscount Melville in his robes as a peer, by Chantrey; on his left of Lord Cockburn, by Brodie; Duncan Forbes of Cullinstown in his judicial costume as President of the Court, by Roubiliac (a fine example); the Lord President Boyle, and Lord Jeffrey, by Steel; the Lord President Blair (son of the author of "The Grave"), by Chantrey.

On the opposite or eastern side of the hall (which stands north and south) is the statue of Robert Dundas of Arniston, Lord Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, also by Chantrey; portraits, many of them of considerable antiquity, some by Jameson, a Scottish painter who studied under Rubens at Antwerp. But the most remarkable among the modern portraits are those of Lord Brougham, by Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A.; Lord Colonsay, formerly President of the Court, and the Lord Justice-Clerk Hope, both by the same artist. There are also two very fine portraits of Lord Abercrombie and Professor Bell, by Sir Henry Raeburn.

Light is given to this interesting hall by four windows on the side, and the great window on the south. It is of stained glass, and truly magnificent. It was erected in 1868 at a cost of £2,000, and was the work of two German artists, having been designed by Wilhelm von Kaulbach, and executed by the Chevalier Aimmüller of Munich. It represents the inauguration of the College of Justice, or the Supreme Court of Scotland, by King James V., in 1532. The opening of the court is supposed by the artist to have been the occasion of a grand state ceremonial, and the moment chosen for representation is that in which the young king, surrounded by his nobles and great officers of state, is depicted in the act of presenting the charter of institution and of confirmation by Pope Clement VII. to Alexander Mylne, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, the first Lord President, who kneels before him to receive it, surrounded by the other judges in their robes, while the then Lord Chancellor of Scotland, Gavin Dunbar, Archbishop of Glasgow, and afterwards of St. Andrews, with uplifted hand invokes a blessing on the act.

In 1870 the four side windows on the west of the

hall were filled in with stained glass of a beautiful character, under the superintendence of the late Sir George Harvey, president of the Royal Scottish Academy. Each window is twenty feet high by nine wide, divided by a central mullion, the tracery between being occupied by the armorial bearings and crests of the various Lord Justice-Clerks, the great legal writers of the Faculty of Advocates, those of the Deans of Faculty, and the Lords Advocate.

This old hall has been the scene of many a great event and many a strange debate, and most of the proceedings that took place here belong to the history of the country; for with the exception of the Castle and the ancient portion of Holyrood, no edifice in the city is so rich in historic memories.

Beneath the old roof consecrated to these, says one of its latest chroniclers, "the first great movements of the Civil War took place, and the successive steps in that eventful crisis were debated with a zeal commensurate to the important results involved in them. Here Montrose united with Rothes, Lindsay, Loudon, and others of the covenanting leaders, in maturing the bold measures that formed the basis of our national liberties; and within the same hall, only a few years later, he sat with the calmness of despair, to receive from the lips of his old compatriot, Loudon, the barbarous sentence, which was executed with such savage rigour."

After his victory at Dunbar, some of Cromwell's troopers in their falling bands, buff coats, and steel morions, spent their time alternately in preaching to the people in the Parliament Hall and guarding a number of Scottish prisoners of war who were confined in "the laigh Parliament House" below it. On the 17th of May, 1654, some of these contrived to cut a hole in the floor of the great hall, and all effected their escape save two; but when peace was established between Cromwell and the Scots, and the Courts of Law resumed their sittings, the hall was restored to somewhat of its legitimate uses, and there, in 1655, the leaders of the Commonwealth, including General Monk, were feasted with a lavish hospitality.

In 1660, under the auspices of the same republican general, came to pass "the glorious Restoration," when the magistrates had a banquet at the cross, and gave £1,000 sterling to the king; and his brother, the Duke of Albany and York, who came as Royal Commissioner, was feasted in the same hall with his Princess Mary d'Este and his daughter, the future Queen Anne, surrounded by all the high-born and beautiful in Scotland. The Duke

awaited the latter, when the insane  
Cavalier persecution began in a cruel and retribu-  
tive spirit. For in the same place where he had been  
so nobly treated the royal duke was compelled to  
submit to try by torture, with the iron boot and  
screw, the passively heroic and high-spirited  
adherents of that Covenant which the king had  
broken, while one of Scotland's most able lawyers,  
Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, acted his  
part of King's Advocate with such un pitying

enemies without form of trial, and hundreds of  
less note courageously endured the fury of their  
persecutors."

Lord Fountainhall gives us one scene acted in  
this chamber, which will suffice as an illustration,  
and so powerfully shows the spirit of the time  
that we are tempted to quote it at length. It  
refers to the trial or examination of a man named  
Garnock and five other Covenanters on the 7th of  
October, 1681:—



THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE. (Fac-simile of Gordon of Rothiemay's View.)

seal as to gain him the abhorrence of the people,  
among whom he is still remembered as the "Bluidy  
Mackenzie."

The rooms below the Parliament Hall, which  
are still dark—one being always lighted with gas,  
the other dimly and surrounded by a gallery—were  
the places where the Privy Council met, and torture  
went on, too often, almost daily at one time.  
Though long dedicated now "to the calm seclusion  
of literary study, they are the same that witnessed  
the noble, the enthusiastic, and despairing, alike  
prelate at the feet of tyrants, or subjected to  
their merciless sword. There Guthrie and Argyle  
received the barbarous sentence of their personal

"The King's Advocate being in Angus, sent  
over a deputation to me to pursue; but God so  
ordered it that I was freed, and Sir William Purves  
cashed me of the office. In fortification of what  
they said before the Duke and Council, they led  
the clerks and macers as witnesses, who deponed  
that they uttered those or the like words: 'They  
declined the king, denied him to be their lawful  
sovereign, and called him a tyrant and covenant-  
breaker.' And Forman had a knife with this  
posie graven on it—*This is to cut the throats of  
tyrants*; and said 'if the king be a tyrant, why  
not also cut his throat, and if they were righteous  
judges, they would have the same on their sword,

like Buchanan's motto borrowed from the great Emperor Trajan, *Pro me, sis moror, in me*. Garnock having at a Committee of Council railed at General Dalzell, calling him (with reference to his service in Russia) a Muscovia beast who used to roast men, the general in a passion struck him with the pommel of his shable on the face till the blood sprung. Garnock gave in a protestation signed with his own hand, calling them 'all bloody murderers and papists, and charging all the Parlia-

of which was accordingly done; and they obstinately without acknowledging any fault retracting their errors, reviling and condemning judges and all that differed from them. Their bodies were stolen up by some of their party from under the gibbet, and re-buried in the west high-yard."

To understand the courage of the man who in such a place would defy the terrible old colonel of the Greys—whose ghost is at this day supposed to



PARLIAMENT HOUSE. (From the View in Arnold's "History of Edinburgh.")

menters to reverse the wicked laws they had made, and that Popish test they had been taking, and to put away that sinful man (the duke) or else the judgments of God were ready to break upon the land. Lapeley was wiser than the other five, for he owned the king, so far as he owned the "Covenant which he swore at his coronation at Stone." Lapeley was sent in fetters to the Thieves' Hole, but the other five were found guilty by jury of being present at a field conventicle, "and condemned to be hanged at the Galloway, betwixt Edinburgh and Leith, on the 20th of October: they were to be struck off and set upon pikes upon the Pleasance Port; Forster's hand, who had the said knife, to be cut off (while) alive; all

haunt his house of Binns—we must keep in mind the superstition of the time, which led the people to believe him bullet-proof; that if he spat a hole was burned in the earth, and that water, if poured into his jack-boots, rose at once to boiling heat!

This magnificent hall and the buildings connected with it had a narrow escape in the "Great Fire" of 1700. It broke out in Lord Cromar's lodging, at Mr. John Buchan's, near the marketplace, on a night in February; and Duncan Forbes of Collieston asserts ("Collieston Papers") in a letter to his brother the colonel, that he saw, through a more vehement fire; that one of the windows burst out, and that from the chimney a great

scarcely one stone was left standing. The Parliament House very hardly escaped; all registers confounded; clerks, advocates, and processes, in such a confusion, that the heads of state are just now met in the taverns in order to adjourning of the business by reason of the disorder. Few people were left, if any at all; but there was neither heart nor hand left amongst them for saving from the fire, nor a drop of water in the cisterns; 20,000 hands flitting their trash they knew not wher, and hardly so at work; these babbels of ten and fourteen story high, are down to the ground, and their fall very terrible. Many rueful spectacles, such as Crossrig, naked, with a child under his oxter, hopping for his lyffe; the Fish Mercate, and all from the Cowgate to Pett-streets Close, burnt; the Exchange, vaults and coal-cellars under the Parliament Close, are still burning."

Many of the houses that were burned on this occasion were fourteen storeys in height, seven of which were below the level of the Close on the south side. These houses had been built about twenty years before, by Thomas Robertson, brewer, a thriving citizen, whose tomb in the Greyfriars' Churchyard had an inscription, given in Montaigne's Theatre of Mortality, describing him as "remarkable for piety towards God, loyalty to his king, and love to his country." He had given the Covenant out of his hand to be burned at the Cross in 1661 on the Restoration; and now it was remembered exultingly "that God in his providence had sent a burning among his lands."

But Robertson was beyond the reach of earthly retribution, as his tomb bears that he died on the 21st of September, 1686, in the 63rd year of his age, with the addendum, *Vixit post funera virtus—* "Virtue survives the grave."

Before we come to record the great national tragedy which the Parliament House witnessed in 1707—for a tragedy it was then deemed by the Scottish people—it may be interesting to describe the yearly ceremony, called "the Riding of the Parliament," in state, from the Palace to the Hall, as described by Arnot and others, on the 6th of May, 1763.

The central streets of the city and Canongate, being cleared of all vehicles, and a lane formed by their being trailed on both sides, none were permitted to enter but those who formed the procession, or were officers of the Scottish army, and the armed bands in full uniform. The streets and the squares were lined by the Lord High Constable's Guards, from the Palace

porch westwards; next in order stood the Scottish Foot Guards (two battalions, then as now), under General Sir George Ramsay, up to the Netherbow Port; from thence to the Parliament House, and to the bar thereof, the street was lined by the trained bands of the city, the Lord High Constable's Guards, and those of the Earl Marischal. The former official being seated in an arm-chair, at the door of the House, received the officers, while the members being assembled at the Palace of Holyrood, were then summoned by name, by the Lord Clerk Registrar, the Lord Lyon King of Arms, and the heralds, with trumpets sounding, after which the procession began, thus:—

Two mounted trumpeters, with coats and banners, bare-headed.

Two pursuivants in coats and foot mantles, ditto.

Sixty-three Commissioners for burghs on horseback, two and two, each having a lackey on foot; the odd number walking alone.

Seventy-seven Commissioners for shires, mounted and covered, each having two lackeys on foot.

Fifty-one Lord Barons in their robes, riding two and two, each having a gentleman to support his train, and three lackeys on foot, wearing above their liveries velvet coats with the arms of their respective Lords on the breast and back embossed on plate, or embroidered in gold or silver.

Nineteen Viscounts as the former.

Sixty Earls as the former.

Four trumpeters, two and two.

Four pursuivants, two and two.

The heralds, Islay, Ross, Rothesay, Albany, Snowdon, and Marchmont, in their tabards, two and two, bareheaded.

The Lord Lyon King at Arms, in his tabard, with chain, robe, bâton, and foot mantle.

The Sword of State, borne by the Earl of Mar.

The Sceptre, borne by the Earl of Crawford.

THE CROWN.

Borne by the Earl of Forfar.

The purse and commission, borne by the Earl of Morton.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY, LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER.

With his servants, pages, and footmen.

Four Dukes, two and two.

Gentlemen bearing their trains, and each having eight lackeys.

Six Marquises, each having six lackeys.

The Duke of Argyle, Colonel of the Horse Guards.

A squadron of Horse Guards.

The Lord High Commissioner was received there, at the door of the House, by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marischal, between whom he was led to the throne, followed by the Usher of the White Rod, while, amid the blowing of trumpets, the regalia were laid upon the table before it.

The year 1706, before the assembling of the last Parliament, in the old hall, was particularly favourable to any attempt for the then called House of Stuart.

Three Maces.

Three Maces.

to regain the throne; for the proposed union with England had inflamed to a perilous degree the passions and the patriotism of the nation. In August the equivalent money sent to Scotland as a blind to the people for their full participation in the taxes and old national debt of England, was pompously brought to Edinburgh in twelve great waggons, and conveyed to the Castle, escorted by a regiment of Scottish cavalry, as Defoe tells us, amid the railing, the reproaches, and the deep curses of the people, who then thought of nothing but war, and viewed the so-called equivalent as the price of their Scottish fame, liberty, and honour.

In their anathemas, we are told that they spared not the very horses which drew the waggons, and on the return of the latter from the fortress their fury could no longer be restrained, and, unopposed by the sympathising troops, they dashed the vehicles to pieces, and assailed the drivers with volleys of stones, by which many of them were severely injured.

"It was soon discovered, after all," says Dr. Chambers, "that only £100,000 of the money was specie, the rest being in Exchequer bills, which the Bank of England had ignorantly supposed to be welcome in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions. This gave rise to new clamours. It was said the English had tricked them by sending paper instead of money. Bills, payable 400 miles off, and which if lost or burned would be irrecoverable, were a pretty price for the obligation Scotland had come under to pay English taxes."

In the following year, during the sitting of the Union Parliament, a terrible tumult arose in the west, led by two men named Montgomery and Finlay. The latter had been a sergeant in the Royal Scots, and this enthusiastic veteran burned the articles of Union at the Cross of Glasgow, and with the little sum he had received on his discharge, enlisted men to march to Edinburgh, avowing his intention of dispersing the Union Parliament, sacking the House, and storming the Castle. In the latter the troops were on the alert, and the guns and beacons were in readiness. The mob readily enough took the veteran's money, but melted away on the march; thus, he was captured and brought in a prisoner to the Castle, escorted by 250 dragoons, and the Parliament continued its sitting without much interruption.

The Articles of Union were framed by thirty commissioners acting for England and thirty acting for Scotland; and though the troops of both countries were then fighting side by side on the Continent, such were their mutual relations on each side

of the Tweed, that, as Macaulay says, they not possibly have continued for one year under the terms on which they had been during the preceding century, and that there must have been between them either absolute union or deadly enmity; and their enmity would bring fearful calamities, not on themselves alone, but on the civilised world. Their union would be the best security for the prosperity of both, for the internal tranquillity of the island, for the just balance of power among European states, and for the immunities of all Protestant countries."

As the Union debates went on, in vain did the eloquent Belhaven, on his knees and in tears, beseech the House to save Scotland from extinction and degradation; in vain did the nervous Fletcher, the astute and wary Lockhart, plead for the fame of their forefathers, and denounce the measure which was to close the legislative hall for ever. "Many a patriotic heart," says Wilson, "throbbed amid the dense crowd that daily assembled in the Parliament Close, to watch the decision of the Scottish Estates on the detestable scheme of a union with England. Again and again its fate trembled in the balance, but happily for Scotland, English bribes outweighed the mistaken zeal of Scottish patriotism and Jacobitism, united against the measure."

On the 25th of March, 1707, the treaty of union was ratified by the Estates, and on the 22nd of April the ancient Parliament of Scotland adjourned, to assemble no more. On that occasion the Chancellor Seafield made use of a brutal jest, for which, says Sir Walter Scott, his countrymen should have destroyed him on the spot.

It is, of course, a matter of common history, that the legislative union between Scotland and England was carried by the grossest bribery and corruption; but the sums actually paid to members who sat in that last Parliament are not perhaps so well known, and may be curious to the reader.

During some financial investigations which were in progress in 1711 Lockhart discovered and made public that the sum of £50,540 17s. 7d. had been secretly distributed by Lord Godolphin, the Treasurer of England, among the baser members of the Scottish Parliament, for the purpose of inducing them to vote for the extinction of their country, and in his "Memoirs of Scotland from the Accession of Queen Anne," he gives us the following list of the receivers, with the actual sums which were paid to each, and this list was confirmed by such as David Earl of Glasgow, the Treasurer of Scotland.





Curs'd be the wretch who seized the throne,  
And marred our Constitution ;  
And curs'd be they who helped on  
That wicked Revolution.

"Curs'd be those traitorous traitors who  
By their perfidious knavery,  
Have brought our nation now unto  
An everlasting slavery.  
Curs'd be the Parliament that day,  
Who gave their confirmation ;  
And curs'd be every whining Whig,  
For they have damned the nation !"

We have shown what the representation of Scotland was, in the account of the Riding of the Parliament. By the Treaty of Union the number was cut down to sixty-one for both Houses, and the general effects of it were long remembered in Scotland with bitterness and reprehension, and generations went to their grave ere the long-promised prosperity came. Ruin and desolation fell upon the country ; in the towns the grass grew round the market-crosses ; the east coast trade was destroyed, and the west was as yet undeveloped ; all the arsenals were emptied, the fortresses disarmed, and two royal palaces fell into ruin.

The departure of the king to London in 1603 caused not the slightest difference in Edinburgh ; but the Union seemed to achieve the irreparable ruin of the capital and of the nation. Of the former Robert Chambers says :—"From the Union, up to the middle of the 18th century, the existence of the city seems to have been a perfect

blank ! No improvements of any sort marked the period. On the contrary, an air of general depression pervaded the city, such as had not been its history at *no* former period. A stagnation communicated even to the manners and feelings of society, which were remarkable for their coarse, precise moral carriage, and a species of conservatism amounting almost to moroseness, sure indication, it is to be supposed, of a time of adversity and humiliation. . . . In short, this may be called, no less appropriately than emphatically, the *dark age of Edinburgh*."

Years of national torpor and accepted degradation followed, and to the Scot who ventured south, but a sorry welcome was accorded ; yet from the state of things Scotland rose to what she is to-day, by her own exertions, unaided, and often obstructed. A return made to the House of Commons in 1870 shows that the proportion of the imperial revenue contributed by Scotland was only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., whereas, by the year 1866, it had risen to  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. During that period the revenue of England increased 800 per cent, while that of Scotland increased 2,500 per cent, thus showing that there is no country in Europe which has made such vast material progress ; and to seek for a parallel case we must turn to Australia or the United States of America ; but it is doubtful if those who sat in the old Parliament House on that 25th of March, 1707, least of all such patriots as Lord Banfil, when he pocketed his £112s, could, in the



have foreseen the Edinburgh and of to-day!

As early as 1779 the Parliament House, with its divisions, furnishing, and—save the partitions—other features, which it had borne for many days when Scotland had a national legislature. At that time the associations of this hall—the Westminster Hall of Edinburgh—are only such as relate to men eminent in the College of Justice, for learning or great legal lore, among whom we may note Duncan Forbes, Lords Monboddo and Kames, Hume, Erskine, and Mackenzie, and, indeed, nearly all the men of note in past Scottish literature. “Our own generation has witnessed there Cockburn, Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, and Scott, sharing in the grave offices of the court, or taking a part in the broad humour and wit for which the members of ‘the Faculty’ are so celebrated; and still the visitor to this learned and literary lounge cannot fail to be gratified in a high degree, while watching the different groups who gather in the Hall, and noting the lines of thought or humour, and the infinite variety of physiognomy for which the wigged and gowned loiterers of the Law Courts are peculiarly famed.”

The Hall is now open from where the throne stood to the great south window. Once it was divided into two portions—the southern separated from the rest by a screen, accommodated the Court of Session; the northern, comprising a subsection used for the Sheriff Court, was chiefly a kind of lobby, and was degraded by a set of little booths, occupied as taverns, booksellers’ shops, and toy-shops, like those in the Krames. Among others, Creech had a stall; and such was once the condition of Westminster Hall. Spottiswoode of that ilk, who published a work on “Forms of Process,” in 1718, records that there were then “two keepers of the session-house, who had small salaries to do the menial offices there, and that no small part of their annual perquisites came from the *kramers* in the outer hall.”

The great Hall is now used as a promenade and waiting-room by the advocates and other practitioners connected with the supreme courts, and during the sitting of these presents a very animated scene; and there George IV. was received in kingly state at a grand banquet, on his visit to the city in 1822.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE—(Concluded).

*The Faculty of Advocates—The Writers to the Signet—Solicitors before the Supreme Court—The First Lords of Session—The Law Courts—The Court of Session—the Outer and Inner Houses—College of Justice—Supreme Judicature Court—Its Corrupt Nature—How Justice used to be defeated—Abduction of Lord Duns—Some Notable Senators of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Lords Fountainhall, Covington, Monboddo, Kames, Hailes, Gardenstone, Arncliffe, Balmuto, and Hermand.*

THE Faculty of Advocates—who are privileged to plead in any court in Scotland, and in all Scottish appeals before the House of Lords—is a body, of course, inseparably connected, as yet, with the old Parliament House. From among that body the judges of the supreme courts and sheriffs of the various counties are selected. It is the most distinguished corporate body in Scotland, and of old, especially, was composed of the representatives alike of the landed aristocracy, the rank and intellect of Scotland; and for more than three centuries the dignity of the Scottish bench and bar has been maintained by a succession of distinguished men, not only in their own popular reputation of legal knowledge, but in their knowledge of literature and science; and it has been a place where the works of the great writers of the past were read and whose language of Great Britain.

of Sederunt. We find, in 1674, Charles II., in consequence of a difference having arisen between the Faculty and the Lords of Session, banished the whole of the former twelve miles from Edinburgh. The subject in dispute was whether any appeal lay from the Court of Session to the Parliament. It is obvious that in this contest between the bench and the bar, law and the practice of the court, independent of expediency, could alone be considered, and the Faculty remained banished until the unlimited supremacy of the Court should be acknowledged; but what would those sturdy advocates of the seventeenth century have thought of appeals to a Parliament sitting at Westminster?

In 1708 the Faculty became again embroiled. Upon the accession of Queen Anne a new Parliament was not summoned, that which sat during the reign of her predecessor being re-assembled. The Duke of Hamilton and other members of the Faculty of Advocates, who were not members of the House, withdrew from the House. The Faculty of Advocates, however,

a vote among themselves in favour of that protest, declaring it to be founded on the laws of the realm, for which they were prosecuted before Parliament, and sharply reprimanded, a circumstance which gave great offence to the nation.

The affairs of the Faculty are managed by a Dean, or President, a Treasurer, Clerk, and selected Council; and, besides the usual branches of a liberal education, those who are admitted as advocates must have gone through a regular course of civil and Scottish law.

Connected with the Court of Session is the Society of Clerks, or Writers to the Royal Signet, whose business it is to subscribe the writs that pass under that signet in Scotland, and practise as attorneys before the Courts of Session, Justiciary, and the Jury Court. The office of Keeper of the Signet is a lucrative one, but is performed by a deputy. The qualifications for admission to this body are an apprenticeship for five years with one of the members, after two years' attendance at the University, and on a course of lectures on conveyancing given by a lecturer appointed by the Society, and also on the Scottish law class in the University.

Besides these Writers to the Signet, who enjoy the right of conducting exclusively certain branches of legal procedure, there is another, but inferior, society of practitioners, who act as attorneys before the various Courts, in which they were of long standing, but were only incorporated in 1797, under the title of Solicitors before the Supreme Courts.

The Judges of the Courts of Session and Justiciary, with members of these before-mentioned corporate bodies, and the officers of Court, form the College of Justice instituted by James V., and of which the Judges of the Court of Session enjoy the title of Senators.

The halls for the administration of justice immediately adjoin the Parliament House. The Court of Session is divided into what are named the Outer and Inner Houses. The former consists of five judges, or Lords Ordinary, occupying separate Courts, where cases are heard for the first time; the latter comprises two Courts, technically known as the First and Second Divisions. Four Judges sit in each of these, and it is before them that litigants, if dissatisfied with the Outer House decision, may bring their cases for final judgment, unless afterwards they indulge in the expensive luxury of appealing to the House of Lords.

The Courts of the Lords Ordinary enter from the corridor at the south end of the great hall, and those of the Inner House from a long lobby on the east side of it.

Although the College of Justice was instituted

by James V., and held its first session in the old Tolbooth on the 27th of May, 1532, it was first projected by his uncle, the Duke of Albany. The Court originally consisted of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, fourteen Lords Ordinary, or Senators (of half clergy and one-half laity), and afterwards an indefinite number of supernumerary judges, designated Extraordinary Lords. The annual expenses of this Court were defrayed from the revenues of the clergy, who bitterly, but vainly, remonstrated against this taxation. It may not be uninteresting to give here the names of the first members of the Supreme Judicature:—

Alexander, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, Lord President; Richard Bothwell, Rector of Askirk (whose father was Provost of Edinburgh in the time of James III.); John Dingwall, Provost of the Trinity Church; Henry White, Dean of Brechin; William Gibson, Dean of Restalrig; Thomas Hay, Dean of Dunbar; Robert Reid, Abbot of Kinloss; George Kerr, Provost of Dunglass; Sir William Scott of Balwearie; Sir John Campbell of Lundie; Sir James Colville of Easter Wemyss; Sir Adam Otterburne of Auldham; Nicolas Crawford of Oxengangs; Sir Francis Bothwell (who was provost of the city in 1535); and James Lawson of the Highriggs.

The memoirs which have been preserved of the administration of justice by the Court of Session in the olden time are not much to its honour. The arbitrary nature of it is referred to by Buchanan, and in the time of James VI. we find the Lord Chancellor, Sir Alexander Eton (Lord Fyvie in 1598), superintending the lawsuits of a friend, and instructing him in the mode and manner in which they should be conducted. But Scott of Scotstarvet gives us a sorry account of this peer, who owed his preferment to Anne of Denmark. The strongest proof of the corrupt nature of the Court is given us by the Act passed by the sixth parliament of James VI., in 1579, by which the Lords were prohibited, "No uther be themselves, or be their wives, or servants, to take in any times cumming, bud, bribe, gude, or gift, fra quhatsum-ever person or persones presently havand, or that hereafter shall happen to have any actions or causes perawed before them," under pain of confiscation (Glendochy's Acts, &c.). The necessity for this law plainly evinces that the secret acceptance of bribes must have been common among the judges of the time; while, in other instances, the weakness of the judges justified the power of the Court.

When a noble, or chief of rank, was engaged in

act of treason, or murder, he appear at the bar in a suit of mail, armed men as he could muster; the influence of clanship rendered it difficult not to shield and countenance a kins-

The forcible abduction of Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, a noted lawyer (who drew up the decisions of the Court from the 17th July, 1621, to the 16th July, 1642)—that his voice and vote might be absent from the decision of a case—as



VIEW FROM THE COWGATE OF THE BUILDINGS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE PARLIAMENT CLOSE, THE HIGHEST BUILDINGS IN EDINBURGH. (From a Print published in 1794.)

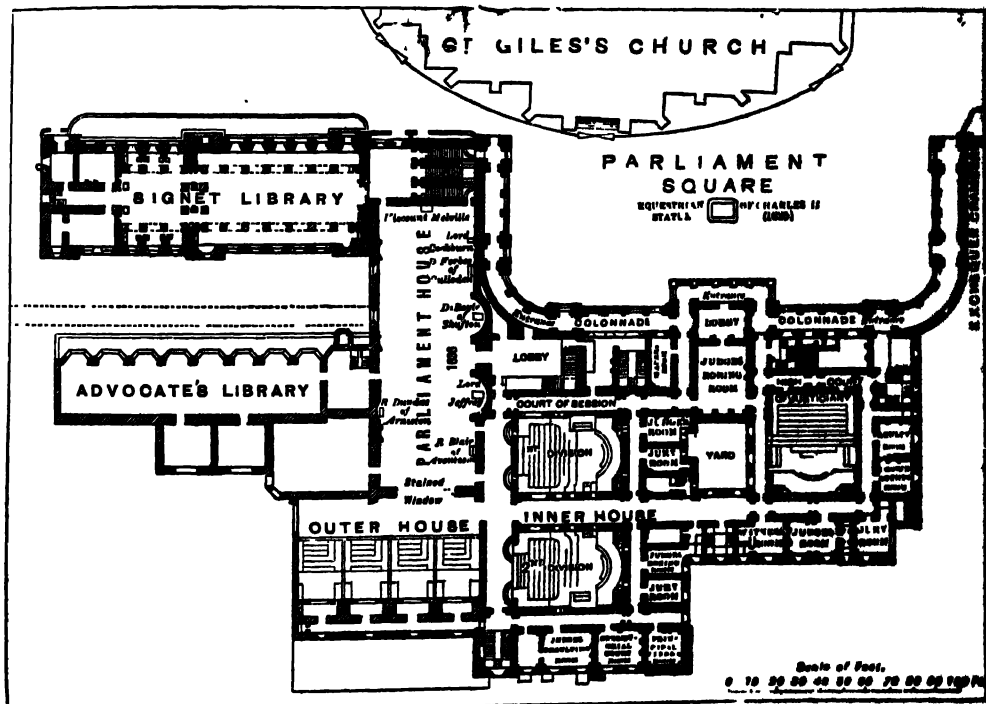
man, whatever dark deed he might have done. As the trial of Bothwell, for the murder of Darnley, before the Earl of Argyll as hereditary Lord High Justice, the latter had a guard of two hundred men, with matches lighted, to enforce the sentence of the Court; before which the former was brought, and the remainder of his followers were sent up on the Cross, thus enabling

well known, but told incorrectly, in the ballad on the subject. It appears that in September, 1601, Lord Durie was carried off from the neighbourhood of St. Andrews by George Meldrum younger of Dumbreck, and taken to Northumberland, where he was kept for eight days in the Castle of Herbyottle, while his friends and family, unable to account for his mysterious disappearance, believed him to be dead, or spirited away by the thieves.

## THE COURT OF SESSION.

It has been said—with what truth it is impossible to tell—that, when Cromwell appointed eleven Commissioners (three of whom were Englishmen) for the administration of justice at Edinburgh, their decisions were most impartial; and, on hearing them lauded after the Restoration had replaced the old lords on the Bench, the President, Gilmour of Craigmillar, said, angrily, "Deil thank them—a wheen *kinless* loons!" The grave of one of these Englishmen, George Smith, was

of Lady St. Clair to solicit Lady Bessy Elphinstone (Elizabeth Primrose of Carrington) and Lady Dun. My lord promises to back his lady, and to ply both their lords; also Leven and his cousin Murkle (a Lord of Session in 1733). *He is your good friend, and wishes success; he is jealous Mrs. Mackie will side with her cousin Bessie.* St. Clair says Leven has only *once gone wrong upon his hand* since he was a Lord of Session. Mrs. Kinloch has been with Miss Pringle, Newhall



PLAN OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND LAW COURTS.

long pointed out in the abbey church, where he was buried by torchlight in 1657. (Lamont's Diary).

So far down as 1737 traces of bribery and influence in the Court are to be found, and proof of this is given in the curious and rare book named the "Court of Session Garland."

In a lawsuit, pending 23rd November, 1735, Thomas Gibson of Durie, agent for Foulis of Woodhall, writes to his employer thus:—"I have spoken to Strachan, and several of the lords, who are all surprised Sir F. (Francis Kinloch, Bart., of Gilmour) should stand that plea. By Lord St. Clair's advice, Mrs. Kinloch is to wait on Lady Carnegie to-morrow, to come her to ask the favour

Young Dr. Pringle is a good agent *there*, and discourses Lord Newhall *strongly on the law of nature.*"

Lord Newhall was Sir Walter Pringle, Knight, son of the Laird of Stitchill, Lord of Session in 1718. But such would seem to have been the influences that were used to obtain decisions in the olden time; and, before quitting the subject of the Parliament House we may recall a few of the most notable senators, the memory of whose names still lingers there.

The most distinguished lawyer of the eighteenth century was undoubtedly Sir John Houston, Lord Fountainhall, son of a baron of Scotland. He was born there in 1664; and, when he died,

He was educated at the school in 1659, and studying law at the University of Edinburgh, became a member of the Faculty of Advocates on the 5th June, 1668, from which time he began industriously to record the decisions of the Court of Session. He was one of the counsel for the Earl of Argyll in 1681, and four years after was M.P. for West Lothian. To the arbitrary measures of the Scottish Government he offered all constitutional resistance, and for his zeal in support of the Protestant religion was exposed to some trouble and peril in 1686. He firmly opposed the attempt of James VII. to abolish the penal laws against Roman Catholics in Scotland; and in 1692 was offered the post of Lord Advocate, which he bluntly declined, not being allowed to prosecute the perpetrators of the massacre of Glencoe, which has left an indelible stain on the memory of William of Orange. He was regular in his attendance during the debates on the Union, against which he voted and protested; but soon after age and infirmity compelled him to resign his place in the Justiciary Court, and afterwards that on the Bench. He died in 1722, leaving behind him MSS., which are preserved in ten folio and three quarto volumes, many of which have been published more than once.

Few senators have left behind them so kindly a memory as Alexander Lockhart, Lord Covington, so called from his estate in Lanarkshire. His paternal grandfather was the celebrated Sir George Lockhart, President of the Court of Session; his maternal grandfather was the Earl of Eglinton; and his father was Lockhart of Carnwath, author of the "Memoirs of Scotland."

He had been at the Bar from 1722, and, when appointed to the Bench, in 1774, had long borne the reputation of being one of the most able lawyers of the age, yet he never realised more than a thousand a-year by his practice. He lived in a somewhat isolated mansion, near the Parliament Close, which eventually was used as the Post Office. Lockhart and Fergusson (afterwards Lord Pitfour, in 1764), being rival advocates, were usually pitted against each other in cases of importance. After the battle of Culloden, says Robert Chambers, "many violently unjust, as well as bloody measures, were resorted to at Carlisle in the disposal of the prisoners, about seventy of whom came to a barbarous death." Messrs. Lockhart and Fergusson, indignant at the treatment of the poor Highlanders, and the unscrupulous measures of the English authorities to procure contributions out of the Carlisle, arranging with each other that neither should examine the evidence,

while Fergusson pleaded, and addressed the jury. Offering their services, these were gladly accepted by the unfortunates whom defeat had thrown at the mercy of the Government. Each lawyer exerted his abilities with the greatest solicitude, but with little or no effect; national and political rancour inflamed all against the prisoners. The jurors of Carlisle had been so terrified by the passage of the Highland army—orderly and peaceful though it was—that they deemed everything like tartan a perfect proof of guilt; and they were utterly incapable of discriminating the amount of complicity in any particular prisoner, but sent all who came before them to the human shambles—for such the place of execution was then named—before the Castle-gate. At length one of the two Scottish advocates fell upon an expedient, which he deemed might prove effectual, as eloquence had failed. He desired his servant to dress himself in a suit of tartan, and skulk about in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, till he was arrested, and, in the usual fashion, accused of being "a rebel." As such the man was found guilty by the English jury, and would have been condemned had not his master stood forth, and claimed him as his servant, proving beyond all dispute that he had been in immediate attendance on himself during the whole time the Highland army had been in the field.

This staggered even the Carlisle jury, and, when aided by a few caustic remarks from the young and indignant advocate, made them a little more cautious in their future proceedings. So high was the estimation in which Lockhart of Covington (who died in 1782) was held as an advocate, that Lord Newton—a senator famous for his extraordinary judicial talents and social eccentricities—when at the Bar wore his gown till it was in tatters; and when, at last, he was compelled to have a new one made, he had a fragment of the neck of the original sewed into it, that he might still boast he wore "Covington's gown." Lord Newton, famous in the annals of old legal convivialia, died so late as October, 1811.

Covington, coadjutor to Lord Pitfour, always wore his hat when on the Bench, being afflicted with weak eyes.

Lords Monboddo and Kames, though both learned senators, are chiefly remembered for their eccentricities, some of which would now be deemed vulgarities.

The former, James Burnett, who was raised to the Bench in 1767, once introduced himself by a law-plea respecting a horse, which belonged to himself. He had committed the animal, while ill,

to the care of a farrier, with orders for the administration of certain medicines; but the farrier went beyond these, and mixed in it a considerable quantity of treacle. As the horse died next morning, Lord Monboddoo raised a prosecution for its value, and pleaded his own cause at the Bar. He lost the case, and was so enraged against his brother judges that he never afterwards sat with them on the Bench, but underneath, among the clerks. This case was both a remarkable and an amusing one, from the mass of Roman law quoted on the occasion.

Though hated and despised by his brethren for his oddities, Lord Monboddoo was one of the most learned and upright judges of his time. "His philosophy," says Sir Walter Scott, "as is well known, was of a fanciful and somewhat fantastic character; but his learning was deep, and he possessed a singular power of eloquence, which reminded the hearer of the *as rotundum* of the Grove or Academia. Enthusiastically partial to classical habits, his entertainments were always given in the evening, when there was a circulation of excellent Bordeaux, in flasks garlanded with roses, which were also strewn on the table, after the manner of Horace."

The best society in Edinburgh was always to be found at his house in St. John's Street, Canongate. His youngest daughter, a lady of amiable disposition and of surpassing beauty, which Burns panegyricised, is praised in one of the papers of the *Mirror* as rejecting the most flattering and advantageous opportunities of settlement in marriage, that she might amuse her father's loneliness and nurse his old age.

He was the earliest patron of one of the best scholars of his time, Professor John Hunter, who was for many years his secretary, and wrote the first and best volume of his lordship's "Treatise on the Origin of Languages." When Lord Monboddoo travelled to London he always did so on horseback. On his last journey thither he got no farther than Dunbar. His nephew inquiring the reason of this, "Oh, George," said he, "I find I am noo aughty four." The manners of Lord Monboddoo were as odd as his personal appearance. He has been described as looking "more like an old stuffed monkey dressed in judge's robes than anything else;" and so convinced is he said to have been of his fantastic theory of human tails that, when a child was born in his house he would watch at the chamber door, in order to see it in its first state, as he had an idea that midwives cut the tails off!

He never recovered the shock of his beautiful

daughter's death, by consumption, at Braids House in 1790. He kept her portrait covered with black cloth; at this he would often look sadly, without lifting it, and then turn to his volume of Herodotus. He died in 1799.

The other eccentric we have referred to was Henry Home, Lord Kames, who was equally distinguished for his literary abilities, his metaphysical subtlety, and wonderful powers of conversation; yet he was strangely accustomed to apply towards his intimates a coarse term which he invariably used, and this peculiarity is well noted by Sir Walter Scott in "Redgauntlet." He was raised to the Bench in 1752, and afterwards lived in New Street, in a house then ranking as one of the first in the city. The catalogue of his printed works is a very long one.

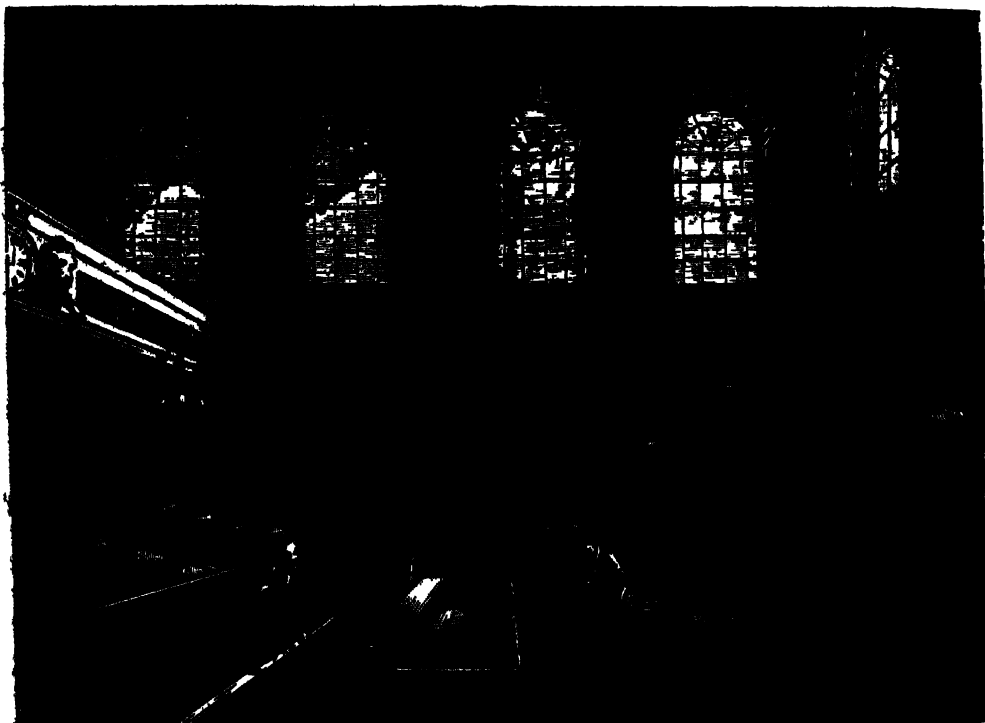
On retiring from the Bench he took a public farewell of his brother judges. After a solemn and pathetic speech, and shaking hands all round, as he was quitting the Court, he turned round, and exclaimed, in his familiar manner, "Fare ye a' weel, ye auld ——" here using his customary expression. A day or two before his death he told Dr. Cullen that he earnestly wished to be away, as he was exceedingly curious to learn the manners of another world; adding, "Docten, as I never could be idle in this world, I shall gladly perform any task that may be imposed upon me in the next." He died in December, 1782, in his 87th year.

Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailles, the annalist of Scotland, was raised to the Bench in 1766. He had studied law at Utrecht, and was distinguished for his strict integrity, unwearied diligence, and dignity of manner, but he was more conspicuous as a scholar and author than as a senator. His researches were chiefly directed to the history and antiquities of his native country; and his literary labours extended over a period of close on forty years. At his death, in 1792, an able funeral sermon was preached by the well-known Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk; and, as no will could be found, the heir-male was about to take possession of his estates, to the exclusion of his daughter, but some months after, when she was about to give up New Hailles, and quit the house in New Street, one was found behind a window-shutter, in the latter place, and it secured her the possession of all, till her own death, which took place forty years after.

Francis Gardner, Lord Gardentoun, appointed in 1764, was one of those ancient barons of the Bar, who, after a night of hard drinking, were without having been in bed, or studying a law.

great eloquence upon what they had said from the opposite counsel. When he volunteered against the Highland army, he fell into the hands of Colonel John Stewart, and was nearly hanged as a spy at Edinburgh Bridge. He was author of several literary works; but had many strange fancies, in which he seemed to indulge with a view to his health, which was always valetudinarian. He had a curious predilection for pigs, and once had a

he used to measure out the utmost time that was allowed for a judge to deliver his opinion; and Lord Arniston would never allow another word to be uttered after the last grain had run, and was frequently seen to shake ominously this old-fashioned chronometer in the faces of his learned brethren if they became vague or tiresome. He was a jovial old lord, in whose house, when Sheriff Cockburn lived there as a boy, in 1750, sixteen hogsheads of claret were used yearly. Of him the President



INTERIOR OF THE JUSTICIARY COURT.\*

young one, which followed him like a dog wherever he went, and slept in his bed. When it attained the years and bulk of swinehood this was attended with inconvenience; but, unwilling to part with his companion, Lord Gardenstone, when he undressed, laid his clothes on the floor, as a bed for it, and that he might find his clothes warm in the winter mornings. He died at Morningside, near Edinburgh, in July, 1793.

Robert Dundas of Arniston succeeded Colclough, in 1748, as Lord President. In his days it was the practice for that high official to have a seat next before him on the Bench, with which

Dalrymple said: "I knew the great lawyers of the last age—Mackenzie, Lockhart, and my own father, Stair—but Dundas excels them all!" (Catalogue of the Lords, 1767.) He died in 1787.

Among the last specimens of the strange Scottish judges of the last century were the Lords Balmuto and Hermand.

The former, Claud Boswell of Balmuto, was born in 1742, and was educated at the same school, in Dalkeith, with Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville; and the friendship formed by the two boys there, lasted till the death of the peer in May, 1811. He always spoke, even on the Bench,

\*In the illustration of this page, we represented as looking down the aisle leading to the cells below.



with the strongest broad Scottish accent, and when there was fond of indulging in pungent jokes. He was made a judge in 1798, and officiated as such till 1822. In the March of that year his friend and kinsman Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchmleck was mortally wounded in a duel with James Stuart of Duncarn, about a mile from Balmuto House, whither he was borne, only to die; and the venerable senator, who was then in his 83rd year,

is thus mentioned in "Peter's Letters to his Folk":—"When 'Guy Mannering' came out, the judge was so delighted with the picture of one of the old Scottish judges in that most charming novel, that he could talk of nothing else but Fiddell, Dandie, and the high jinks, for many weeks. He usually carried one volume of the book about with him; and one morning, on the point of his love for it so completely got the better of him that



RUINS IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE AFTER THE GREAT FIRE, IN NOVEMBER, 1824. (From an Engraving published at the time.)

never fully recovered the shock, and died in July, 1824.

George Fergusson, Lord Hermand, succeeded Lord Braxfield in 1799, and was on the Bench during all the political trials connected with the West Country seditions of 1817. He and Lord Newton were great cronies and convivialists; but the former outlived Newton and all his old last-century contemporaries of the Bar, and was the last link between the past and present race of Scottish lawyers. On the Bench he was hasty and sarcastic. He was an enthusiast in the memories of bygone days, and scorned as "priggishness" the sham decorum of the modern legal character. He

he lugged in the subject, head and shoulders, in the midst of a speech about some dry point of law; nay, getting warmer every moment he spoke of it, he at last fairly plucked the volume from his pocket, and, in spite of all the remonstrances of his brethren, insisted on reading aloud the whole passage for their edification. He went through the task with his wonted vivacity, gave great effect to every speech, and most appropriate expression to every joke. During the whole scene Sir Walter Scott was present—seated, indeed, in his official capacity—close under the judge. He died at his little estate of Hermand, near Edinburgh, in 1824, when in his 86th year.

# CHAPTER XIX.

## THE PARLIAMENT CLOSE.

*Sketches of the Court of Session—Memorabilia of the Parliament Close and Square—Goldsmiths of the Olden Time—George Heriot—His Workshop—His Interview with James VI.—Peter Williamson's Tavern—Royal Exchange—Statue of Charles II.—Bank of Scotland—The Fire of 1700—The Work of Restoration—John Row's Coffee-house—John's Coffee-house—Sylvester Otway—Sir W. Forbes's Bank—The Walker Scott's Eulogy on Sir William Forbes—John Kay's Print-shop—The Parliament Stairs—James Sibbald—A Label Case—Fire in June, 1824—Dr. Archibald Fitzcarr—The "Graping Office"—Painting of King Charles's Statue White—Seal of Arnold Lammas.*

A CHANGE has come over the scene of their labours and the system of the law which these old lords could never have conceived possible—we mean the system that is gradually extending in Scotland, of decentralising the legal business of the country—a system which stands out in strong contrast to the mode of judicial centralisation now prevailing in England. The Scottish county courts have a jurisdiction almost co-extensive with that of the Supreme Court, while those of England have a jurisdiction (without consent of parties) to questions only of £50 value. This gives them an overwhelming amount of business, while the supreme courts of Scotland are starved by the inferior competing with them in every kind of litigation. Thus the Court of Session is gradually dwindling away, by the active competition of the provincial courts, and the legal school becomes every day more defective for lack of legal practice. The ultimate purpose, or end, of this system will, undoubtedly, lead to the disappearance of the Court of Session, or its amalgamation with the supreme courts in London will become an object of easy accomplishment; and then the school from whence the Scottish advocates and judges come, being non-existent, the assimilation of the Scottish county courts to those of England, and the sweeping away of the whole legal business of the country to London, must eventually follow, with, perhaps, the entire subjection of Scotland to the English courts of law.

A description of the Parliament Close is given in the second volume of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," before the great fire of 1824:—

"The courts of justice with which all these eminent men are so closely connected are placed in and about the same range of buildings which in former times were set apart for the accommodation of the Parliament of Scotland. The main approach to these buildings lies through a small oblong space, which from this circumstance takes the name of the *Parliament Close*. On two sides this close is surrounded by houses of the same period, and in these, of old, were lodged a great proportion of the dignitaries and members of the different Courts. In the year 1824, they are dedicated,

like most of the houses in the same quarter of the city, to the accommodation of tradespeople and inferior persons attached to the courts of law. . . . The southern side of the square and a small portion of the eastern are filled with venerable Gothic buildings, which for many generations have been dedicated to the accommodation of the courts of law, but which are now shut out from the eye of the public by a very ill-conceived and tasteless front-work, of modern device, including a sufficient allowance of staring square windows, Ionic pillars, and pilasters. What beauty the front of the structure may have possessed in its original state I have no means of ascertaining, but Mr. Wastle (J. G. Lockhart) sighs every time we pass through the close, as pathetically as could be wished, 'over the glory that hath departed.'"

The old Parliament House, the front of which has been destroyed and concealed by the arcaded and pillared façade referred to, we have already described. The old Goldsmiths' Hall, on the west side, formed no inconsiderable feature in the close, where, about 1673, the first coffee-house established in the city was opened.

The Edinburgh goldsmiths of the olden time were deemed a superior class of tradesmen, and were wont to appear in public with cocked hats, scarlet cloaks, and gold-mounted canes, as men of undoubted consideration. The father of John Law of Lauriston, the famous financial projector, was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, where he was born in April, 1671; but by far the most famous of all the craft in the old Parliament Close was George Heriot.

Down to the year 1780, says a historian, perhaps there was not a goldsmith in Edinburgh who did not condescend to manual labour. In their shops every one of them might have been found busy with some light work, and generally in a very plain dress, yet ever ready to serve a customer, politely and readily. The whole plate shops of the city being collected in or near the Parliament Close, thither it was that, till the close of the eighteenth century, country couples resorted—the bride to get her bed and table napery and trousseau; there, too, were got the nuptial ring, and "the silver spouse," and, as the goldsmiths of the city then kept scarcely

any goods on hand in their shops, everything had to be ordered long before it was required; and it was always usual for the goldsmith and his customer to adjourn together to the Baijen Hole, an ancient baker's shop, the name of which has proved a puzzle to local antiquarians, or to John's Coffee House, to adjust the order and payment, through the medium of a dram or a stoup of mellow ale. But, as time passed on, and the goldsmiths of Edinburgh became more extensive in their views, capital, and ambition, the old booths in the Parliament Close were in quick succession abandoned for ever.

The workshop of George Heriot existed in this neighbourhood till the demolition of Beth's Wynd and the adjacent buildings. There were three contiguous small shops, with projecting wooden superstructures above them, that extended in a line, between the door of the old Tolbooth and that of the Laigh Council-house. They stood upon the site of the entrance-hall of the present Signet Library, and the central of these three shops was the booth of the immortal George Heriot, the founder of the great hospital, the goldsmith to King James VI.—the good-humoured, honest, and generous "Jingling Geordie" of the "Fortunes of Nigel."

It measured only seven feet square! The back windows looked into Beth's Wynd; and, to show the value of local tradition, it long appeared that this booth belonged to George Heriot, and it became a confirmed fact when, on the demolition of the latter place, his name was found carved above the door, on the stone lintel. His forge and bellows, as well as a stone crucible and lid, were also found on clearing away the ruins, and are now carefully preserved in the museum of the hospital, to which they were presented by the late Mr. Robertson, of the Commercial Bank, a grateful "Auld Heriot."

Humble though this booth, after "the extravagance of Anne of Denmark—a devoted friend of George Heriot—rendered the king's private exchequer somewhat impaired, he was not above paying visits to some of the wealthier citizens in the Lawnmarket or Parliament Square, and, among others, to the royal goldsmith. The latter being bred to his father's business, to which in that age was usually added the occupation of a banker, was

admitted a member of the Incorporation of Goldsmiths on the 28th May, 1588. In 1597 he was appointed goldsmith to Queen Anne, and soon after to the king. Several of the accounts for jewels furnished by him to the queen are inserted in Constable's "Life of Heriot," published in 1822.

It is related that one day he had been sent for by the king, whom he found seated in one of the rooms at Holyrood, before a fire composed of cedar, or some other perfumed wood, which cast a pleasant fragrance around, and the king mentioned incidentally that it was quite as costly as it was agreeable. "If your majesty will visit me at my booth in the Parliament Close," quoth

Heriot, "I will show you a fire more costly than that." "Say you so!" said the king; "then I will."

On doing so, he was surprised to find that Heriot had only a coal fire of the usual kind.

"Is this, then, your costly fire?" asked the king.

"Wait, your highness, till I get my fuel," replied Heriot, who from an old cabinet or *châsse* took a bond for £2,000 which he had lent to James, and, laying it on the fire, he asked, laughingly, "What, then, is your majesty's fire in Holyrood?—mine the most costly?"

"Certainly yours, Master Heriot," replied the king.



GEORGE HERIOT'S DRINKING CUP.  
(Designed by himself.)

The shops next to the jeweller's was, in the middle of last century, a tavern, kept by Peter Williamson, the returned Palatine (the boys abducted from Aberdeen were called) who designated himself on his signboard as "from the other world." Here the magistrates partook of the *Druid-chuck*—a dinner at the expense of the city—after having attended an execution, a practice abolished by Lord Provost Creech.

In 1685 an Exchange was erected in the Parliament Close. It had a range of piazzas for the accommodation of merchants transacting business; but by old use and wont, attached as they were to the more ancient place of meeting, the Cross, this convenience was scarcely ever used by them.

In 1685 the equestrian statue of Charles II., a well-executed work in lead, was erected in the Parliament Close, not far from its present site, where one intended for Cromwell was to have been placed; but the Restoration changed the political face of Edinburgh. In the accounts of George Drummond, City Treasurer, 1684-5, it appears that the king's statue was erected by the provost, magistrates, and council, at the cost of £2,580 Scots, the bill for which seems to have come from Rotterdam. On the last destruction of the old Parliament Close, by a fire yet to be recorded, the statue was conveyed for safety to the yard of the Calton Gaol, where it lay for some years, till the present pedestal was erected, for which are inserted two marble tablets, which had been preserved among some lumber under the Parliament Close, and, from the somewhat fulsome inscriptions thereon, seem to have belonged to the king's park. Among the more homely and unassuming of the Parliament Close, the festival

of the royal birthday are worthy of remembrance, as being perhaps amongst the most long-cherished customs of the people ere—

"The times were changed, old manners gone,  
And a stranger filled the Stuart's throne."

It was usual on this annual festival to have a public breakfast in the great hall, when tables, at the expense of the city, were covered with wines

and confections, and the sovereign's health was drunk with acclaim, the volleys of the Town Guard made the tall mansions re-echo, and the statue of King Charles was decorated with laurel leaves by the *Auld Callants*, as the boys of Heriot's Hospital were named, and who claimed this duty as a prescriptive right.

The Bank of Scotland, incorporated by royal charter in 1695 first opened for business in a flat, or floor, of the Parliament Close, with a moderate staff of clerks, and a paid-up capital of only *ten thousand pounds sterling*. The smallest share which any person could hold in this bank was £1,000 Scots, and the largest £20,000 of the same

money. To lend money on heritable bonds and other securities was the chief business of the infant bank. The giving of bills of exchange—the great business of private bankers—was, after much deliberation, tried by the "adventurers," with a view to the extension of business as far as possible. In pursuance of this object, and to circulate their notes through the realm, branch offices were opened at Glasgow, Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen, to receive and pay out money, in the form of inland exchange, by notes and bills. Not eventually the directors "found that the exchange trade was not proper for a banking company."

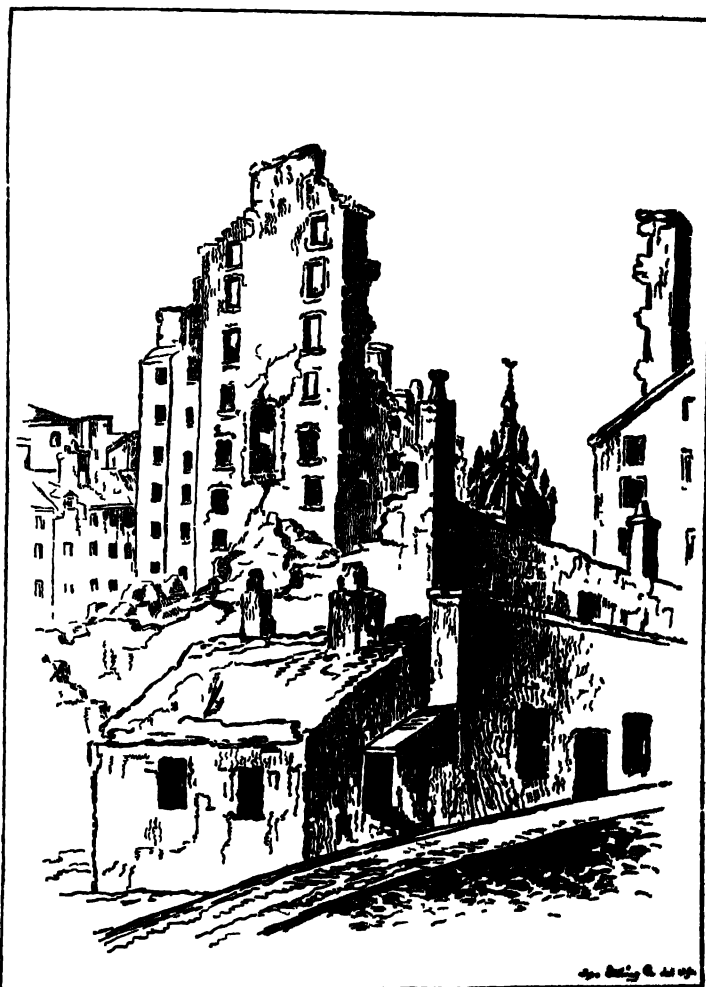


SIR WILLIAM FORBES, OF PITBLAGO. (After Kay.)

which they conceived to be more properly intended "as a common repository of the nation's cash—a ready fund for affording credit and loans, and for making receipts and payments of money easy by the company's notes." But, as dealing in

hours for business, and establishing rules and regulations, which will never answer the management of the exchange trade."

Ere long the bank, we are told (in "Domestic Annals of Scotland"), found it impossible to sup-



RUINS IN THE OLD MARKET CLOSE AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER, 1824.  
(From an Etching published at the time.)

exchange interfered with private trade, the new Bank of Scotland deemed it troublesome and improper. "There was much to be done in that business without doors, by day and night, without such variety of circumstances and conditions as are inconsistent with the precise hours of a public office and the rules and regulations of a well-governed company; and no company like the Bank can be managed without fixing stated office-

port the four provincial branches, as they did not contribute to the ends in view; "for the money that was once lodged in any of these places by the cashiers issuing bills payable at Edinburgh, could not be re-drawn there by bills from Edinburgh;" of course, because of there being so little owing there to persons resident in the provinces. On this considerable delay in trying the branch system, the directors ordered them to be closed, and

brought on horseback to the Parliament Close, where the company's business was wholly restricted for a time to money, and all transactions to be in Edinburgh.

In the fire we have mentioned as occurring in 1700 the bank perished. Assisted by the Earl of Leven, Governor of the Castle and also of the bank, with a party of soldiers, and by David Lord Ruthven, a director, who stood in the turnpike stair all night, keeping the passage free, the cash, bank-notes, books, and papers, were saved. Thus, though every other kind of property perished, the struggling bank was able to open an office higher up in the city. ("Hist. of Bank of Scot.," 1728.)

In that fire the Scottish Treasury Room perished, with the Exchequer and Exchange, and the Parliament Square was afterwards rebuilt (in the picturesque style, the destruction of which was so much regretted), in conformity with an Act passed in 1698, regulating the mode of building in Edinburgh with regard to height, convenience, strength, and security from fire. The altitude of the houses was greatly reduced. Previous to the event of 1700, the tenements on the south side of the Parliament Close, as viewed from the Kirkheugh, were fifteen storeys in height, and till the erection of the new town were deemed the most splendid of which the city could boast.

Occurring after "King William's seven years of famine," which the Jacobites believed to be a curse sent from heaven upon Scotland, this calamity was felt with double force; and in 1702 the Town Council passed an Act for "suppressing immoralities," in which, among the tokens of God's wrath, "the great fire of the 3d February" is specially referred to.

Notwithstanding the local depression, we find in 1700 none of the heartless inertia that characterised the city for sixty years after the Union. Not an hour was lost in commencing the work of restoration, and many of the sites were bought by Robert Mylne, the king's master-mason. The new Royal Exchange, which had its name and the date 1700 cut boldly above its doorway, rose to the height of twelve storeys on the south—deemed a moderate altitude in those days. On its eastern side was an open arcade, with Doric pilasters and entablature, as a covered walk for pedestrians, and the effect of the whole was stately and imposing. Many aristocratic families who had been burned out, came looking back to the vast tenements of the Parliament Close, among others the Wemyss family, who was resident there in a substantial bit at the time of the Porteous mob,

and whose footman was accused of being one of the rioters, and who very nearly had a terrible tragedy acted in her own house, the outcome of the great one in the Grassmarket.

It is related that the close connection into which the noble family of Wemyss were thus brought to the Porteous mob, as well as their near vicinity to the chief line of action, naturally produced a strong impression on the younger members of the family. They had probably been aroused from bed by the shouts of the rioters assembling beneath their windows, and the din of their sledge-hammers thundering on the old Tolbooth door. Thus, not long after the Earl of Wemyss—the Hon. Francis Charteris was born in 1723, and was then a boy—proceeded, along with his sisters, to get up a game, or representation of the Porteous mob, and having duly forced his prison, and dragged forth the supposed culprit, "the romps got so thoroughly into the spirit of their dramatic sports that they actually hung up their brother above a door, and had well nigh finished their play in real tragedy."

The first coffee-house opened in Edinburgh was John Row's, in Robertson's Land, a tall tenement near the Parliament House. This was in 1673. It was shut up in 1677, in consequence of a brawl, reported to the Privy Council by the Town Major, who had authority to see into such matters.

The north-east corner of the Parliament Close was occupied by John's coffee-house. There, as Defoe, the historian of the Union, tells us, the opponents of this measure met daily, to discuss the proceedings that were going on in the Parliament House close by, and to form schemes of opposition thereto; and there, no doubt, were sung fiercely and emphatically the doggerel rhymes known as "Belhaven's Vision," of which the only copies extant are those printed at Edinburgh in 1729, at the Glasgow Arms, opposite the Corn Market; and that other old song, which was touched by the master-hand of Burns:—

"What force or guile could not subdue,  
Through many warlike ages,  
Is now wrought by a coward few  
For hireling traitor's wages;  
The English steel we could disdain,  
Secure in valour's station;  
But England's gold has been our bane—  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

John's coffee-house was also the resort of the judges and lawyers of the eighteenth century for consultations, and for their "meridian," or twelve o'clock dram; for in those days every citizen had

his peculiar *houff*, or place of resort by day or night, where merchants, traders, and men of every station, met for consultation, or good-fellowship, and to hear the items of news that came by the mail or stage from distant parts; and Wilson, writing in 1847, says, "Currie's Tavern, in Craig's Close, once the scene of meeting of various clubs, and a favourite resort of merchants, still retains a reputation among certain antiquarian bibbers for an old-fashioned luxury, known by the name of *papin*, a strange compound of small-beer and whiskey, *curried*, as the phrase is, with a little oatmeal."

Gossiping Wodrow tells us in his "Analecta," that, on the 10th of June, 1712, "The birthday of the Pretender, I hear there has been great outrages at Edinburgh by his friends. His health was drunk early in the morning in the Parliament Close; and at night, when the magistrates were going through the streets to keep the peace, several were taken up in disguise, and the King's health (*i.e.*, James VIII.) was drunk out of several windows, and the glasses thrown over the windows when the magistrates passed by, and many windows were illuminated. At Leith there was a standard set upon the pier, with a thistle and *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and *J. R. VIII.*; and beneath, *Noe Abjuration*. This stood a great part of the day." Had the old historian lived till the close of the century or the beginning of the present, he might have seen, as Chambers tells us, "Singing Jamie Balfour"—a noted convivialist, of whom a portrait used to hang in the Leith Golf-house—with other toppers in the Parliament Close, all bare-headed, on their knees, and hand-in-hand, around the statue of Charles II., chorusing vigorously, "*The King shall enjoy his own again.*" Jamie Balfour was well known to Sir Walter Scott.

About the year 1760 John's coffee-house was kept by a man named Oswald, whose son John, born there, and better known under his assumed name of Sylvester Otway, was one of the most extraordinary characters of that century as a poet and politician. He served an apprenticeship to a jeweller in the Close, till a relation left him a legacy, with which he purchased a commission in the Black Watch, and in 1780 he was the third lieutenant in seniority in the 2nd battalion when serving in India. Already master of Latin and Greek, he then taught himself Arabic, and, quitting the army in 1783, became a violent Radical, and published in London a pamphlet on the British Constitution, setting forth his views (crude as they were) and principles. His amatory poems received the approbation of Burns; and, after publishing

various farces, effusions, and fiery political papers, he joined the French Revolutionists in 1792, when his pamphlets obtained for him admission into the Jacobite Club, and his experiences in the 42nd procured him command of a regiment composed of the masses of Paris, with which he marched against the royalists in La Vendée, on which occasion his men mutinied, and shot him, together with his two sons—whom, in the spirit of equality, he had made drummers—and an English gentleman, who had the misfortune to be serving in the same battalion.

John third Earl of Bute, a statesman and a patron of literature, who procured a pension for Dr. Johnson, and who became so unpopular as a minister through the attacks of Wilkes, was born in the Parliament Close on the 25th of May, 1713.

Near to John's coffee-house, and on the south side of the Parliament Close, was the banking-house of Sir William Forbes, Bart., who was born at Edinburgh in 1739. He was favourably known as the author of the "Life of Beattie," and other works, and as being one of the most benevolent and high-spirited of citizens. The bank was in reality established by the father of Thomas Coutts, the eminent London banker, and young Forbes, in October, 1753, was introduced to the former as an apprentice for a term of seven years. He became a co-partner in 1761, and on the death of one of the Messrs. Coutts, and retirement of another on account of ill-health, while two others were settled in London, a new company was formed, comprising Sir William Forbes, Sir James Hunter Blair, and Sir Robert Herries, who, at first, carried on business in the name of the old firm.

In 1773, however, Sir Robert formed a separate establishment in London, when the name was changed to Forbes, Hunter, and Co., of which firm Sir William continued to be the head till his death, in 1806.

Kincaid tells us that, when their first banking-house was building, great quantities of human bones—relics of St. Giles's Churchyard—were dug up, which were again buried at the south-east corner, between the wall of the edifice and the Parliament Stairs that led to the Cowgate; and that, "not many years ago, numbers were also dug up in the Parliament Close, which were carefully put in casks, and buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard."

In accordance with a long-cherished desire of restoring his family—which had been attainted for loyalty to the house of Stuart—Sir William Forbes embraced a favourable opportunity for purchasing

of the upper barony of Pitsligo, in-  
cessant and ruined old mansion-house of  
Pitsligo. He bestowed charity daily upon  
of pensioners, who were in the habit of  
on him as he entered or left the bank, or as  
passed through the Parliament Close, where for

canto of "Marmion," thus affectionately and  
forcibly :—

"Far may we search before we find  
A heart so manly and so kind !  
But not around his honoured urn,  
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn ;



THE PARLIAMENT STAIRS. (After Sever.)

years, as we are told in "The Hermit in Edin-  
burgh, 1824," might be seen the figure of "that  
pillar of worth, Sir William Forbes, in the costume  
of the last century, with a profusion of grey locks  
tied in a club, and a cloud of hair-powder flying  
about him in a windy day ; his tall, upright form  
is shrouded in the circles of moral life ; the poor  
men, his aid."

Edinburgh Scott wrote of him, in the fourth

The thousand eyes his care had dried  
Pour at his name a bitter tide ;  
And frequent falls the grateful dew,  
For benefits the world ne'er knew.  
If mortal charity dare claim  
The Almighty's attributed name,  
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,  
*The widow's shield, the orphan's stay !*"

Near his banking-house, and adjoining the Par-  
liament (or old back) Stairs, was long a shop occu-



pied by John Kay, the well-known engraver and caricaturist, whose "Portraits" of old Edinburgh characters certainly form, with their biographies, perhaps the most unique collection in Europe. During his whole career he occupied the same small print-shop; the solitary window was filled with his own etchings, which amounted to nearly 900 in number. He had originally been a barber, but after 1785 devoted himself solely to the art of etching and miniature painting. He died in 1830, at No. 227, High Street, in his eighty-fourth year. "In his latter days," says his biographer, "he was a slender but straight old man, of middle size, and usually dressed in a garb of antique cut; of simple habits and unassuming manners."

The stairs just referred to—a great and massive flight that ascended from the Cowgate to Parliament Close, immediately under the south window of the great hall—have long since given place to the buildings of the modern square; and no doubt they occupied the site of some old passage between the Cowgate and the churchyard, and for this they had been substituted about the year 1636. At their base was an ancient public well. The *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* for 1821 mentions that a man fell over "the stairs which lead from the Kirkheugh to the Parliament stairs;" and the same *Journal* for 1828 states that "workmen are engaged in taking down the large double tenement in the Cowgate, at the back of the Parliament House, called Henderson's Stairs, part of which, it will be remembered, fell last summer, and which had been condemned sixty years ago," in 1768.

In 1781 James Sibbald, an eminent bookseller and literary antiquarian, the son of a Roxburgh fygmer, who came to Edinburgh with £100 in his pocket, after being employed in the shop of Elliot the publisher, purchased the old circulating library that had belonged to Allan Ramsay, and com-

menced business in the Parliament Close, where, in 1783, he started a new monthly miscellany, named *The Edinburgh Magazine*, illustrated with engravings, the principal papers in which were articles on Scottish antiquities, the production of his own pen. He was also the projector of the *Edinburgh Herald*, which, however, was soon discontinued. Relinquishing his establishment in the Close about 1792, he devoted himself to a literary life in London; but, after a somewhat chequered career, returned to Edinburgh, where he died in a lodging in Leith Walk in 1803.



DR. ARCHIBALD PITCAIRN.

In 1816 the Parliament Close, or Square as it was then becoming more generally named, was the scene of an unseemly literary fracas, arising from political hatred and circumstances, by which one life was ultimately lost, and which might have imperilled even that of Sir Walter Scott. A weekly paper, called the *Beacon*, was established in Edinburgh, the avowed object of which was the support of the then Government, but which devoted its columns to the defamation of private characters, particularly those of

the leading Whig nobles and gentlemen of Scotland. This system of personal abuse gave rise to several actions at law, and on the 15th of August a *rencontre* took place between James Stuart of Dunearn, who conceived his honour and character impugned in an article which he traced to Duncan Stevenson, the printer of the paper, in the Parliament Square. Stuart, with a horsewhip, lashed the latter, who was not slow in retaliating with a stout cane. "The parties were speedily separated," says the *Scottish Magazine* for 1816, "and Mr. Stevenson, in the course of the day, demanded from Mr. Stuart the satisfaction customary in such cases. This was refused by Mr. Stuart, on the ground that, 'as the sword is the instrument of a partnership of slander,' he was unworthy of receiving the satisfaction of a gentleman."

replied on the following day that he had put Mr. Stuart as 'a coward and a liar,' and he put his threat in execution accordingly. Next day both parties were bound over to the sheriff to keep the peace for twelve months." But the matter did not end here. Mr. Stuart answered that the Lord Advocate, Sir Walter Scott, and other Conservatives, had signed a bond for a considerable amount, binding themselves to support the *Beacon*, against which such strong proceedings were instituted that the print was withdrawn from the public entirely by the 22nd of September. "But the discovery of the bond," continues the magazine just quoted, "was nearly leading to more serious consequences, for, if report be true, Mr. James Gibson, W.S., one of those who had been grossly calumniated in the *Beacon*, had thought proper to make such a demand upon Sir Walter Scott as he could only be prevented from answering in a similar hostile spirit by the interference of a common friend, Lord Lauderdale."

All these quarrels culminated in Mr. Stuart of Dunearn, not long after, shooting Sir Alexander Boswell, as author of a satirical paper in the *Glasgow Sentinel*, which had taken up the rôle of the *Beacon*.

We have said the great fire of 1700, in the Parliament Close, was attributed by the magistrates to the justice of Heaven; but it seems scarcely credible, though such was the fact, that the still more calamitous fire of 1824, in the same place, was "attributed by the lower orders in and near Edinburgh also to be the judgment of Heaven, specially commissioned to punish the city for tolerating such a dreadful enormity as—the Musical Festival!"

Early on the morning of the 24th of June, 1824, a fire broke out in a spirit-vault, or low drinking-shop, at the head of the Royal Bank Close, and it made great progress before the engines arrived, and nearly all the old edifices being panelled or wainscoted, the supply of water proved ineffectual to check the flames, and early in the afternoon the eastern half of the Parliament Square was a heap of blackened ruins. To the surprise of all who witnessed this calamity, and observed the hardihood and seamerity displayed by several persons to save property, or to arrest the progress of the flames, the only individual who fell a sacrifice was a city officer named Chalmers, who was so dreadfully scorched that he died in the infirmary a few days after.

In one of the houses consumed on this occasion was a cellar or crypt in which Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, the celebrated wit, poet, and physician, who was born at Edinburgh in 1652, was wont to pass many a jovial evening about 120 years before the conflagration. The entrance to this gloomy place was opposite the eastern window of St. Giles's, and it descended from under a piazza. A more extraordinary scene for the indulgence of mirth and of festivity than this subterranean crypt or den—facetiously named the *Greping Office*—certainly could not well be conceived, nor could wit, poetry, and physic well have chosen a darker scene; yet it was the favourite of one whose writings were distinguished for their brilliancy and elegant Latinity. He died in 1713, and was buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard.

In the fourth floor of the land overlooking the aforesaid cellar, there dwelt, about 1775, Lord Auchinleck, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, the father of James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Samuel Johnson.

In the year 1767 the magistrates of Edinburgh had the bad taste to paint the equestrian statue of King Charles white, on which occasion the following witty rhymes appeared in a print of the day. The Allan Ramsay referred to is the son of the poet, who had just painted the portrait of George III. :—

"Well done, my lord! With noble taste,  
You've made Charles gay as five-and-twenty,  
We may be scarce of gold and corn,  
But sure there's lead and oil in plenty;  
Yet, for a public work like this,  
You might have had some famous artist;  
Though I had made each merk a pound,  
I would have had the very smartest.

"Why not bring Allan Ramsay down,  
From sketching coronet and cushion?  
For he can paint a living king,  
And knows—the English Constitution.  
The milk-white steel is well enough;  
But why thus daub the mass all over,  
And to the swarthy STUART give  
The cream complexion of HANOVER?"

In 1832, when a drain was being dug in the Parliament Square, close by St. Giles's Church, there was found the bronze seal of a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. It is now preserved in the Museum of Antiquities, and bears the legend, "S. ARNAULD LAMMIUS."



SEAL OF ARNAULD LAMMIUS.  
(From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.)



## CHAPTER XX.

## THE ROYAL EXCHANGE—THE TRON CHURCH—THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER, 1755.

The Royal Exchange—Laying the Foundation Stone—Description of the Exchange—The Mysterious Statue—The Council Chamber—Convention of Royal Burghs: Constitution thereof, and Powers—Writers' Court—The "Star and Garter" Tavern—Sir Walter Scott's Account of the Scene at Clerihugh's—Lawyers' High Jinks—The Tron Church—History of the Old Church—The Great Fire of 1755—Description of the Conflagration—The Ruins Undermined—Blown up by Captain Head of the Engineers.

IN 1753 we discover the first symptoms of vitality in Edinburgh after the Union, when the pitiful sum of £1,500 was subscribed by the convention of royal burghs, for the purpose of "beautifying the city," and the projected Royal Exchange was fairly taken in hand.

If wealth had not increased much, the population had, and by the middle of the eighteenth century the citizens had begun to find the inconvenience they laboured under by being confined within the old Flodden wall, and that the city was still destitute of such public buildings as were necessary for the accommodation of those societies which were formed, or forming, in all other capitals, to direct the business of the nation, and provide for the general welfare; and so men of taste, rank, and opulence, began to bestir themselves in Edinburgh at last.

Many ancient alleys and closes, whose names are well-nigh forgotten now, were demolished on the north side of the High Street, to procure a site for the new Royal Exchange. Some of these had already become ruinous, and must have been of vast antiquity. Many beautifully-sculptured stones belonging to houses there were built into the curious tower, erected by Mr. Walter Ross at the Dean, and are now in a similar tower at Portobello. Others were scattered about the garden grounds at the foot of the Castle rock, and still show the important character of some of the edifices demolished. Among them there was a lintel, discovered when clearing out the bed of the North Loch, with the initials I.S. (and the date 1658), supposed to be those of James tenth Lord Somerville, who, after serving long in the Venetian army, died at a great age in 1677.

On the 13th of September, 1753, the first stone of the new Exchange was laid by George Drummond, then Grand Master of the Scottish Masons, whose memory as a patriotic magistrate is still remembered with respect in Edinburgh. A triumphal arch, a gallery for the magistrates, and covered stands for the spectators, enclosed the arena. "The procession was very grand and regular," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year; "each lodge of masons, of which there were thirteen, walked in procession by themselves, all

uncovered, amounting to 672, most of whom were operative masons." The military paid proper honours to the company on this occasion, and escorted the procession in a suitable manner. The Grand Master and the present substitute were preceded by the Lord Provost, magistrates, and council, in their robes, with the city sword, mace, &c., carried before them, accompanied by the directors of the scheme.

All day the foundation-stone lay open, that the people might see it, with the Latin inscription on the plate, which runs thus in English:—

"GEORGE DRUMMOND,

Of the Society of Freemasons in Scotland Grand Master,

Thrice Provost of the City of Edinburgh,

Three hundred Brother Masons attending,

In presence of many persons of distinction,

The Magistrates and Citizens of Edinburgh,

And of every rank of people an innumerable multitude,

And all Applauding;

For convenience of the inhabitants of Edinburgh,

And the public ornament,

Laid this stone,

William Alexander being Provost,

On the 13th September, 1753, of the Era of Masonry 5753.

And of the reign of George II., King of Great Britain,  
the 27th year."

In the stone were deposited two medals, one bearing the profile and name of the Grand Master, the other having the masonic arms, with the collar of St. Andrew, and the legend, "In the Lord is all our trust."

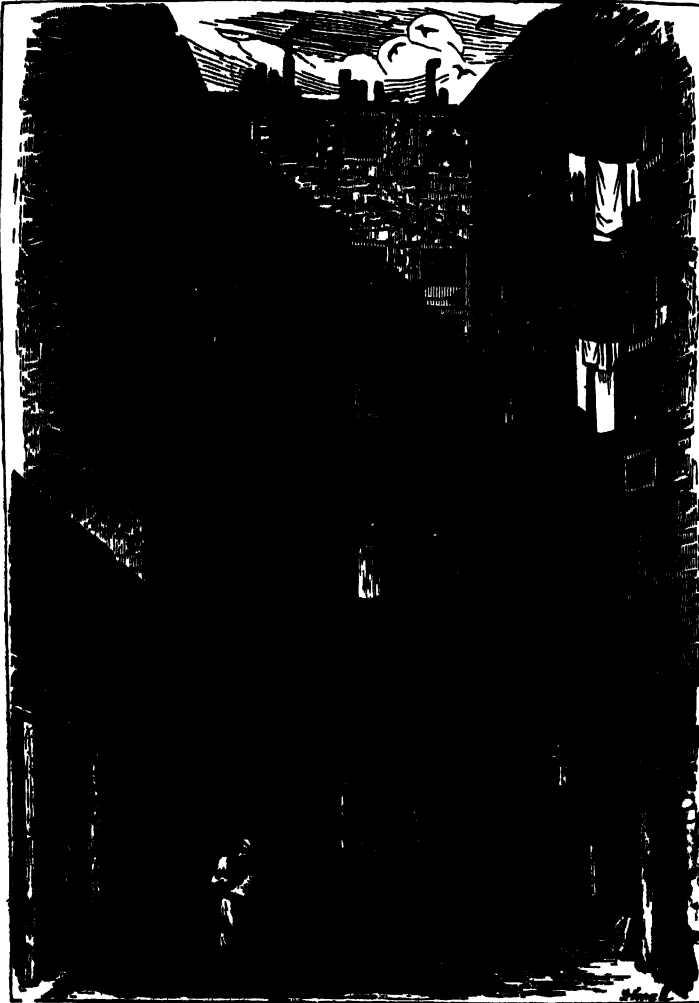
Though the stone was thus laid in 1753, the work was not fairly begun till the following year; nor was it finished till 1761, at the expense of £31,500, including the price of the area on which it is built; but it never answered the purpose for which it was intended—its paved quadrangle and handsome Palladian arcades were never used by the mercantile class, who persisted in meeting, as of old, at the Cross, or where it stood.

Save that its front and western arcades have been converted into shops, it remains unchanged since it was thus described by Arnott, and the back view of it, which faces the New Town, catches the eye at once, by its vast bulk and stupendous height, 100 feet, all of polished ashlar, now blackened with the smoke of years:—"The Exchange is a large and elegant building, with a court in the centre.

part forms the north side of the square, and extends from east to west, 111 feet long, and 51 feet broad. Pillars and arches, forming a platform, run along the south front, facing the square, and forms a piazza. In the centre, four Corinthian pillars, whose bases

stately stair, of which the well is twenty feet square and sixty deep. Off this open the City Chambers, where the municipal affairs are transacted by the magistrates and council.

The Council Chamber contains a fine bronze statue of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, in Roman



CLEIRHOUSE'S TAVERN

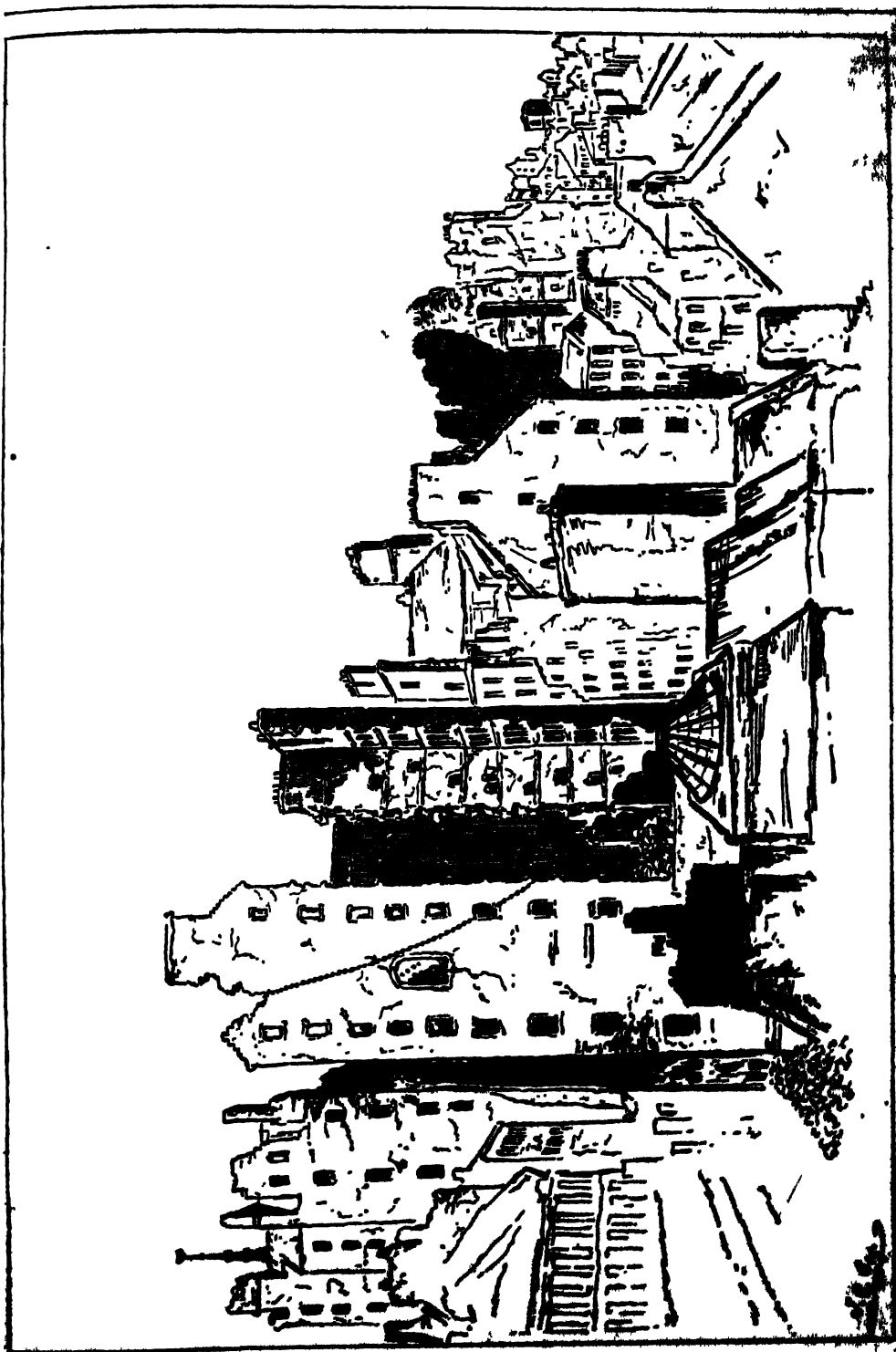
rest upon the platform, support a pediment, on which the arms of the city of Edinburgh are carved. The first floor of the main front is laid out in shops. The upper floors are occupied by the Board of Customs, who have upwards of twenty apartments, for this they pay to the city a rent of £360 a year."

Robert wrote in 1779.

The chief access to the edifice is by a very

costume, and having a curious and mysterious history. It is said—for nothing is known with certainty about it—to have been cast in France, and was shipped from Dunkirk to Leith, where, during the process of unloading, it fell into the harbour, and remained long submerged. It is next heard of as being concealed in a cellar in the city, and in the *Scott's Magazine* it is referred to thus in 1810:—

"On Tuesday, the 16th October, a very singular



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER, 1864. (From an Engraving published at the time.)

made in one of our churches. Some chest, *without any address*, but of great weight, was removed from the Old House at Leith, and lodged in the outer part of the old church (a portion of St. Giles's). The box had lain for upwards of thirty years at Leith, and several years in Edinburgh, without a claimant, and, what is still more extraordinary, without any one ever having had the curiosity to examine it. On Tuesday, however, some gentlemen connected with the town caused the mysterious box to be opened, and, to their surprise and gratification, they found it contained a beautiful statute of his majesty (?), about the size of life, cast in bronze. . . . Although it is at present unknown from whence this admirable piece of workmanship came, by whom it was made, or to whom it belongs, this cannot remain long a secret. We trust, however, that it will remain as an ornament in some public place in this city."

More concerning it was never known, and ultimately it was placed in its present position, without its being publicly acknowledged to be a representation of the unfortunate prince.

In this Council chamber there meets yearly that little Scottish Parliament, the ancient Convention of Royal Burghs.

Their foundation in Scotland is as old, if not older, than the days of David I., who, in his charter to the monks of Holyrood, describes Edinburgh as a burgh holding of the king, paying him certain revenues, and having the privilege of free markets. The judgments of the magistrates of burghs were liable to the review of the Lord Great Chamberlain of Scotland (the first of whom was Herbert, in 1128), and his Court of the Four Burghs. He kept the accounts of the royal revenue and expenses, and held his circuits or chamberlain-ayres, for the better regulation of all towns. But even his decrees were liable to revision by the Court of the Four Burghs, composed of certain burgesses of Edinburgh, Stirling, Roxburgh, and Berwick, who met annually, at Haddington, to decide, as a court of last resort, the appeals from the chamberlain-ayres, and determine upon all matters affecting the welfare of the royal burghs. Upon the suppression of the office of chamberlain (the last of whom was Charles Duke of Lennox, in 1566), the power of controlling magistrates' accounts was vested in the Exchequer, and the recording of their sentences in the courts of law; while

the power which the chamberlain had of regulating matters in his Court of the Four Burghs respecting the common welfare was transferred to the general Convention of Royal Burghs.

This Court was constituted in the reign of James III., and appointed to be held yearly at Inverkeithing. By a statute of James VI., the Convention was appointed to meet four times in each year, wherever the members chose; and to avoid confusion, only one was to appear for each burgh, except the capital, which was to have two. By a subsequent statute, a majority of the burghs, or the capital with any other six, were empowered to call a Convention as often as they deemed it necessary, and all the other burghs were obliged to attend it under a penalty.

The Convention, consisting of two deputies from each burgh, now meets annually at Edinburgh in the Council Chamber, and it is somewhat singular that the Lord Provost, although only a member, is the perpetual president, and the city clerks are clerks to the Convention, during the sittings of which the magistrates are supposed to keep open table for the members.

The powers of this Convention chiefly respect the establishment of regulations concerning the trade and commerce of Scotland; and with this end it has renewed, from time to time, articles of staple contract with the town of Campvere, in Holland, of old the seat of the conservator of Scottish privileges.

As the royal burghs pay a sixth part of the sum imposed as a land-tax upon the counties in Scotland, the

Convention is empowered to consider the state of trade, and the revenues of individual burghs, and assess their respective portions. The convention has also been in use to examine the administrative conduct of magistrates in the matter of burgh revenue (though this comes more properly under the Court of Exchequer), and to give sanction upon particular occasions to the Common Council of burghs to alienate a part of the burgh estate. The Convention likewise considers and arranges the political *setts* or constitutions of the different burghs, and regulates matters concerning elections that may be brought before it.

Before the use of the Council Chamber was assigned to the Convention it was wont to meet in an aisle of St. Giles's church.

Writers' Court—so named from the circumstance of the Signet Library being once there—adjoins the Royal Exchange, and a gloomy little *cul de sac* at



TALLY-STICK, BEARING DATE OF 1692.  
(From Scottish Antiquarian Museum)

is, into which the sun scarcely penetrates. But it once contained a tavern of great consideration in its time, "The Star and Garter," kept by a man named Cleriheugh, who is referred to in "Guy Mannering," for history and romance often march side by side in Edinburgh, and Scott's picture of the strange old tavern is a faithful one. The reader of the novel may remember how, on a certain Saturday night, when in search of Mr. Pleydell, Dandie Dinmont, guiding Colonel Mannering, turned into a dark alley, then up a dark stair, and then into an open door.

While Dandie "was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie dogs, Mannering looked around him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession and good society should choose such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light in the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the daytime, at second-hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way from the lane through the window opposite. At present, the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires—a sort of pandemonium, where men and women, half-dressed, were busied in baking, boiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slipshod, and her hair straggling like that of Megæra from under a round-eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders and giving them and obeying them all at once, seemed the presiding enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region."

Yet it was in this tavern, perhaps more than any other, that the lawyers of the olden time held their high jinks and many convivialities. Cleriheugh's was also a favourite resort of the magistrates and town councillors when a deep libation was deemed an indispensable element in the adjustment of all civic affairs; thus, in the last century, city wags used to tell of a certain treasurer of Edinburgh, who, on being applied to for new rope to the Tron Kirk bell, summoned the Council to consider the appeal. An adjournment to Cleriheugh's was of course necessary; but as one dinner was insufficient for the settlement of this weighty matter, it was not until three had been discussed that the bill was settled, and the old rope spliced!

Before proceeding with the general history of the High Street we will briefly notice that of the Tron Church, and of the great fire in which it was on the eve of perishing.

The old Greyfriars, with the other city churches, being found insufficient for the increasing population, the Town Council purchased two sites on which they intended to erect religious edifices. One was on the Castle Hill, where the reservoir now stands; the other was where the present Tron Church is now built. This was in the year 1637, when the total number of householders, as shown by the Council records, could not have been much over 5,000, as a list made four years before shows the numbers to have been 5,071, and the annual amount of rents payable by them only £192,118 5s., Scots money.

Political disturbances retarded the progress of both these new churches. The one on the Castle Hill was totally abandoned, after having been partially destroyed by the English during the siege in 1650; and the other—the proper name of which is Christ's Church at the Tron—was not ready for public worship till 1647, nor was it completely finished till 1663, at the cost of £6,000, so much did war with England and the contentions of the Covenanters and Cavaliers retard everything and impoverish the nation. On front of the tower over the great doorway a large ornamented panel bears the city arms in alto-relievo, and beneath them the inscription—ÆDEM HANC CHRISTO ET ECCLESIE SACRARUNT CIVES EDINBURGENSES, ANNO DOM MDCLI. It is finished internally with an open roof of timber-work, not unlike that of the Parliament House.

Much of the material used in the construction of the sister church on the Castle Hill was pulled down and used in the walls of the Tron, which the former was meant closely to resemble, if we may judge from the plan of Gordon of Rothiemay. In 1644 the magistrates bought 1,000 stone weight of copper in Amsterdam to cover the roof; but such were the exigencies of the time that it was sold, and stones and lead were substituted in its place.

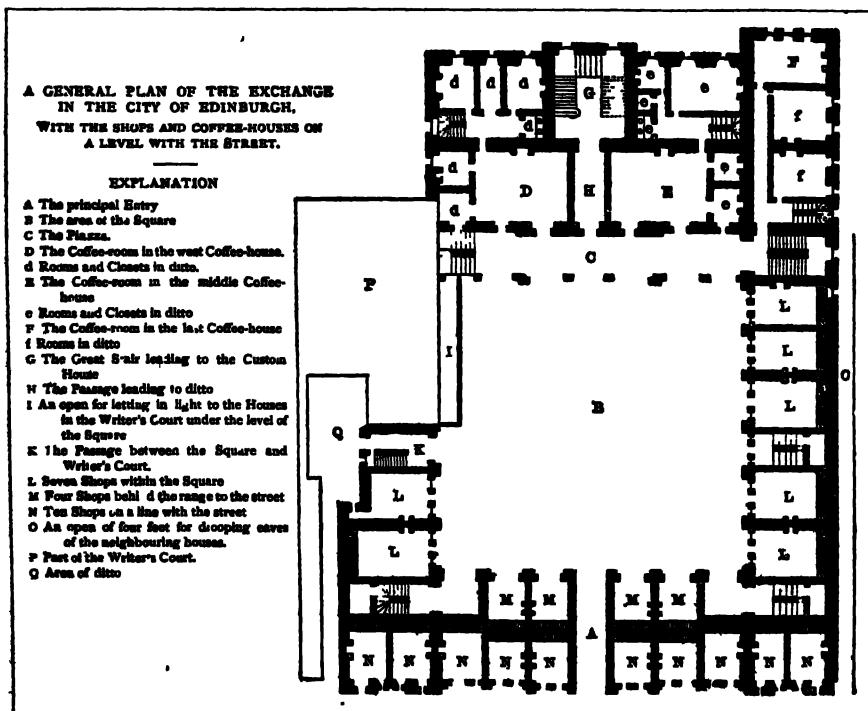
In 1639 David Mackall, a merchant of Edinburgh, gave 3,500 merks, or about £194 sterling, to the magistrates in trust, for purchasing land, to be applied to the maintenance of a chaplain in the Tron Church, where he was to preach every Sunday morning at six o'clock, or such other hour as the magistrates should appoint. They may be truly said, continues Arnot, "to have hid his talent in a napkin. They did not appoint a preacher for sixty-four years. As money then bore ten per cent., although the interest of the

was paid but once in ten years, yet, if it were properly managed, the accumulated sum would have exceeded £16,000 sterling." The old spire had been partially built of wood covered with lead, according to a design frequently adopted on public buildings then in Scotland. It was copied from the Dutch; but the examples of it were rapidly disappearing. A bell, which cost 1,490 marks Scots, was hung in it in 1673, and continued weekly to summon the parishioners to prayer and

pounds yearly. It is an edifice of uninteresting appearance and nondescript style, being neither Gothic nor Palladian, but a grotesque mixture of both. It received its name from its vicinity to the Tron, or public beam for the weighing of merchandise, which stood near it.

A very elegant stone spire, which was built in 1828, replaced that which perished in the great conflagration of four years before.

The Tron beam appears to have been used as



GENERAL PLAN OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE. (From an Engraving in the "Scots Magazine" for 1754.)

sermon till the great fire of 1824, when it was partly melted by heat, and fell with a mighty crash through the blazing ruins of the steeple. Portions of it were made into drinking quaihs and similar memorials.

In 1678 the tower was completed by placing therein the old clock which had formerly been in the Weigh House.

Towards the building of this church the pious Lady Yester gave 1,000 merks. In 1703 the magistrates appointed two persons to preach alternately in the Tron Church, to each of whom they gave a salary of sixty guineas, as the Council Register shows; but about 1758 they contented themselves with one preacher, to whom they gave fifty

a pillory for the punishment of crime. In Niccol's "Diary" for 1649, it is stated that "much falsheit and cheitting was daillie deteckit at this time by the Lords of Sessione; for the whilk there was daillie nailing of lugs and binding of people to the Trone, and boring of tongues; so that it was a fatal year for false notaries and witnesses, as daillie experience did witness."

On the night of Monday, the 15th of November, 1824, about ten o'clock, the cry of "Fire!" was heard in the High Street, and it spread throughout the city from mouth to mouth; vast crowds came from all quarters rushing to the spot, and columns of smoke and flame were seen issuing from the second floor of a house at the head of the old



Assembly Close, then occupied as a workshop by Kirkwood, a well-known engraver. The engines came promptly enough; but, from some unknown cause, an hour elapsed before they were in working order, and by that time the terrible element had raged with such fierceness and rapidity that, by eleven o'clock the upper portion of this tenement, including six storeys, forming the eastern division of a uniform pile of buildings, was one mass of roaring flames, which, as the breeze was from the

to their elevated position, or the roar of the gathering conflagration, the shouts of the crowd, the wailing of women and children, their cries were unheard for a time, until it was too late. The whole tenement was lost, together with extensive ranges of buildings in the old Fish Market, and Assembly Closes, to which it was the means of communicating the flames.

While these tall and stately edifices were yielding to destruction, the night grew calm and still, and



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

south-west, turned them, as they burst from the gaping windows, in the direction of a house to the eastward, the strong gable of which saved it from the destruction which seemed imminent.

Two tenements to the westward were less fortunate, and as, from the narrowness of the ancient close, it was impossible to work the engines, they soon were involved in one frightful and appalling blaze. Great fears were now entertained for the venerable *Courant* office; nor was it long before the fire seized on its upper storey, at the very time when some brave fellows got upon the roof of a tenement to the westward, and shouted to the firemen to give them a pipe, by which they could play upon the adjoining roof. But, owing either

the sparks emitted by the flames shot upwards as if spouted from a volcano, and descended like the thickest drift or snow-storm, affecting the respiration of all. A dusky, lurid red tinged the clouds, and the glare shone on the Castle walls, the rocks of the Calton, the beetling crags, and all the city spires. Scores of lofty chimneys, set on fire by the falling sparks, added to the growing horror of the scene; and for a considerable time the Tron Church was completely enveloped in this perilous shower of embers.

About one in the morning of the 16th the plain of fire was given from a house directly opposite to the burning masses, and, though gradually, it added to the deepening conflagration.

...changed rapidly; the wind, ... came in fierce and fitful ... adding to the danger and harrowing ... the scene, which, from the great size of ... had much in it that was wild and weird. ... five o'clock," says Dr. James Browne, in ... *Historical Sketch of Edinburgh*, "the fire ... proceeded so far downwards in the building ... by the *Courant* office, that the upper part ... the front fell inwards with a dreadful crash, the ... driving the flames into the middle of the street. By this time it had communicated with the houses on the east side of the Old Fish Market Close, which it burned down in succession; while that occupied by Mr. Abraham Thomson, book-binder, which had been destroyed a few months previously by fire and re-built, was crushed in at one extremity by the fall of the gable. In the Old Assembly Close it was still more destructive; the whole west side, terminating with the king's old Stationery Warehouse, and including the Old Assembly Hall, then occupied as a warehouse by Bell and Bradfute, booksellers, being entirely consumed. These back tenements formed one of the most massive, and certainly not the least remarkable, piles of building in the ancient city, and in former times were inhabited by persons of the greatest distinction. At this period they presented a most extraordinary spectacle. A great part of the southern *land* fell to the ground; but a lofty and insulated pile of side wall, broken in the centre, rested in its fall, so as to form one-half of an immense pointed arch, and remained for several days in this inclined position.

"By nine o'clock the steeple of the Tron Church was discovered to be on fire; the pyramid became a mass of flame, the lead of the roof poured over the masonry in molten streams, and the bell fell with a crash, as we have narrated, but the church was chiefly saved by a powerful engine belonging to the Board of Ordnance. The fire was now stopped; but the horror and dismay of the people increased when, at ten that night, a new one broke forth in the devoted Parliament Square, in the attic floor of a tenement eleven storeys in height, overlooking the Cowgate. As this house was far to windward of the other fire, it was quite impossible that one could have caused the other—a conclusion which forced itself upon the minds of all, together with the startling belief that some desperate incendiaries had resolved to destroy the city; while many went about exclaiming that it was a special punishment sent from Heaven upon the people for their sins." (Browne, p. 220; *Courant* of Nov. 18, 1706, &c.)

As the conflagration spread, St. Giles's and the Parliament Square resounded with dreadful echoes, and the scene became more and more appalling, from the enormous altitude of the buildings; all efforts of the people were directed to saving the Parliament House and the Law Courts, and by five on the morning of Wednesday the scene is said to have been unspeakably grand and terrific.

Since the English invasion under Hertford in 1544 no such blaze had been seen in the ancient city. "Spicular columns of flame shot up majestically into the atmosphere, which assumed a lurid, dusky, reddish hue; dismay, daring, suspense, fear, sat upon different countenances, intensely expressive of their various emotions; the bronzed faces of the firemen shone momentarily from under their caps as their heads were raised at each successive stroke of the engines; and the very element by which they attempted to extinguish the conflagration seemed itself a stream of liquid fire. The County Hall at one time appeared like a palace of light; and the venerable steeple of St. Giles's reared itself amid the bright flames like a spectre awakened to behold the fall and ruin of the devoted city."

Among those who particularly distinguished themselves on this terrible occasion were the Lord President, Charles Hope of Granton; the Lord Justice Clerk, Boyle of Shewalton; the Lord Advocate, Sir William Rae of St. Catherine's; the Solicitor-General, John Hope; the Dean of Faculty; and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Cockburn, the well-known memorialist of his own times.

The Lord Advocate would seem to have been the most active, and worked for some time at one of the engines playing on the central tenement at the head of the Old Assembly Close, thus exerting himself to save the house in which he first saw the light. All distinction of rank being lost now in one common and generous anxiety, one of Sir William's fellow-labourers at the engine gave him a hearty slap on the back, exclaiming, at the same time, "Weel dune, my lord!"

On the morning of Wednesday, though showers of sleet and hail fell, the fire continued to rage with fury in Conn's Close, to which it had been communicated by flying embers; but there the ravages of this unprecedented and calamitous conflagration ended. The extent of the mischief done exceeded all former example. Fronting the High Street there were destroyed four tenements of six storeys each, besides the underground storerooms; in Conn's Close, two timber-fronted "lands," of great antiquity; in the Old Assembly Close, four houses of seven storeys each; in Northwick's Close, six great tenements; in the Old Fish Market Close, four of

six storeys each ; in short, down as far as the Cowgate nothing was to be seen but frightful heaps of calcined and blackened ruins, with gaping windows and piles of smoking rubbish.

In the Parliament Square four double tenements of from seven to eleven storeys also perished, and the incessant crash of falling walls made the old vicinity re-echo. Among other places of interest destroyed here was the shop of Kay, the caricaturist, always a great attraction to idlers.

During the whole of Thursday the authorities were occupied in the perplexing task of examining the ruined edifices in the Parliament Square. These being of enormous height and dreadfully shattered, threatened, by their fall, destruction to everything in their vicinity. One eleven-storeyed edifice presented such a very striking, terrible, and dangerous appearance, that it was proposed to batter it down with cannon. On the next day the ruins were inspected by Admiral Sir David Milne, and Captain (afterwards Sir Francis) Head of the Royal Engineers, an officer distinguished alike in war and in literature, who gave in a professional report on the subject, and to him the task of demolition was assigned.

In the meantime offers of assistance from Captain Hope of H.M.S. *Bris*, then in Leith, were accepted, and his steamer, forty in length, threw a line over the lofty southern gable above Heron's Court, but brought down only a small portion. Next day Captain Hope returned to the attack, with iron cables, chains, and ropes, while some sappers daringly undermined the eastern wall. These were sprung, and, as had been predicted by Captain Head, the enormous mass fell almost perpendicularly to the ground.

At the Tron Church, on the last night of every year, there gathers a vast crowd, who watch with patience and good-humour the hands of the illuminated clock till they indicate one minute past twelve, and then the New Year is welcomed in with ringing cheers, joy, and hilarity. A general shaking of hands and congratulations ensue, and one and all wish each other "A happy New Year, and mony o' them." A busy hum pervades the older parts of the city ; bands of music and bagpipes strike up in many a street and wynd ; and, furnished with egg-flip, whisky, &c., thousands hasten off in all directions to "first foot" friends and relations.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE HIGH STREET.

A Place for Brawling—First Paved and Lighted—The Meal and Flesh Markets—State of the Streets—Municipal Regulations 16th Century—*Tulane*—The Lairds of Airth and Wemyss—The Tweedies of Drummelzier—A Mostroos Quarrel—The Slaughter of Lord Torpherswald—A Brawl in 1705—Attacking a Sedan Chair—Habits in the Seventeenth Century—Abduction of Women and Girls—Sumptuary Laws against Women.

BEFORE narrating the wondrous history of the many quaint and ancient closes and wynds which diverged of old, and some of which still diverge, from the stately High Street, we shall treat of that venerable thoroughfare itself—its gradual progress, changes, and some of the stirring scenes that have been witnessed from its windows.

Till so late as the era of building the Royal Exchange Edinburgh had been without increase or much alteration since King James VI. rode forth for England in 1603. "The extended wall erected in the memorable year 1513 still formed the boundary of the city, with the exception of the enclosure of the Highriggs. The ancient gates remained kept under the care of jealous warders, and nightly closed at an early hour ; even as when the dreaded inroads of the *Scotchmen* summoned the Buzgher Watch to guard their walls. At the foot of the High Street, the lofty tower and spire of the Nether Bow Port terminated the vista, surmounting the old Temple Bar of Edinburgh, inter-

posed between the city and the ancient burgh of Canongate."

On this upward-sloping thoroughfare first rose the rude huts of the Caledonians, by the side of the wooded way that led to the Dun upon the rock—when Pagan rites were celebrated at sunrise, on the bare scalp of Arthur's Seat—and destined to become in future years "the King's High Street," as it was exclusively named in writs and charters, in so far as it extended from the Nether Bow to the edifice named Creech's Land, at the east end of the Luckenbooths. "Here," says a writer, "was the battle-ground of Scotland for centuries, whereon private and party feuds, the jealousies of nobles and burghers, and not a few of the contests between the Crown and the people, were settled at the sword."

As a place for brawling it was proverbial ; and thus it was that Colonel Munro, in "His Majesty's" edition with the Worthy Scots Regiment, called Mackyeas," levied in 1666, for service in Denmark

...tells us, at the storming of *Boitzen-*  
...there was "a Scottish gentleman under the  
...who, coming to scale the walls, said aloud,  
...with you, gentlemen! Think not now  
...are on the *street of Edinburgh* bravading.' One  
...of his own countrymen thrusting him through the  
...body with a pike, he ended there."

In the general consternation which succeeded  
the defeat of the army at Flodden a plague raged  
within the city with great violence, and carried off  
great numbers. Hence the Town Council, to pre-  
vent its progress, ordered all shops  
and booths to be closed for the space  
of fifteen days, and neither doors nor  
windows to be opened within that  
time, but on some unavoidable occa-  
sion, and nothing to be dealt in but  
necessaries for the immediate support  
of life. All vag-  
rants were forbid-  
den to walk in the  
streets without hav-  
ing each a light;  
and several houses  
that had been oc-  
cupied by infected  
persons were de-  
molished.

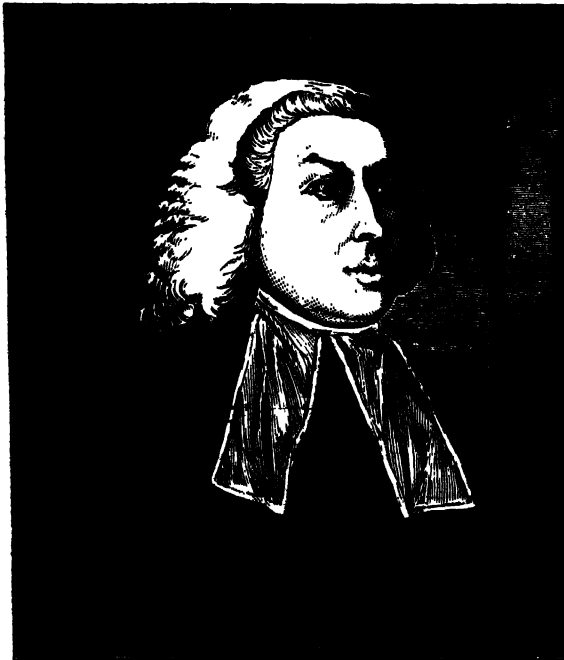
In 1532 the  
High Street was  
first paved or cause-  
wayed, and many of  
the old tenements

renovated. The former was done under the super-  
intendence of a Frenchman named Marlin, whose  
name was bestowed on an alley to the south. The  
Town Council ordered lights to be hung out by  
night by the citizens to light the streets, and Edin-  
burgh became a principal place of resort from all  
parts of the kingdom.

Till the reign of James V., the meal-market, and  
also the flesh-market, were kept in booths in the  
open High Street, which was also encumbered by  
stacks of peat, heather, and other fuel, before every  
house; while, till the middle of the end of the seven-  
teenth century, according to Gordon's map, a flesh-  
market was kept in the Canongate, immediately  
before the *Black Bow*.

"These, however," says Arnot, "are not to be  
considered as arguing any comparative insignifi-  
cancy in the city of Edinburgh. They proceeded  
from the rudeness of the times. The writers of  
those days spoke of Edinburgh in terms that show  
the respectable opinion they entertained of it. 'In  
this city,' says a writer of the sixteenth century—  
Braun Agrippinensis—"there are two spacious  
streets, of which the principal one, leading from  
the Palace to the Castle, is paved with square  
stones. The city itself is not built of bricks,

but of square free-  
stones," and so  
stately is its ap-  
pearance, that  
single houses may  
be compared to  
palaces. From the  
abbey to the castle  
there is a continued  
street, which on  
both sides contains  
a range of excellent  
houses, and the  
better sort are built  
of hewn stones.  
There are," adds  
Arnot, "specimens  
of the buildings of  
the fifteenth cen-  
tury still (1779) re-  
maining, particu-  
larly a house on  
the south side of  
the High Street,  
immediately above  
Peeble's Wynd,  
having a handsome  
front of hewn stone,  
and niches in the



ANDREW CROSEY. (From the Portrait in the Parliament Hall.)  
[The original of Councillor Pleydell in "Guy Rannering."]

walls for the images of saints, which may justify  
our author's description. The house was built  
about 1430 (temp. James I.) No private build-  
ing in the city of modern date can compare  
with it."

The year 1554 saw the streets better lighted,  
and some attempts made to clean them.

The continual wars with England compelled the  
citizens to crowd their dwellings as near the Castle  
as possible; thus, instead of the city increasing in  
limits, it rose skyward, as we have already men-  
tioned; storey was piled on storey till the streets  
resembled closely packed towers or steeples, each  
house, or "land," sheltering from twenty to thirty  
families within its walls. This was particularly the